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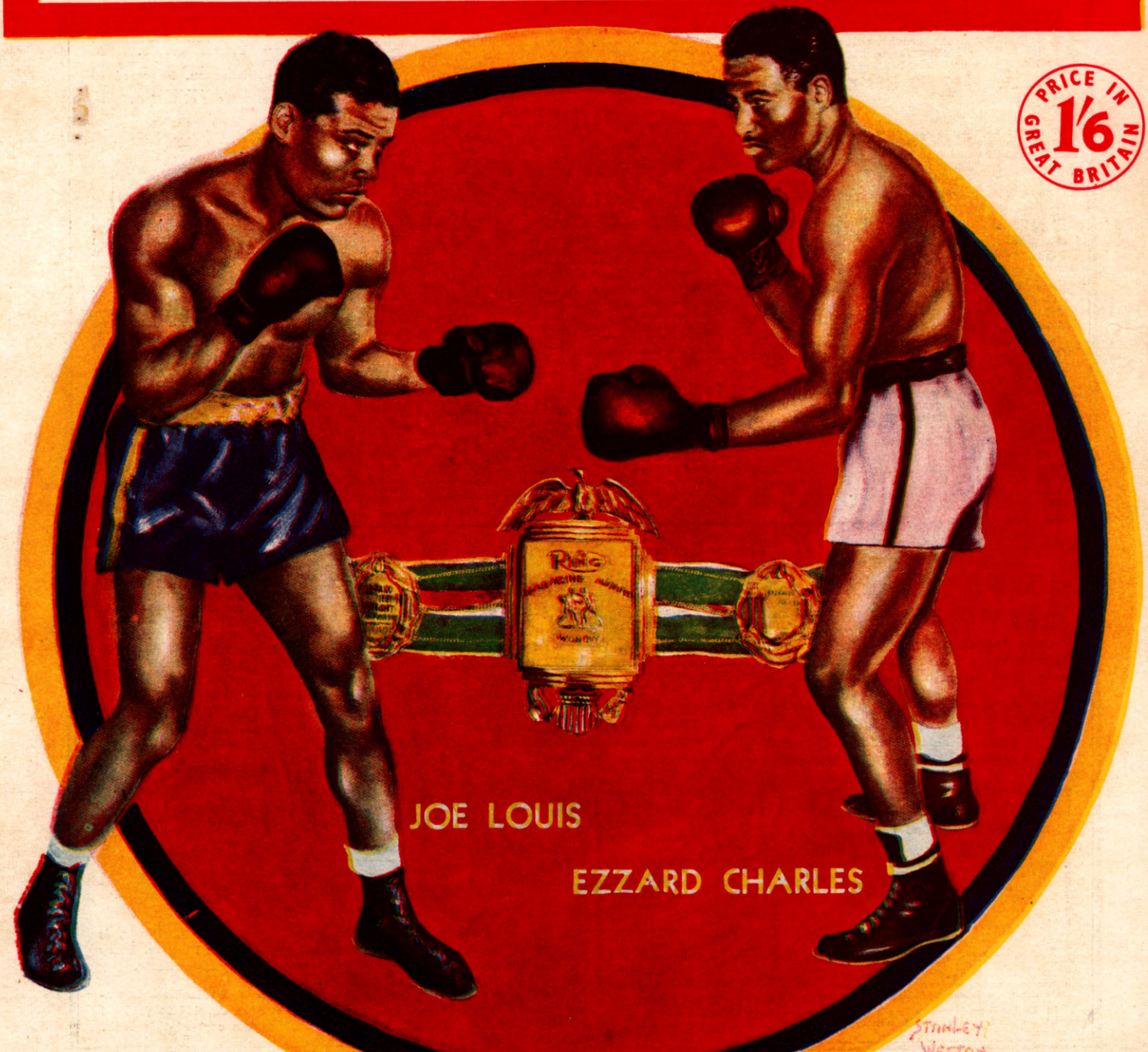

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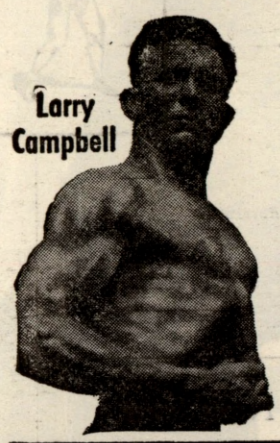

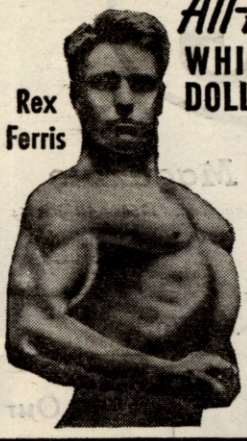

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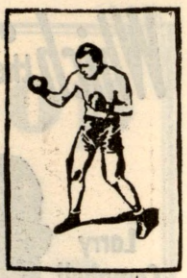

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In Our Next Issue

—

Do not miss the technical analysis of the Louis-Charles fight, by Nat Fleischer. He will tell you the whys and the wherefores of the contest to set up a new heavyweight champion of the world.
After you have read all other stories, get Fleischer's for the inside story.

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Jersey Jones will start a series of articles on twenty-five years of boxing in the new Madison Square Garden in New York. Jones was around when the old and no longer existing Garden was the fistic headquarters of the nation. For years he was associated with the publicity department and he has seen virtually every fight held in the present arena.
There is high drama in the history of the Garden. Don't miss the Jersey Jones series.

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The LaMotta-Dauthuille and Saddler-Pep fights left behind their aftermath stories. Where does boxing go now in the middleweight division? Where does it head now in the featherweight class? These expert analyses will let you in on the big things you may look for during the Winter season.

—

What does boxing hold in store for us during the indoor campaign? The International Boxing Club has the big say in this, and Daniel M. Daniel will carry you into that organization's councils with an interview with Al Weill, matchmaker for the Garden and Jim Norris' righthand man.

—

Follow THE RING'S staff of fistic experts—Nat Loubet, Stanley Weston, Johnny Salak, Ed Van Every, Al Buck, Barney Nagler and Bill Heinz. You'll enjoy their special articles.

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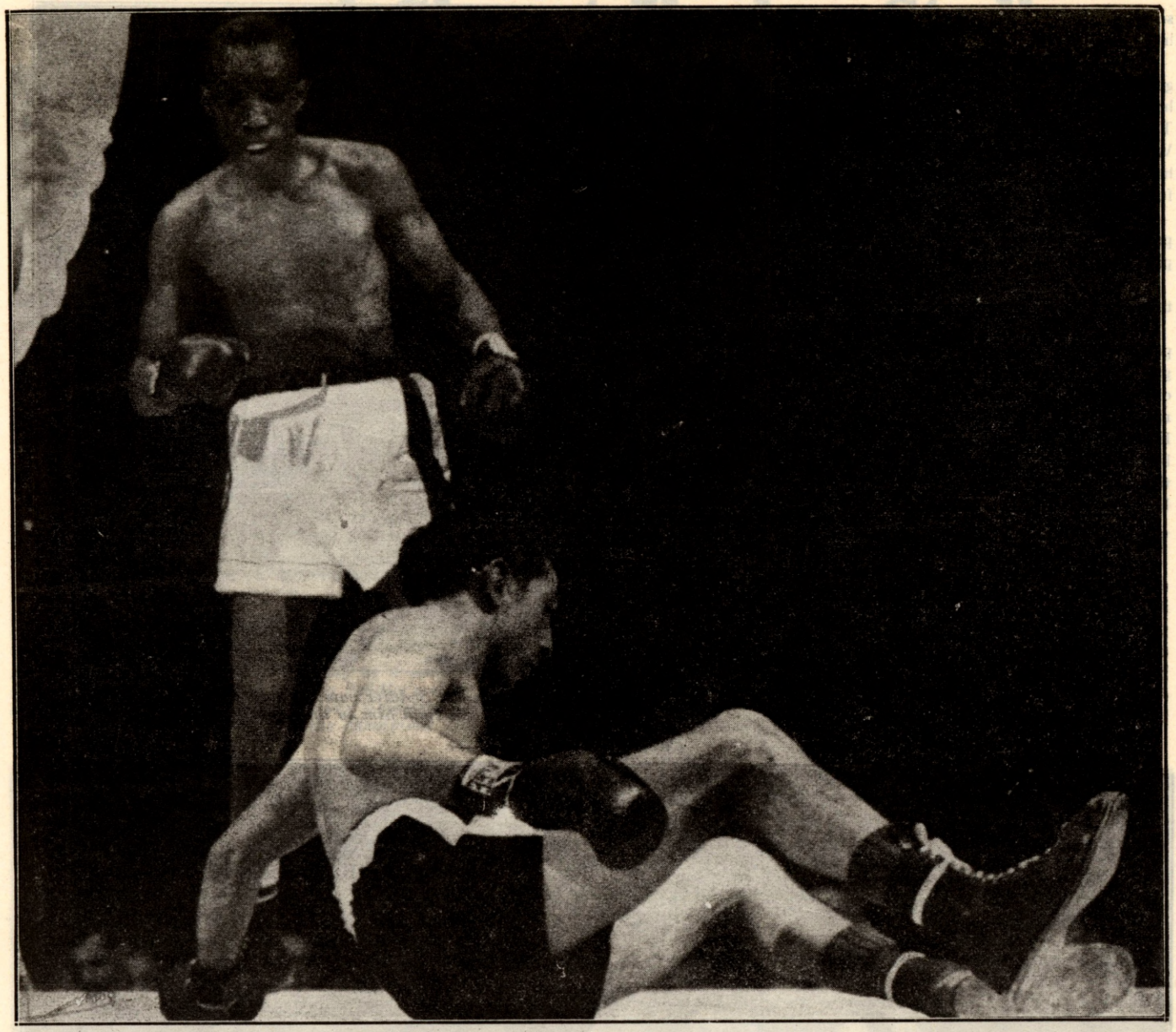


The only knockdown in the Willie Pep-Sandy Saddler featherweight title bout in the Yankee Stadium was scored in the third round when the champion was clipped by a left hook that sent him flopping on the seat of his trunks.

Dislocation or Kidney Punch?

By NAT FLEISCHER

WILLIE PEP was shorn of his world featherweight crown when he failed to answer the bell for the start of the eighth round in his third bout with Sandy Saddler at the Yankee Stadium, but in the archives of Fistiana his name will remain as one of the greatest featherweight champions of all time despite the fact that he was charged with lack of courage in quitting to Sandy at the end of the seventh round because of a shoulder dislocation. The 38,781 fans, who paid a record sum of $262,150, witnessed a superb exhibition of boxing skill prior to the abrupt interruption of hostilities, yet the majority left the vast home of the New York Yankees in doubt as to the real cause of Pep's action.

Pep at the time was far ahead in rounds and points. Each of the officials had him in the lead, Referee Goldstein by 4 to 2 and 1 even; Frank Forbes by the same tally, and Judge Arthur Susskind by 5 to 2. My score card showed Willie ahead, 5 to 1 and 1 even.

What the fans will most remember about their third title engagement is the manner in which Pep came back from what looked like a sure knockout in the third round when a long, swinging left hook to the jaw dropped the champ for a nine-count; the claim of Pep that he had dislocated his shoulder and could not continue; the assertion by Willie and his handlers that the injury was due to foul tactics employed by Saddler; the reason why, in that case, Pep's handlers filed no protest; the claim by Sandy and his mentor that Willie quit not because of a shoulder injury but because of the heavy body attack he had suffered in the seventh, and the arguments among the fans regarding the round in which the fight had ended. These are the points that will be argued over and over again.

FROM the third round until the close of hostilities, the champion gave a masterful exhibition of boxing and hitting. In fact, he duplicated the excellent performance he gave in their second encounter, in which he regained the championship.

In their first engagement Pep was knocked out in the fourth to suffer the second defeat of his long career, and though the rubber contest will be recorded as another knockout against him, from all appearances, had Pep been able to continue the pace he

set from the third through the sixth, he would have retained his crown by a wide margin.

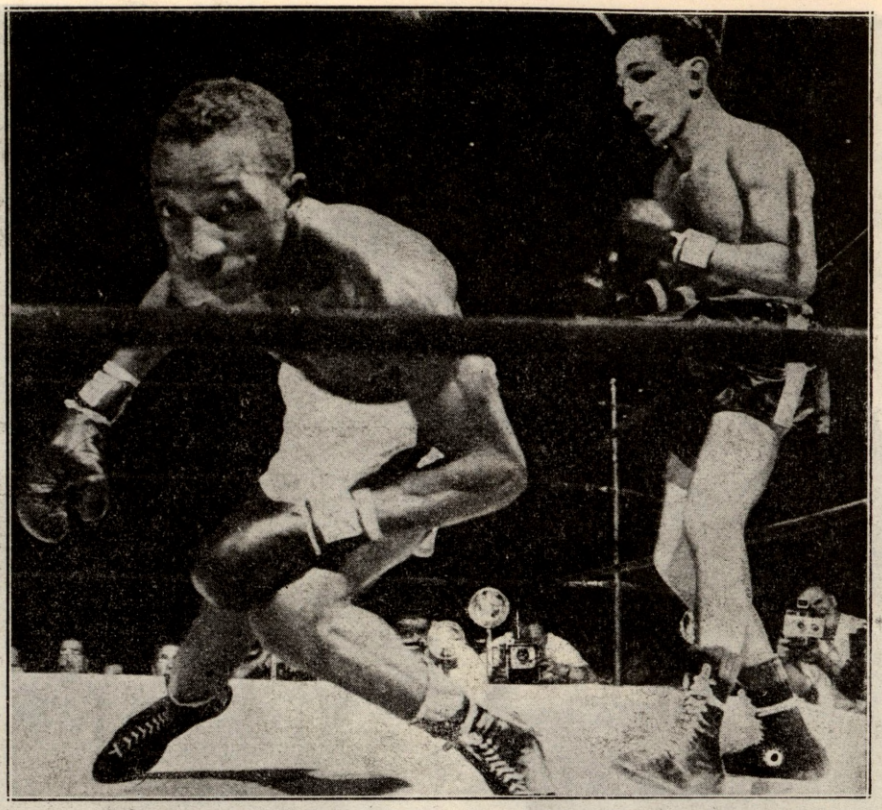
At the time of the mishap, Saddler was getting into full stride. His body punching had begun to have its effect on the champ. Two bruising rights to the kidneys made Willie wince. The body attack which Sandy had started presaged hard times for Willie for the remainder of the bout.

These are what Saddler and his cohorts point to as the real reason why the champion decided to give up the ship and title.

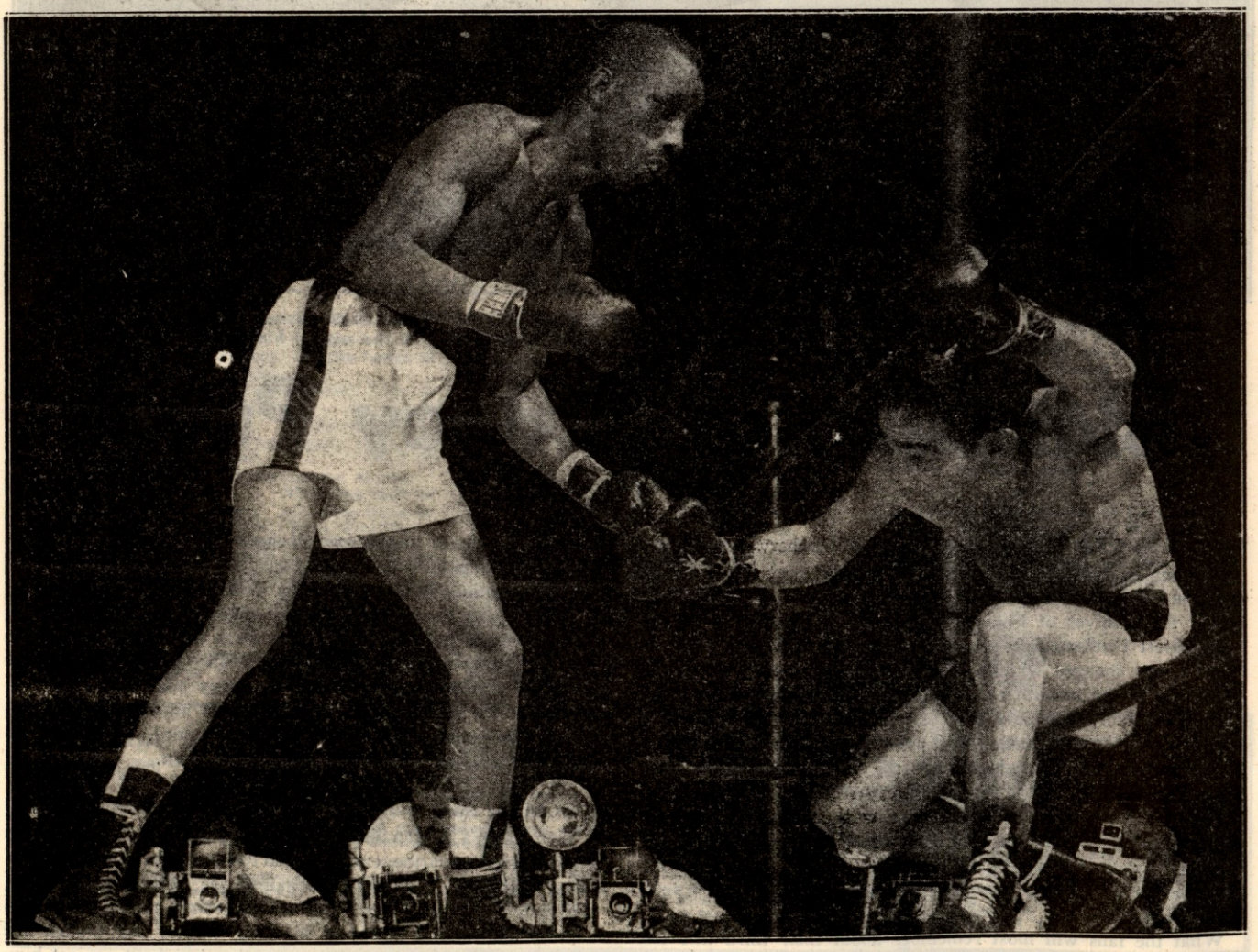
"He feared the worst," said Saddler after the fight. But I can't see it that way.

Pep, on the other hand, insisted that the pain from the dislocated shoulder was too great for him to undertake a continuation of the fight. He also asserted that he couldn't raise his left arm and to fight a hard hitter like Sandy with only one hand would have been too great a handicap. Pep declared that the shoulder was dislocated through a twist by Sandy while the pair were in a clinch.

WILLIE rates tops among the great featherweights of all time and, win or lose, he has always given his best. Hence, it is inconceivable that he lacked courage in this fight and quit rather than take a chance on being defeated via the knockout route as he might have been had the bout continued despite the lead he enjoyed at the end of the seventh.

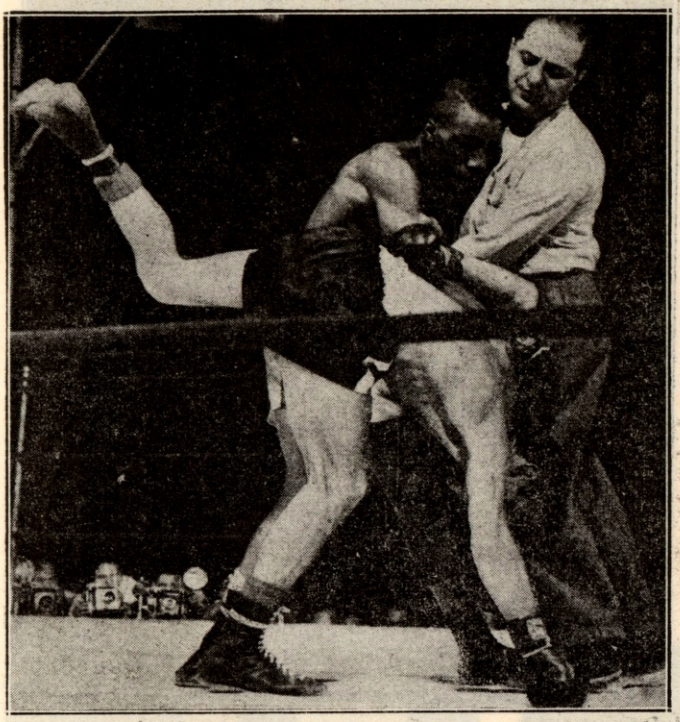


An unusual camera shot is this one of Saddler coming toward the camera, after Pep had caught him off-balance and spun him to the ropes in the fifth round.

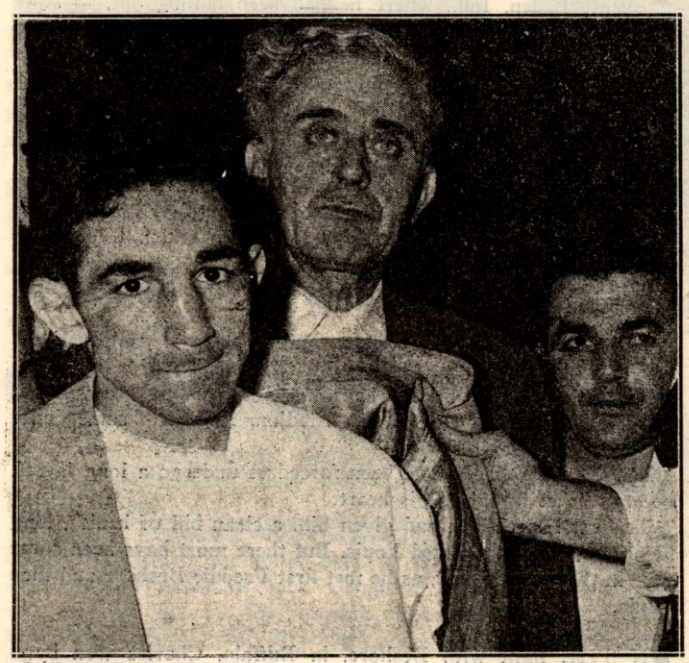


Backing away from one of Saddler's rushes in the sixth round, Pep tripped and fell through the ropes. This was one of Willie's best rounds. He not only gave a dazzling exhibition of boxing, but scored effectively with both hands to Sandy's face and body.

Gloom and Glee at Yankee Stadium



No, this isn't Pep doing a handspring or a swan dive; Willie merely lost his balance after missing Saddler's chin with a left hook in the fourth round. Referee Ruby Goldstein is seen prying Sandy loose from the champion.

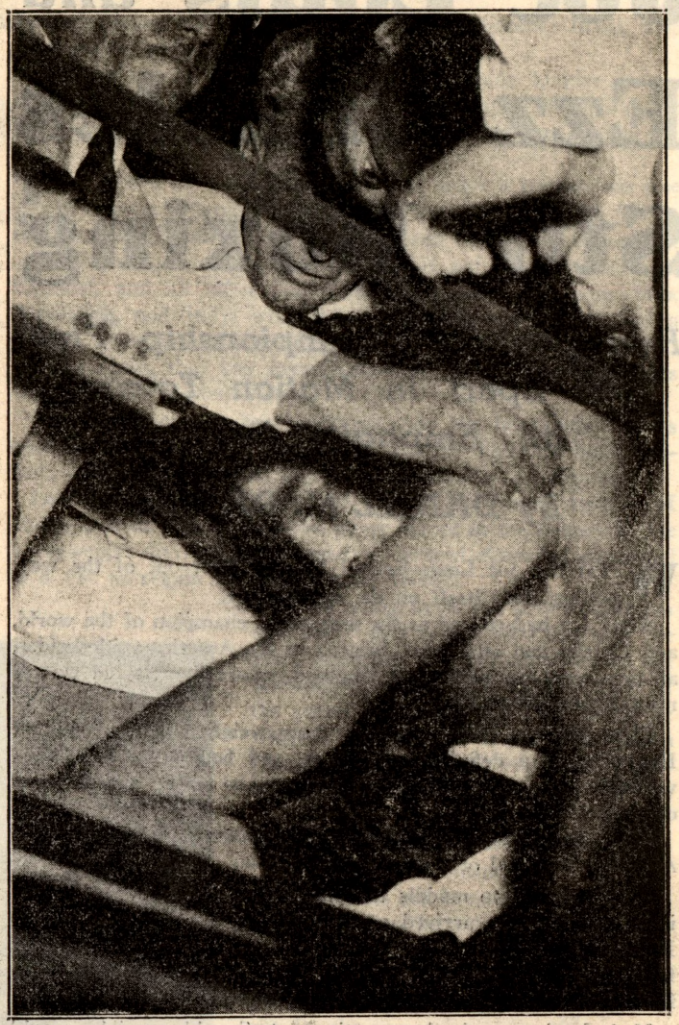


It's a disconsolate ex-champion leaving the Stadium for the hospital, to have X-rays taken of his injured shoulder. Accompanying Pep is his trainer, Bill Gore. Until the unfortunate ending of the bout, Pep had given a remarkable boxing performance and was well in front in points.

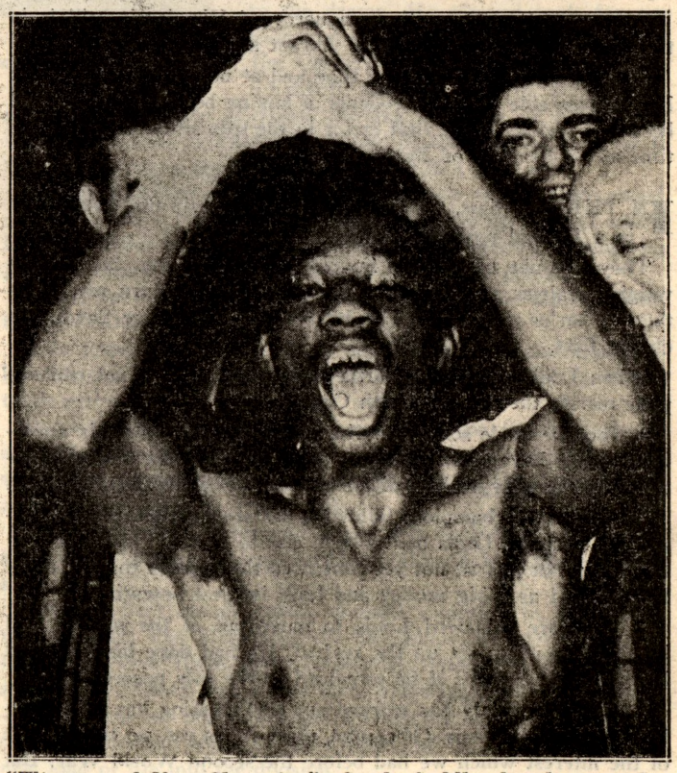
Saddler wasn't alone in making the grave charge. Many among the thousands who attended the show backed the new title holder in his opinion.

It is my contention, however, that the twists which took place as Willie was pinned against the ropes at the end of the seventh turned the trick in Saddler's favor. Sandy had Pep cornered and clamped a hold on Pep's left arm. As the boys were being separated, Saddler wrenched the arm with a jerk and that, says Pep, is what cost him the crown.

If so, then it was a new tactic in *(Continued on page 49)*



Pep slumps on his stool after the seventh round while Dr. Vincent A. Nardiello, New York State Athletic Commission physician, examines the injured shoulder.



"Winner and New Champion"—Sandy Saddler lets loose with a shout of joy as he realizes he has regained feather title.

Joe Louis *and* Ezz Charles Stir Boxing

Heavyweight Championship Fight Put Sport in Motion Toward an Emphatic Revival

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

WITH the Joe Louis-Ezzard Charles fight out of the way, boxing finds itself on the move again.

After Joe had retired as the undefeated champion of the world, and Charles had established himself as the American title-holder, all eyes were turned toward England, where Lee Savold was to meet Bruce Woodcock.

Clear thinking followers of the heavyweight situation felt that England had a definite stake in it, and believed that Charles would have to tackle the London winner to set up a real world champion.

Then came Savold's knockout of Woodcock, and later the American's refusal of a match with Charles.

This appeared to muddle the picture more than ever. But the ideal solution was arrived at. Jim Norris of the International B. C. induced Louis to come back, and the fight with Charles followed. That Louis would come back, this magazine had informed its readers a year ago. It was the first to do so.

Had Louis remained in retirement Savold possibly would have left England after the Woodcock fight and would have accepted the engagement with Charles.

Of course, Savold, as the conqueror of Woodcock, still is in the picture. He is not exactly a vibrant and intriguing figure.

Lee has been around a long time and at no stage of his career has he been able to make students of boxing believe that he could become a serious and a vital factor in the title situation until such time as he disposed of Bruce Woodcock.

IN THE meantime, the fight fans of the world find themselves in a favored position.

They are not by-passing Savold, by any means. But heavyweight rivalries run in series. This betokens a return match between Charles and Louis. The International may give Savold his chance first.

When Louis got back into the contention, he did not contemplate merely the one fight with Charles.

In fact, he made some remarks which indicated that his retirement might have been a planned thing, a means for restoring interest in the heavyweight division, and through it, in all boxing.

As the active champion, following his second victory over Jersey Joe Walcott, Louis had nobody else to tackle. Charles was in the offing, but he had not yet convinced the experts that he could be regarded as a big money and high interest potential.

It therefore behooved Louis to move out of the picture, and let the contenders set up the revival. He had done his best, and he could do no more if he remained in the title possession.

The plan certainly has worked out well. Boxing has been picking up in all divisions. Of course, there is, as yet, no counterpart of the interest which we had before the second World War. But popular apathy seems to have been broken down.. Folks will pay to see fights if anything worth while is offered.

Jim Norris, International B. C. head, who brought Joe Louis back.

THE fight experts were amazed when Louis came out of West Baden, Ind., where he had been boiling out, to start real training at Pompton Lakes, N. Y.

The jowls which Joe had grown in his retirement, the excess baggage he had picked up in an activity limited to golf, and going to ball games, had melted away.

"I knew I had the fight writers fooled," Louis laughed. "They got the idea that I was a fat man forever. They did not realize that I had been fighting a lot of exhibition bouts, and that what looked like a hopelessly out-of-shape Louis actually did not need much work to get back into the condition in which I had been for my second fight with Walcott."

Louis indicated that he had not come back just for the one fight with Charles.

While Louis faced the contest with Charles in comparatively fine condition, confident, backed by the prestige of a long and brilliant career, by millions hailed as the greatest heavyweight of all time, Charles entered the Stadium ring with some doubt attached to his situation.

In the first place, he had been forced to undergo a long layoff, because of an injury to his heart.

True, the specialists had given him a clean bill of health, long before he had encountered Louis. But there must have been some fear in the mind of Ezz, as he met first Freddie Beshore and then Louis.

IN THE fight with Beshore, in Buffalo, Charles won by a knockout. Beshore never had to hit the deck in the fourteen rounds. But the fight was stopped because Beshore seemed to have nothing left with which to continue.

There was no wild huzzahing over Charles after that fight. Experts expressed doubt that Ezz could come along fast enough between the contest with Beshore, and the engagement with Louis.

Charles yet may become a strident figure in the heavyweight setup. He is a student, a methodical, plodding battler compared with the flamboyant Louis of the Joe heyday.

However, we must not lose sight of the psychological element in the Charles drive. A heavyweight who suffers a heart injury —a peanut-stand promoter, too, for that matter—is not likely to forget it.

The return of Louis is of especial interest and important in view of the fact that once again we are engaged in collecting a draft army of three million young men. New contenders are not

Harry Markson, behind the gun in the Garden fistic setup.

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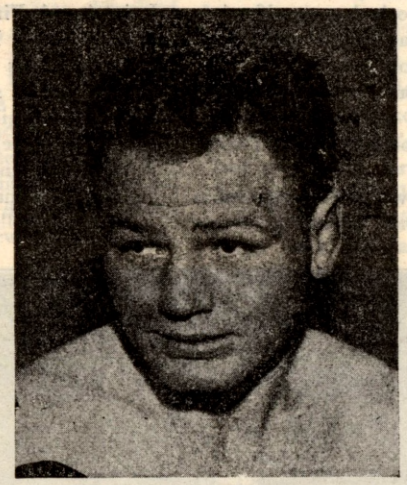
likely to develop until we are assured of world peace. Old figures will have to stay, and get re-appraisals of their worth in the changed picture.

Younger fighters rated as comers in the heavyweight division may find themselves shunted to a siding.

Even at 36, Louis must be respected as a still alluring and intriguing figure, no matter what you may think of his aging muscles and slowing reflexes.



Lee Savold, still in the heavyweight picture.

CHARLES, at 29, has a ring vista lying before him. The shortcoming he showed in the fight with Louis may be eliminated, the impressive ring qualities he displayed should be polished up. He should get better within two years, while Louis cannot go much farther, and Savold cannot become a real pivot of enthusiasm.

However, it appears fairly certain that no matter how long Charles remains in the active field, he is not likely to approach the dynamic quality of Jack Dempsey, the clever, calculating skill of Gene Tunney, the forceful, appealing versatility of the Louis who stopped Jimmy Braddock and knocked Max Schmeling into oblivion in one round.

Rather are we now confronted with a return to the days which followed Tunney's retirement, unbeaten, after his victory over Tom Heeney.

We have slipped back into the Jack Sharkey era and even a fighter with the all-around qualities possessed by Max Baer before he was outboxed by Braddock would be regarded as a gift from the gods.

England and Continental Europe offer us no hope at this time.

Perhaps somewhere down in South America there is, on the pampas or in the mine country, a counterpart of Louis Angel Firpo, who came up raw, untutored, a behemoth of a man with a strong heart and a tremendous physical power, and proceeded to drape Dempsey over a writer's typewriter in the Polo Grounds press area.

Perhaps there is another Firpo in the making. Perhaps our Golden Gloves fighters are about to develop another Louis, who first gained prominence in that group.

Perhaps our military forces are getting ready to give us another Tunney. Could be that a second Dempsey is riding the brake beams. In this game of boxing, pessimism has no place.

THE return of Louis to the ring will spark a tremendous rise in interest in boxing in general because, in the United States, the heavyweight division always has been the sport's barometer.

In England, in other countries, this is not so. First, because, England, and all other countries except Germany, with Max Schmeling, and Italy, with Primo Carnera, never have had a world's heavyweight champion.

Then again, they pay greater attention to the smaller boxers outside of the United States.

For many years it has been said, "As the heavyweight class goes, so goes boxing in the United States." This has been verified, decade after decade, beyond all possibility of dispute.

Louis' return to action was of special interest to students of boxing and its history, because, never before in the history of the heavyweight division had a beaten or retired champion succeeded in a bid to regain his relinquished laurels.

"I am going to be the first to perform this feat," said Louis, who had quit the game unbeaten, and had remained on the sidelines, ostensibly as a mere watcher of the scene, from June 25, 1948, when he stopped Jersey Joe Walcott in eleven rounds in their second engagement, until he answered the bell against Charles.

LOUIS presented a strange case in his so-called retirement.

Jim Jeffries had broken completely with the ring when he told the fistic world that, seeing no more worthy rivals in the offing, he had decided to walk out and let Marvin Hart and Jack Root fight it out for the succession to the title.

John L. Sullivan did no actual boxing during his retirement, devoting himself to the drama. He stepped back for one shot, and got a merciless trouncing from Jim Corbett.

Corbett had been out of action altogether for a couple of years, running a saloon in New York, when he decided to attempt recovery of the title he had lost to Bob Fitzsimmons by fighting Jeffries, Fitz's conqueror.

Corbett failed when his legs gave out in the twenty-third round.

In these days of 15 round championship fights, Corbett would have achieved the feat because, after 45 minutes of fighting Jeffries, Gentleman Jim was ahead, 2 to 1, on points.

Louis, on the other hand, retired from the title but continued to fight exhibitions.

This tipped what was in Joe's mind. Had he broken completely with the ring, his retirement announcement would have been taken seriously.

But when the Brown Bomber went right on tackling second- and third-rate fighters in what were booked as exhibitions, it was quite apparent that the retirement was no retirement at all, and Joe was sure to come back.

Now we have Charles and Louis and Savold, but lurking in the background, no Tunney, no Sharkey, no Schmeling—not even a Carnera.

But this isn't an altogether unusual condition in the heavyweight class. The history of the big fellows reveals that there have been other times when outstanding talent has been mighty scarce. But history also shows that, whenever the "Help Wanted—Male" sign has been hung out, a Dempsey or a Louis suddenly comes a-whoopin' and a-hollerin' from out of nowhere to toss a new load of life into the division.

Maybe there's one on the way now. Let's hope so. Another Manassa Mauler or Brown Bomber would answer a lot of things.

LaMotta Likely Loser *in* Fight *with* Robinson

Jake's Last Minute Knockout of Ill-Handled Dauthuille Fails to Inspire Belief He Is Champion of Yore

By NAT FLEISCHER

SELDOM has ring championship competition offered the thrilling climax which featured Jake LaMotta's successful defense of the middleweight championship of the world against Laurent Dauthuille of France in Detroit's Olympia on the rainy night of Wednesday, September 13.

The 15th and last round had gone into its last 30 seconds. By the score cards of Referee Lou Handler and Judges Joe Linehan and Jack Asprey, the successor of Marcel Cerdan in the hearts and esteem of French boxing enthusiasts had the title in his grasp by a clear margin.

Suddenly the tide turned. LaMotta uncorked a terrific left hook to the body and organized a violent attack which culminated in another left hook, and Dauthuille went down.

At the count of 10, the foreigner was on one knee—counted out. Chagrin and amazement were written all over his face.

Thirteen seconds more, and the fight would have been over, and Dauthuille would have had the title.

Thirteen seconds more, and the middleweight championship of the world would have returned to France, where the tragic Marcel Cerdan had taken it with a triumph over Tony Zale.

Thirteen seconds more, and the United States would have been shorn of an important leadership in the world ring.

Thirteen seconds more, and a three-to-one underdog would have accomplished one of the biggest upsets in championship fisticuffs in the last decade.

BUT Dauthuille did not have the chance to last those thirteen seconds, and this largely because he was one of the worst handled fighters I have seen in a championship contest since Luis Angel Firpo failed to claim the heavyweight title after knocking Jack Dempsey out of the Polo Grounds ring in 1923. Dauthuille was a very much confused fighter.

Jake faces a sterner task, one which would appear to be somewhat beyond his physical abilities at the age of 29, with a long, active career behind him. He is to fight Ray Robinson in Chicago in February, and unless Jake can improve vastly on his showing against Dauthuille, the Negro will gain the title.

All Dauthuille had to do in the last round was to stay away from LaMotta. The title was his. But his French handler kept shouting, "Tear in. Fight him," while Heinie Blaustein, his American second, asked him to "Stay and box."

Laurent was led to believe that his chances were at stake, and that it behooved him to put on a rally and fight as he was advised by his countrymen.

He went after Jake, and LaMotta found his man making just the sort of fight he wanted of him.

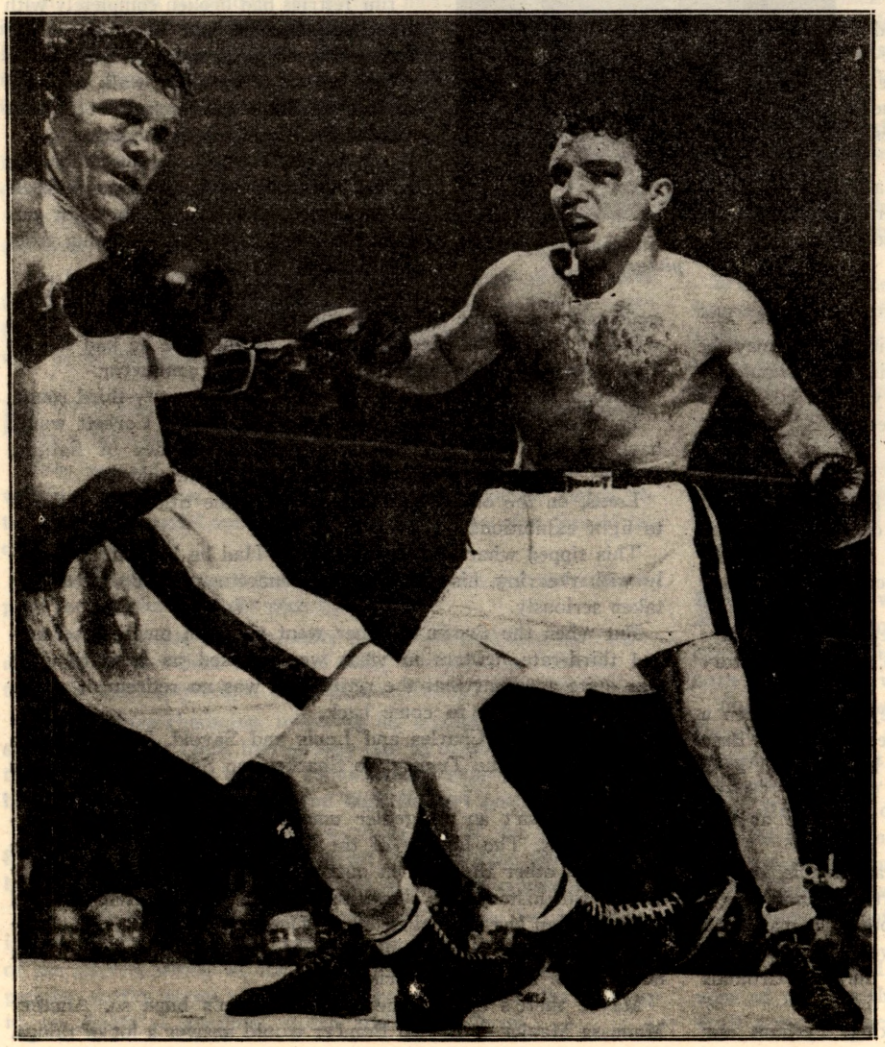
LAMOTTA was the same old actor, the same old crafty ring general. After his ring boxing career is over, he should find a lot of work and money in Hollywood.

Jake, who is the master of the stall, a more accomplished actor than even Leach Cross was in his spangled prime, put on quite a drama in the 12th round.

LaMotta staggered, bleary-eyed. He heaved against the ropes. The Frenchman cut loose with everything he had. The crowd of more than 11,000 went into an uproar.

But soon the act terminated. LaMotta suddenly quit stalling and tore into Dauthuille with a vigor which left the foreigner in jeopardy.

LaMotta tried the stunt again in the 13th, but this time the Frenchman was not fooled.



Going! . . . Going! ! . . . And a few seconds later Laurent Dauthuille was Gone! ! ! Here the French challenger, with victory in his grasp, is seen suddenly collapsing before Middleweight Champion Jake LaMotta's furious last-round rally in the Detroit Olympia. Dauthuille was well ahead on points when he ran into disaster and was counted out with only 13 seconds of the 15-round title bout remaining.

He went back to his normal attack, and Jake decided to discard dramatics and settle back to fighting.

It is conceivable that the stalling in the 12th followed actual injury. It looked to me as if LaMotta had been hurt, and then, snapping out of the effects, decided to feign the staggers.

IT is my conviction that LaMotta did not go all out in the first half of the fight, and committed the grave error of underrating the point scoring abilities of a boxer who already had taken a ten-round decision over him.

It also is my conviction that LaMotta emphatically has gone over the hill, that Time and the wear and tear of the ring have taken their inexorable toll.

LaMotta came out of the fight with a badly mashed left eye. Dauthuille's eyes and face were lacerated and he seemed to be quite the more thoroughly beat up fighter.

For the spectators, it was one of the best battles the ring has seen in the last couple of years. Only once did they go into a clinch. They stood out there and fought—not an exceedingly exciting battle, but a gruelling one.

LaMotta is not fond of fighters who will not let him dictate the style of fight altogether. Dauthuille went after Jake, and Jake was the older man. His legs were not as spry as the Frenchman's. And the foreigner had determination, gameness, aggressiveness and spirit in the fullest measure. France was chagrined to see him beaten, but it was proud of the way in which he fought.

THROUGH 14 rounds the Frenchman kept piling up points. So far in the lead was he, the only way the challenger could have lost the bout was through a knockout and LaMotta made certain of that. Under the rules laid down by the Michigan State Commission, the officials were instructed that under no circumstances could the bout end in a draw, hence it seemed doubly certain when the 15th round opened that a new world middleweight champion would be crowned.

Just before the barrage got under way that upset the applecart for Dauthuille, he had such clear sailing that the Frenchmen, who made up a huge portion of the spectators, went wild with joy. Laurent was boxing smoothly and was in full command. Then something happened!

The fighters moved into LaMotta's corner, where the Frenchman let go lefts and rights as he was instructed to do by his French handler, Andre Barraut. He jarred Jake several times with right hooks and then like a flash, the tide turned.

The champ, summoning all his strength, uncorked a jolting left and then a right cross to the jaw. He had done that before without affecting the equilibrium of the challenger, but this time Dauthuille couldn't take it. The blows hurt and Laurent quickly showed their effects on his system.

He dropped his hands, moved along the side of the ropes towards the center and stopped short directly in front of the knockdown timer. There he staggered.

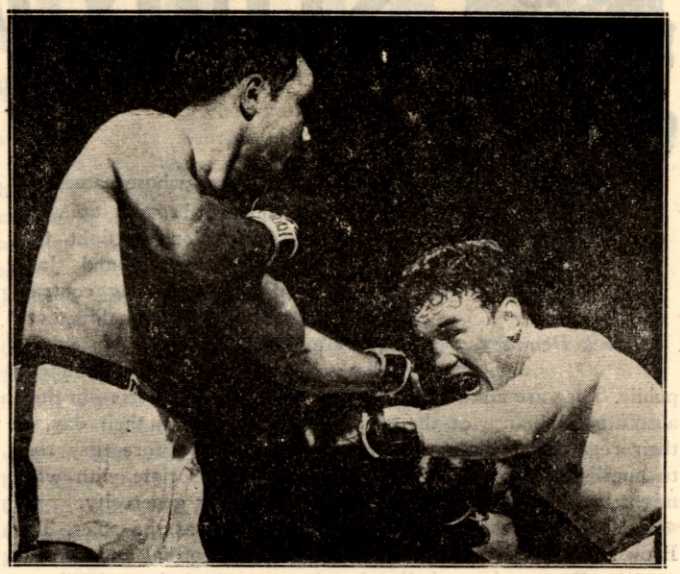
Now a different LaMotta was in action. He sensed the kill and, like a bull, he tore forward to take full advantage of the situation.

A volley of rights and lefts to the body followed in quick succession. Dauthuille presented a bewildered appearance as he tried to check the attack, but he had little strength left to accomplish a counter offensive.

Jake now shifted to the head and let go a beauty, a left hook to the body that ended the chances of a gallant, fighting Frenchman from rea hing his goal. He went sprawling across the lower strand of the ropes and then keeled over on his back.

The knockdown timer started to toll off the seconds as the victim of Jake's blows tried desperately to get to his feet. He rolled over on the canvas amidst wild shouts from his cohorts and was on one knee when the fatal ten was sounded. A second later he got up, dazed. It was too late. The fight was over. Only seconds had separated him from becoming a world champion.

When the boy was brought to his corner, his mentors informed reporters that they thought he had been given a short count, but such was not the case. My stop watch agreed with the official timer's watch. Dauthuille had just failed to beat the count.



"Ouch, That Hurt!" . . . Champion Jake LaMotta scores with left hook to Challenger Laurent Dauthuille's face in fourth round of middleweight title bout in Detroit.

THROUGHOUT the contest, except in three rounds—the 12th, 13th and 15th—LaMotta fought a different battle from his usual style. He failed to use his right except at intervals. He gave as an excuse that he had suffered an injury when he clouted Dauthuille's elbow with it in the fourth round. But he had no excuse for his failure to engage in his customary infighting at which he excels.

He seemed satisfied to box and fire lefts for the head at long range with now and then hooking it to the body instead of engaging in his bull-like, brutal body attacks for which he is noted. It was in the exchanges of lefts that Dauthuille scored most of his points. He had it on Jake in effectiveness and he landed more often. The Frenchman's hooks likewise landed frequently but they didn't carry sufficient sting to halt the title holder.

All Dauthuille required when the bell sounded for the final round, was to play safe, and had he boxed, he would have come through triumphantly.

Laurent's best chance came in the 12th and 13th rounds. A long left to the jaw in the former jarred the champion. A body attack followed and the champion was hurt, despite his denial in the dressing room. It was obvious that before he started playing possum in that round, he had been jarred by several lefts to the jaw and head, but when he regained his equilibrium and pulled the old Leach Cross trick, he fooled his opponent to the extent that Laurent was taken off his guard, left himself open for a barrage and soon he, not Jake, was on the defensive.

In the 13th, Dauthuille started off again with an attack to the head and body and LaMotta once again tried trickery to lead his opponent on, but this time Laurent wasn't fooled. He carried on in his usual manner.

The real dramatics of the entire fight took place in the last four rounds. They were fiery rounds in which the spectators were kept on edge. The Frenchman exchanged blows with the champ and seldom gave ground. Prior to that it was just an ordinary battle but a pleasing one because of the clean contest with no holding to mar the affair.

STARTING the 12th, Dauthuille's handlers, sensing victory as he kept piling up a good lead, urged him into more action, and as he went after Jake, he proved to the 11,426 spectators who paid a gross of $71,694.60 to see the bout, that he really can fight. He lost no prestige in his failure to relieve LaMotta of the championship.

As early as the third round Dauthuille's left eye was cut and at the end of the fifth, his right also was damaged. But he retaliated by puffing LaMotta's eye in the eighth session and it seemed that Jake's vision was affected. At least he acted that way for the next three rounds in which he stuck *(Continued on page 50)*

Jack Dempsey

STUDY *in* CONTRASTS

By HARVEY BRIGHT

THE two fighters whose names are most frequently brought up when heavyweight championship fight talk takes place — Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey—afford a startling contrast in disposition and personal habits, even if they are alike in their grip on the interest of the pugilistically-minded public. They are alike as two peas in only a few respects—in their absolute dominance of the heavyweight division in their day, in their regard for those who were their friends before they rose to pugilistic prominence, in their desire to associate with what might be termed the ordinary people, and their generosity.

But temperamentally, they are as far apart as the poles. The Brown Bomber is cold and calm; Dempsey, cordial and demonstrative. Dempsey's cordiality, however, was conspicuously absent in the ring, though evidenced to the highest degree in public life.

The Manassa Mauler was a tiger in the roped square. His famous ring scowl may be seen in every picture he ever took while waiting for the referee's instructions.

Louis, though poker-faced while listening to the third man in the ring, lacked the fire that was Jack's once the battle got under way.

Dempsey would follow an opponent who was downed to the extent of almost hanging on to him, even when ordered away from his victim by the referee. Louis would scarcely look at his rival. He would walk calmly to a neutral corner, await the return to action and then go after his man in an effort to score a kayo.

Louis showed no concern over the fate of his opponent, in direct contrast to Dempsey. The only fight in which Joe changed his mannerisms was in the second bout with Max Schmeling, in which he was out for revenge, and the Brown Bomber really blazed away that night, as all the world knows, particularly Herr Max.

Dempsey enjoys human companionship at all times and is as much at home in a gathering of social celebrities as he is among a gathering of ordinary fight fans. He is an excellent after-dinner speaker, something he developed after his retirement from the ring, and in this respect he has it all over Louis or Gene Tunney, each of whom finds public speaking a difficult task.

In business, again the Manassa Mauler can teach Louis a few tricks. Dempsey, through his association with keen business men, has amassed a fortune. Louis' business ventures have all been flops.

But Jack didn't succeed from the start. He made many mistakes that proved exceedingly costly and perhaps Louis will likewise profit from the errors he made and eventually land on top in the financial world as he did in the fistic profession.

With his hotels, restaurant, refereeing boxing and wrestling matches, the sales of ghosted articles under his name, and motion pictures, Dempsey's income runs into the six figures annually. Both he and Louis received several million dollars from boxing alone, yet Joe, at the youthful age of 36, after engaging in 25 championship title defenses, finds himself hard pressed for ready cash.

Two remarkable men, Louis and Dempsey, yet remarkably different in many respects.

THERE isn't a person who follows boxing who isn't acquainted with the deeds of Joe Louis and his life story. His fame as a fighter stretches to the far corners of the earth. He is an ambassador of good will for his race, a boxer who, win or lose in his comeback contest with Ezzard Charles, has already indelibly etched his name for immortality, not only in the world of boxing, but also among men who believe in fair play and equal dealings with their fellow citizens.

Within three years after joining the professional ranks of pugilists, Joe Louis clouted his way from a green, crude, awkward novice into one of the greatest fighting machines of all time. Fame and fortune were his, though he had to make a comeback in order to pay Uncle Sam a quarter of a million dollars in back taxes. The story of Joe Louis is a fabulous Horatio Alger yarn brought to life.

The Brown Bomber was born Joe Louis Barrow at Lafayette, Ala., on May 13, 1914, the seventh child which blessed the union of Munn and Lily Barrow.

Dad Barrow was a humble cotton picker deeply in debt and rapidly failing in health. Shortly after Joe's second birthday, his father died and for the next few years, life was pretty tough for the Barrows.

They knew the pangs of poverty. When Ma Barrow could stand it no longer, she decided to move to what she figured would be greener fields and packed up her brood for a journey to Detroit, where she lives to this day.

Joe Louis knew little of ease and pleasure during his youth. At the age of 14 he had to quit grammar school to enter vocational school and learn cabinet-making.

He was still attending trade school when he took a fancy to boxing. Through a classmate he was introduced to the sport. Thurston McKinney, an amateur, seeking a sparring partner, asked Joe to don the gloves and though Louis didn't know a left jab from a ring post, he accepted and made a fair showing. Thereafter, he kept going to the gymnasium as often as was possible after school hours and within a short time he was sufficiently schooled to be able to enter his first amateur tourney.

IN his initial bout he had the misfortune to be pitted against Johnny Miler, one of the best light-heavyweights in Detroit. This was in the spring of 1932, and his stage fright, plus the experience of his opponent, made it easy for Miler to whip the man who in a few years would be listed in record books as one of the greatest heavyweight champions of all time.

Joe took a terrific shellacking, but instead of this setback causing him to quit the ring, he went into boxing with more vim and determination. The defeat failed to discourage him. If anything, it added fuel to his fires of pugilistic ambition.

Following that beating, through conscientious work, he rolled up an amazing record of 14 consecutive knockouts before he dropped his next decision to Clinton Bridges, another local rival.

Then followed a brilliant run of triumphs before he suffered his third reverse. It was at the hands of Max Marek, Notre Dame football star, and took place in the National A.A.U. championships in Boston in 1933.

Only one other defeat was administered to Louis in the amateurs. Stanley Evans outpointed him in Detroit, but that setback was subsequently wiped out by the Brown Bomber when he whipped Evans in a return bout. Joe climaxed his career as a simon pure by annexing the national 175-pound title at St. Louis in April, 1934.

In all, the youngster's record comprised 43 knockouts, seven victories by decisions and only four defeats in 54 contests.

DURING this time, Joe was working as a laborer in the Ford Motor Company at River Rouge, but following his title winning performance in St. Louis, he quit his job and announced his graduation from medal chasing for the more profitable field of chasing after the dollars.

He made his debut three months later in Chicago when he stopped Jack Kracken in one round. Since then he added victory after victory with the exception of the one defeat Schmeling handed him, until, finding no more worlds to conquer, he hung up his gloves and retired.

(Continued on page 34)

THE COMEBACK TRAIL

By ED VAN EVERY

THE old pugilistic adage, they never come back, is not necessarily true. Examine into the heavyweight picture and the efforts of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett and company along this line and we find their various bids were not in every instance the complete failure ring history would make out, even though all fell short of regaining or retaining their championships.

Sullivan, for example, did come out of retirement against Jake Kilrain and proved his fistic supremacy. His subsequent defeat by Corbett was a case of the one fight too many that must be the fate of all champions should they elect to continue too far beyond their day.

Following his dismal showing against Charley Mitchell at Chantilly, France, Sullivan announced his retirement. He had emerged with no better than a draw when it was agreed, at the end of 39 rounds, that the contestants were too exhausted to continue. The contest, which lasted three hours, had degenerated into a dreary exhibition. Sullivan had felled his lighter opponent but once and had his royal nose bloodied, but almost from the first the fray had been devoid of action.

His backers and admirers were agreed that it would be next to impossible to get Sullivan back into anything approaching the fighting condition that had once made him the mighty John L. He was a very sick man for several months after his return home and, at benefits tendered him both in Boston and New York, he declared that he was through with the prize ring. He planned, he said, to turn his efforts to the stage and would star in a play, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," that was being written for him

Some contend that at his announcement he would post $5,000 to fight Jake Kilrain, the Richard K. Fox sponsored champion, was only with intent to plug the drama, which had now been completed. The Fox blasts in the pink pages of his publication, in which the proprietor claimed the title on behalf of Kilrain, and the posting by Fox of a $10,000 wager to back Jake against any man in the world, and Sullivan in particular, got under John L.'s skin. He was angry and decided to come back to prove to Fox that he, not Kilrain, was the champ. In January of 1889 the match was closed to be fought in July of that year and at a place still to be designated.

SULLIVAN had passed the 30-year mark and when, soon after the match had been closed, John went on a binge, his backers were so in despair of their man ever getting back into fighting condition, they stood ready to forfeit their side bet rather than have the once great pugilist disgrace himself in the ring.

Then it was that William Muldoon, the Greco-Roman wrestling champion and physical conditioning ace, stepped in with an offer to take Sullivan in hand and bring him back in condition to successfully defend his championship. Muldoon took his charge to the former's home in Belfast, N. Y., nursed him back to health and, after what was probably the most strenuous training siege endured by any heavyweight, brought Sullivan to the battleground at Richburg, Miss., for the historic fray with Kilrain.

Muldoon had done his work well and this was indeed a different Sullivan than the one who had made so poor a stand against Mitchell only 16 months previously. Under a broiling sun, John L. was going so strong in what was to be the last of the bare knuckle battles that Fox's champion, Kilrain, was unable to continue beyond the 75th round.

THE meeting with Corbett, two years and three months later, was the one fight too many for Sullivan, and he was knocked out in the 21st round. This time Muldoon had no part in the training of Sullivan. It would in all probability not have helped the Sullivan cause if Muldoon had handled him. It is unlikely that the Boston Strong Boy could have gone through another such ordeal of intensive training as that to which he had been subjected for the Kilrain encounter.

Pompadour Jim, as Corbett was then known, was dethroned by Bob Fitzsimmons five years later. Corbett challenged his conqueror in vain to a return match. He did, however, get another crack at the title. Not, however, until after a wait of almost three and one-half years, and this time against James J. Jeffries, the man who had taken the crown from Fitzsimmons.

Fitzsimmons, following his victory over Corbett at Carson City, Nev., a bout in which the solar plexus blow was made famous, told the world: "I have fought and won the last prize fight I will ever engage in."

Time and other exigencies proved otherwise. Freckled Bob was to fight many more years. In his very first match after becoming champion, which came a little over two after the Corbett tilt, Fitz took on the Giant Boilermaker and former Corbett sparmate, Jeffries, and the championship changed hands in a ring at Coney Island when Bob was counted out in the eighth round.

IT was in his second defense of the title that Jeffries took on Corbett, and the latter was knocked out in the 23rd round of a contest set at the 25-round distance. Had the bout been waged under present-day rules, however, Corbett, then close to his 34th birthday, would have been the winner and again champion.

Though he was tiring badly going into the 13th round, the challenger's superb boxing skill and footwork had the champion so far behind on points that, at the end of the 15th round, had a decision been rendered, it must surely have gone to Corbett. Even had Jim been able to go the two rounds beyond the one in which he was dropped for the count, the verdict must have been close.

Incidentally, Fitzsimmons, when more than a month beyond the 40 mark, was accorded a return match with Jeffries and, until the old boy's hands gave out in the eighth round, gave the Giant Boilermaker quite a hammering.

Jeffries, following a five-year reign and his quick elimination of Jack Munroe in a return engagement at San Francisco 46 years ago, decided to hang up the gloves. He held to this determination for six years and then, at the age of 35, came his ill-advised return to the ring at Reno, Nev., against Jack Johnson. Jeff was battered helpless in 15 rounds and "they never come back" and "the hollow shell" was made a part of the pugilistic vernacular.

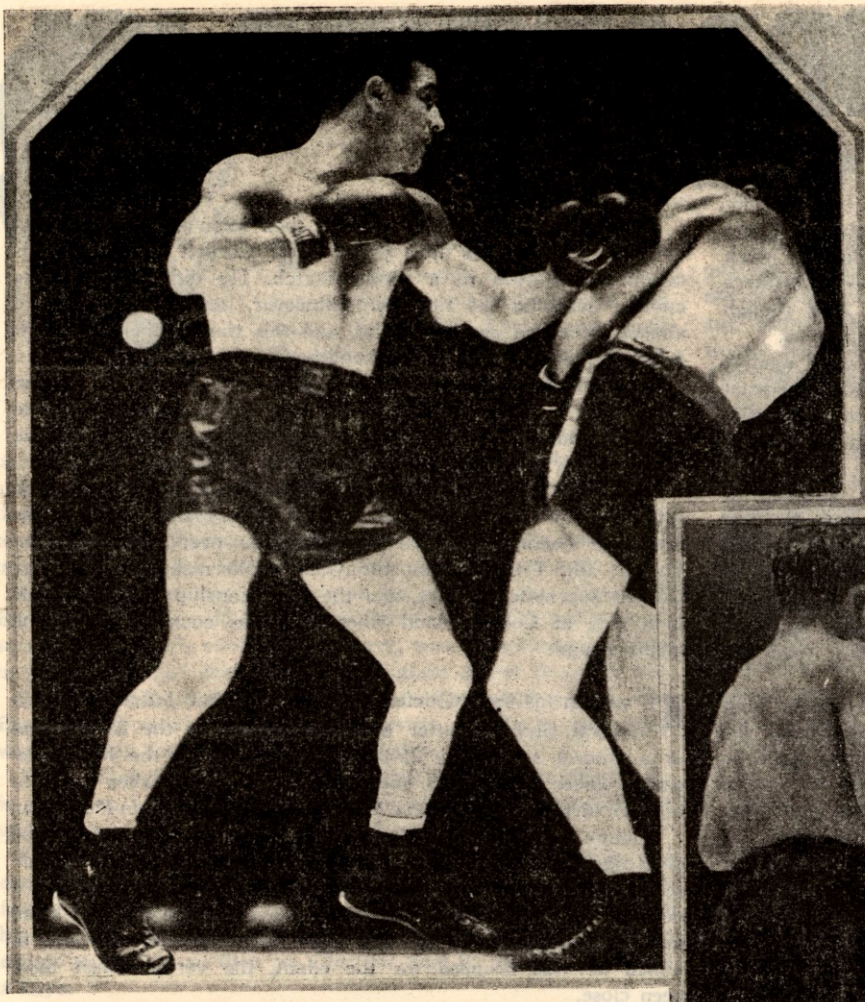
JOHNSON fought frequently after he had succumbed to the Kansas Giant, Jess Willard, on April 5, 1915, at Havana, Cuba, the knockout coming in the 26th round. Though he was of a ripe 37 vintage by the time he was dethroned, Johnson made 16 more ring appearances, none of which had any significance in the way of an attempted comeback for title honors. He was two years from the half-century milestone when, at Juarez, Mexico, he was declared winner in the eighth round on a foul over Bob Lawson, who later that year fought on the Jack-Dempsey-Gene Tunney card at Philadelphia.

Willard, after being taken apart by Dempsey in the Toledo massacre, seemed on his way to a return clash with his conqueror four years later, only to have his comeback attempt halted by Luis Angel Firpo. Big Jess was doing quite well and had the crowd stamping their feet to the chant of "Come on, Jess," until the huge bowl at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, fairly swayed and gave working press occupants a scare for a moment in fear the huge structure might collapse.

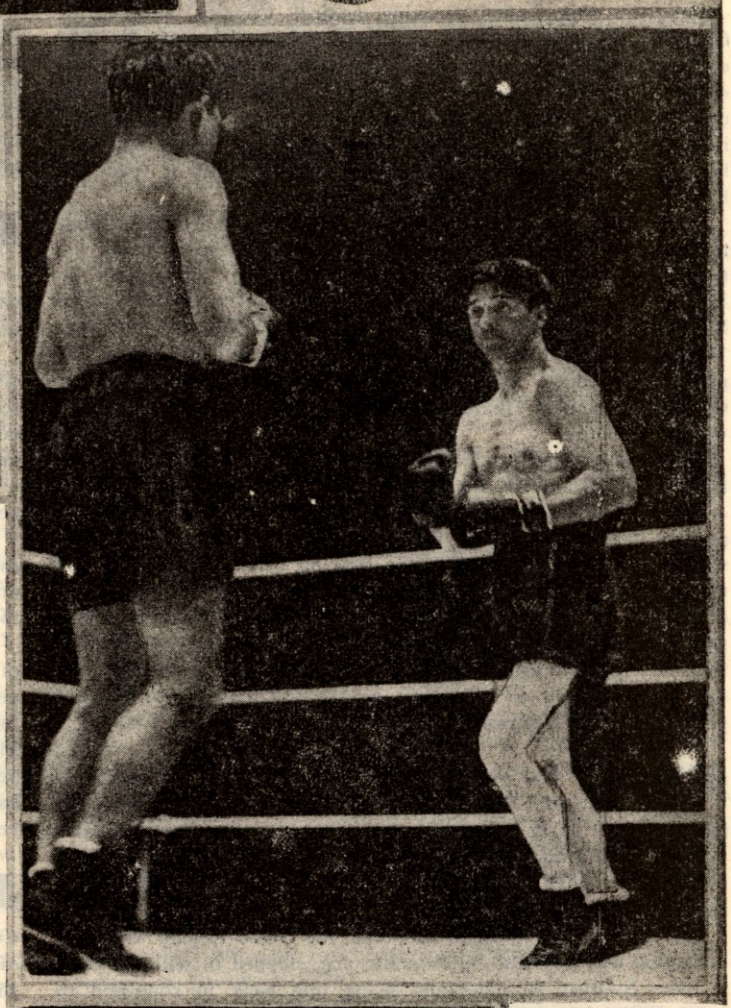
Firpo, however, took control and made the eighth round the last for Willard, then verging on 40, and the Dempsey shot came to the Wild Bull two months later. That bout is often referred to as the greatest heavyweight ring battle of all time.

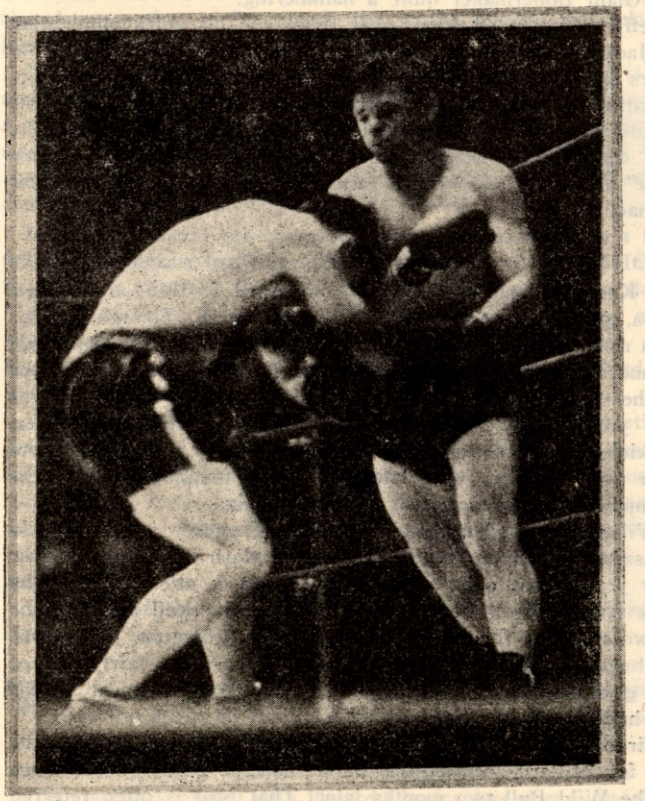
Dempsey, after losing his laurels to Tunney, tried to regain the crown and almost made it *(Continued on page 34)*

Famous Fights Recalled

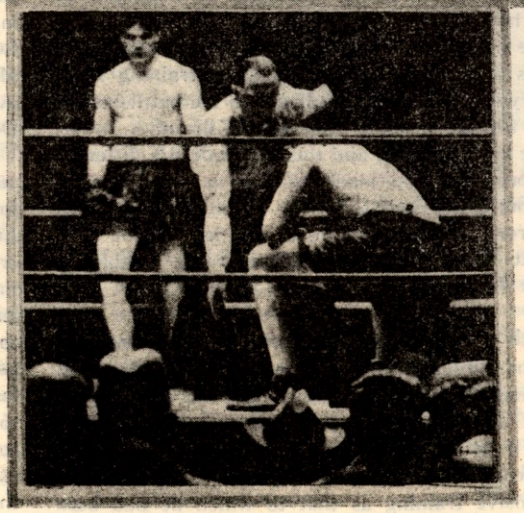


Fred Apostoli pounding Freddie Steele, N.B.A. middleweight champion, into submission. The bout took place in Garden January 7, 1938, and ended in the ninth round.





Paulino Uzcudun (left) covering up to avoid a vicious attack by Mickey Walker in Madison Square Garden May 26, 1932. Mickey won in ten rounds.



Lightweight Champion Sammy Mandell (right) facing challenger Tony Canzoneri in their Chicago bout, August 2, 1929. Sammy retained the title in ten rounds.

★

Young Stribling, disqualified in his bout with Phil Scott in London, July 28, 1930.

LIKE OLD TIMES

By BARNEY NAGLER

IT was like old times—and yet. Pompton Lakes was there, sure enough, and the water shone in the September sun as on many September days before. But, wait, what about the sign at the fork in the road just beyond the white stone bridge?

It said: "Ex-Champ Joe Louis Trains Here."

This was wrong. Joe Louis was back in the old camp by the lake, but he wasn't the ex-champion at all. He had retired undefeated some 18 months earlier. Now he was in training once again to settle the question of superiority with Ezzard Charles, who had been anointed by the National Boxing Association as champion.

Inside the camp Louis' manager, Marshall Miles, was surprised that the sign referred to Louis as "ex-champ." He smiled wanly and said, "It shouldn't be that way. Joe ain't no ex."

He called to Emil Baumgartner, owner of the camp. "We got a complaint," he said. "Joe ain't no ex-champ, like the sign says. He just retired undefeated."

"Oh," said Mr. Baumgartner. "We'll change it right away. Imagine taking a title away from Joe when he gave it up himself."

Marshall Miles smiled again, wanly.

THIS was the day on which Louis was to spar for the first time in his comeback. A sparse gathering was on hand . . . some men and women, and a covey of kids who ran up and down the ring stairs and pulled on the ring ropes.

On other days, when Louis had started training for other fights, the camp had been crowded with spectators and fight reporters. Now things had changed. Louis was working in virtual privacy.

He came out of the old house across the greensward from the outdoor ring. Mannie Seamon, his trainer, was with Louis and together they walked into the gymnasium in which the dressing rooms are housed.

"Looks good, doesn't he?" Marshall Miles asked.

The one who was listening said Louis appeared surprisingly well conditioned.

"Surprised me, too," said Marshall Miles. "I didn't think he could do it, but he has. He's not going to have an alibi if he don't win. He's almost in shape right now."

A short time later Louis came out of the gymnasium, followed by Seamon and George Nicholson, assistant trainer, and a trio of sparring partners. Louis wore the white wool training trunks and T-shirt he favors in training bouts.

He limbered up by dancing around the ring for six minutes and while he was doing this, Seamon was saying: "We got the best sparring partners here. The best around. Only way to get sharp."

LOUIS came back to the ring corner where Seamon was standing and Mannie began preparing him for boxing. He swabbed Louis' arms and face with what seemed like a pound of vaseline. As always, Louis shoved on his headgear himself. He has never permitted any trainer, neither the late Jack Blackburn nor Seamon, to do this for him.

He boxed first with a heavy-chested, squat heavyweight from Brooklyn, Baby (Dutch) Culbertson. Louis was effective with his left. Next came Shamus O'Brien, an old hand around a Louis camp. Joe banged O'Brien's middle. Louis then took on Gene Felton, a ring look-alike for Ezzard Charles.

Louis pinned Felton into a corner and combined hooks and right-hand shots to the head. He was banging Felton around when Marshall Miles, who was keeping time, yelled, "Time."

Louis glowered at Miles. "You cut that round short!"

"Let it run three seconds over," Miles replied.

There was disbelief mirrored in Louis' face, which hadn't been bruised in the four-round drill.

Nicholson, who was herding the sparring partners, spread a white bedsheet on the floor mat alongside the ring platform and said, "Okay, Joe, you can work now."

Louis then went through some bending exercises on the mat. The small gathering applauded when he was finished, and Nicholson, who had been mistakenly calling Louis "ex-champ" in his announcements, said: "Joe Louis trains here tomorrow at 3 p.m."

This is how bloated Joe Louis looked when he began his training for comeback at West Baden, Indiana. But it was a trim, hardened Bomber who faced Ezzard Charles at the Yankee Stadium.

HE came down from the ring platform and he smiled.

"See," Nicholson said, "I didn't call him ex-champ then. It's hard knowing how to call him. You can't call him champ. He gave up the title. Guess I'll just say Joe Louis, that's all."

Nicholson followed Louis and Seamon into the gymnasium dressing room and, as Joe sat on the rubbing table and rested, the lone visitor in the room said that Charles doubted that Louis was possessed of any real confidence for the fight.

"That's his opinion," Joe said. "He's entitled to his opinion, even if it's wrong."

This was the same old Joe.

"Listen," said Nicholson to Louis, "you say Charles don't punch hard. I disagree."

"That's your opinion," said Louis.

Nicholson went through the motions of showing Louis how Charles boxes. He had been assistant trainer to Charles after Louis had retired in March, 1949, and he was a valuable man to have around.

"He bangs pretty good with two hands," Nicholson said.

LOUIS didn't extend the conversation along these lines.

Instead he turned the conversation to the war in Korea. Somebody said he was surprised to learn that Negro troops were still being segregated among the U.S. forces in Korea.

"That's all right," Louis said. "Things is better than they were before. This Negro outfit is a famous old outfit and they don't want to break it up. But things is better in the Army now than they were before. It's better in the Navy and the Marines, too."

The visitor said, "Joe, would you go back into the Army?"

"If they give me my same rank—tech sergeant," he replied.

"I'll go, too," said Nicholson, who had been a master sergeant with the Joe Louis boxing troupe in World War II.

"They don't want no old man," Louis chided Nicholson.

"Sure, but I could use the money," Nicholson said.

Seamon joined in. "Don't you print that about Louis going into the Army. Too early for that sort of thing. We got a fight on our hands."

Louis laughed. He pulled the towel covering his middle down around his heavy thighs. "I was just kiddin', Mannie," he said, "so don't get scared."

(Continued on page 43)

Heavyweight Highlights

Battles Between Big Fellows Marked With Many Incidents

By TED CARROLL

WITH Joe Louis back in the ring, the heavyweight division in boxing has come out of the doldrums to assume its natural place at the head of the pugilistic parade. As fighting men go, the heavyweight champion is the REAL champion. He's bigger than the others, and he's supposed to be able to lick any man in the world.

It's a prize well worth striving for. The heavyweight champion automatically becomes one of the best known men alive. He's never completely forgotten. While leaders in other walks of life lapse gently into obscurity as successors take over, a former world's heavyweight king retains much of the magic magnetism that was his when he held the title.

Dempsey, Tunney, Sharkey, Braddock, Max Baer, even Carnera, are still hailed and hoorayed over whenever they show up in public. Not only are the monetary rewards fabulous, but a heavyweight champion can always trade on his reputation.

Many years after he wore the crown, old Jack Johnson was making a comfortable living because he had once held the crown.

Since the rewards are so great, it is little wonder that heavyweight title bouts are invariably charged with a tension to be found nowhere else in the busy world of sports. In the list of struggles for the big prize, almost every human emotion, even comedy, has been present at one time or another and these have been recorded for posterity.

THERE are few things in life as serious as fighting for the world's heavyweight championship, but even here Max Baer in his brawl with Carnera edged in a few laughs. Reams have been written of the drama of the Louis-Schmeling battles, the reverberations of the Jeffries-Johnson tilt which shook a nation; the jungle fury of the Firpo-Dempsey mill, and the human interest in the Braddock-Baer shindig.

It seemed like the earth stood still in its spin through space to digest what happened in all of these. Still, with all due respect to Louis, Dempsey and the rest, Braddock's triumph over Baer might be called the most momentous.

As time goes on, those familiar with all the facts look back upon the story of James J. Braddock and find themselves doubting that it ever really happened. But it did!

Many years ago the Salvation Army adopted the slogan, "A man may be down but he's never out." Here was the great verification of this battle cry. When Braddock, a washed-up light-heavyweight, came off the relief rolls to win the heavyweight championship of the world, thousands must have gained renewed hope and courage, for none of them could have faced a more depressing outlook than did James J. Braddock.

The year before he won the title, Braddock looked as finished as a fighter could possibly be. He was a veteran who was nothing more than a trial horse for up-and-coming light-heavyweights.

His family was in dire straits. He was through.

At least that's the way it seemed. But just a year later, he climbed out of the ring following his bout with Max Baer, the heavyweight champion of the world!

And he had earned the chance the hard way. He had been tossed in with Corn Griffin, who looked very good, as a sacrifice offering because he desperately needed the dough. Then followed a match with John Henry Lewis. A couple of years previously, John Henry had had no trouble at all with James J. out on the Coast. But Braddock won this time, in a very close, hard fight. Art Lasky, a red-hot heavy in those days, was Jim's next opponent. James J. won again.

Then came Baer, a match that was ridiculed at first, but allowed to go on because of sentiment for Braddock.

The words, "Winner and new champion, James J. Braddock," clarioned forth by the announcer that June evening in 1935, took on another meaning for millions of listeners: "Nothing is impossible. It can be done."

Although overshadowed by the heavy title fights already mentioned like Braddock-Baer or Johnson-Jeffries, most of the heavyweight title fights bring up unusual recollections.

There was the battle between Tommy Loughran and Primo Carnera, for instance, down in Miami, Fla., back in 1933. Certainly no boxer ever faced physical handicaps like those that towered above the one-time Philly Phantom.

He was actually outweighed by 86 pounds! He was also much shorter.

Never more than a blown-up light-heavyweight, Loughran came into the ring weighing 184 while the Italian colossus tipped the beam at 270! This was heavy even for Carnera, who, it was rumored, had found too much fun on the loose around the resort city to spend much time in the gymnasium.

Little wonder that Loughran's complaint that the giant ruined his bid by continually stepping on his feet was backed up and taken seriously by onlookers and reporters. With that kind of a weight advantage, Primo must have felt like an elephant to Tommy.

JERSEY JOE WALCOTT'S present dilemma over his dough in Germany brings to mind the title fight between Frank Moran and Jack Johnson in Paris back in 1914. Defending champion Johnson never did get his money, although he kept trying until the day he died. No one blamed him for trying, but it proved to be a hopeless case.

Speaking of Moran, the red-haired Pittsburgher was one of the few to get two chances at a title and the only man to face two different champs in title fights. Moran was decisioned by Jess Willard, who outweighed him some 50 pounds, in old Madison Square Garden two years after he met Johnson overseas.

Sam Langford wasn't so lucky. A contender for titles in every class from lightweight to heavyweight, the squat Bostonian never got a chance at any kind of a championship.

Another title fight seldom recalled but noteworthy because Jack Dempsey had to come from behind to win, took place in the old Garden in 1920 when Dempsey boxed Bill Brennan.

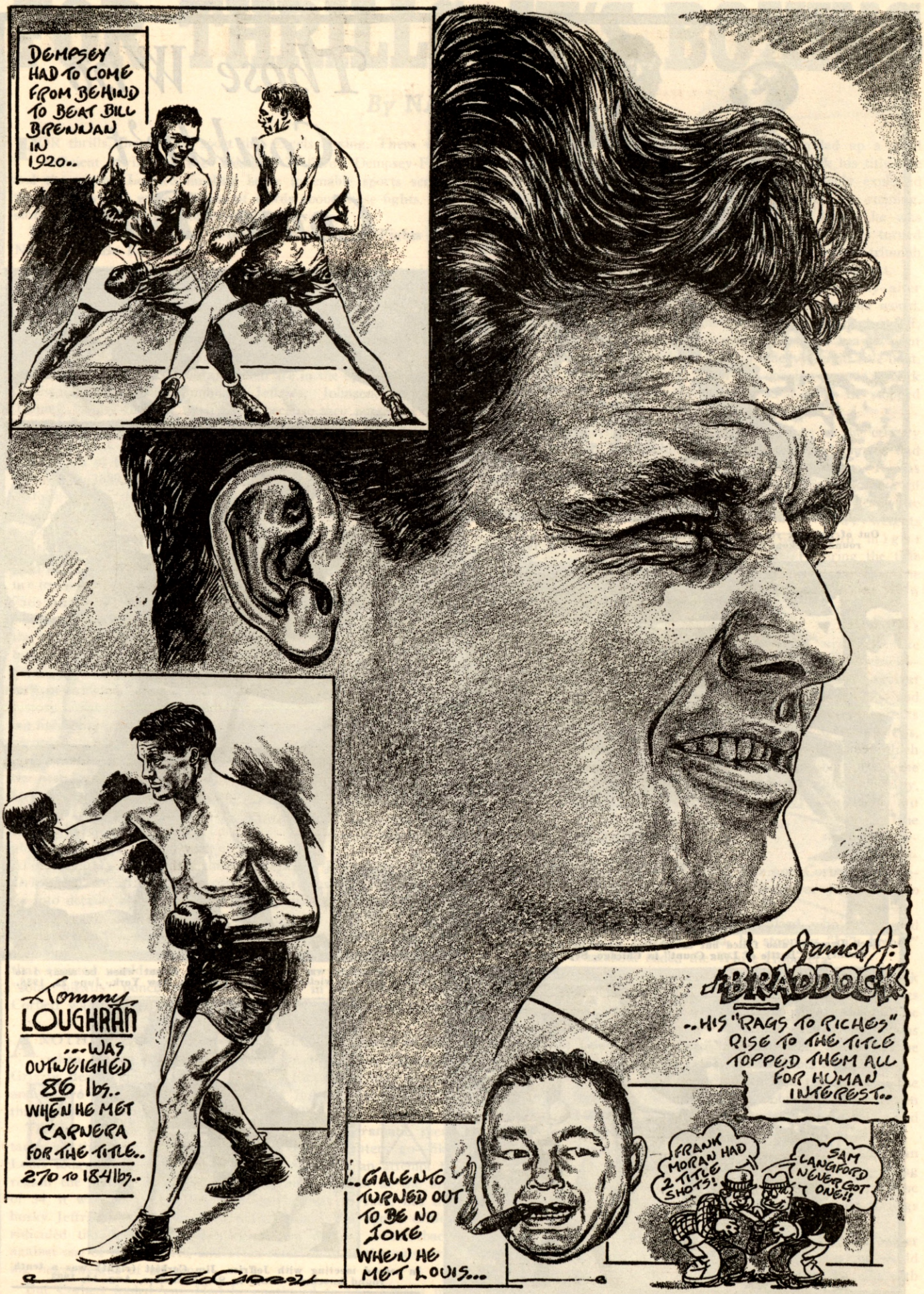
There was little similarity between the Manassa Mauler who barbecued Willard a year or so before, and the Dempsey who opposed Brennan. Almost all the observers had Bill in front on points at the time Dempsey caught up with him in the 12th round.

The knockout also fomented a huge hullabaloo with Brennan's manager, Leo P. Flynn, shouting foul play all over the place. The blow that finished Brennan was delivered by Dempsey while Brennan was in a bent-over position and landed on the back of his neck.

Immediately the yell, "Rabbit punch," shook the rafters of the arena. A demonstration broke out as Brennan was counted out. The papers took up the hue-and-cry the next day, but eventually the uproar died down.

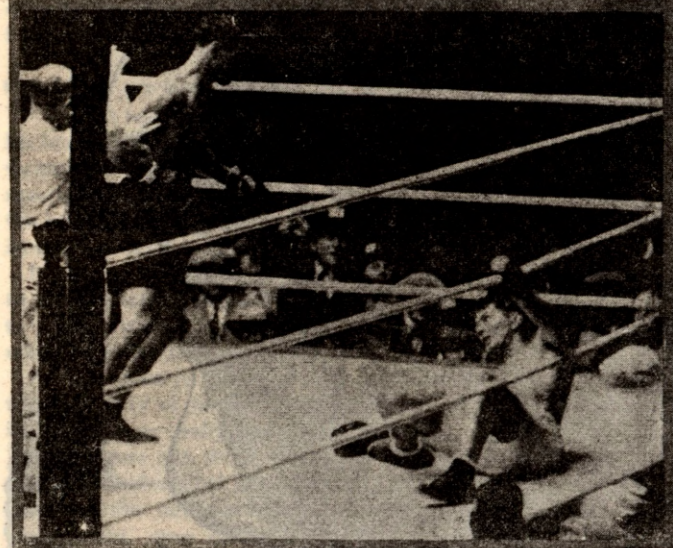
THE late James J. Corbett was a great hater of his rivals. He detested Fitzsimmons, threatened to attack him on sight in the street, and did not speak to John L. Sullivan for years. Such harsh feelings have been almost unknown in the modern era, although Louis did dislike Schmeling because of disparaging remarks made by Max upon his return to Europe after having kayoed Joe in their first battle.

This brings up an odd contrast which makes the John Henry Lewis-Joe Louis fight a puzzler. Louis went after Schmeling, his supposed enemy, with a savage concentration seldom seen in the ring, and had the German out of there in less than three minutes. Joe, on the other hand, was on the friendliest of terms with John Henry, yet there was *(Continued on page 36)*

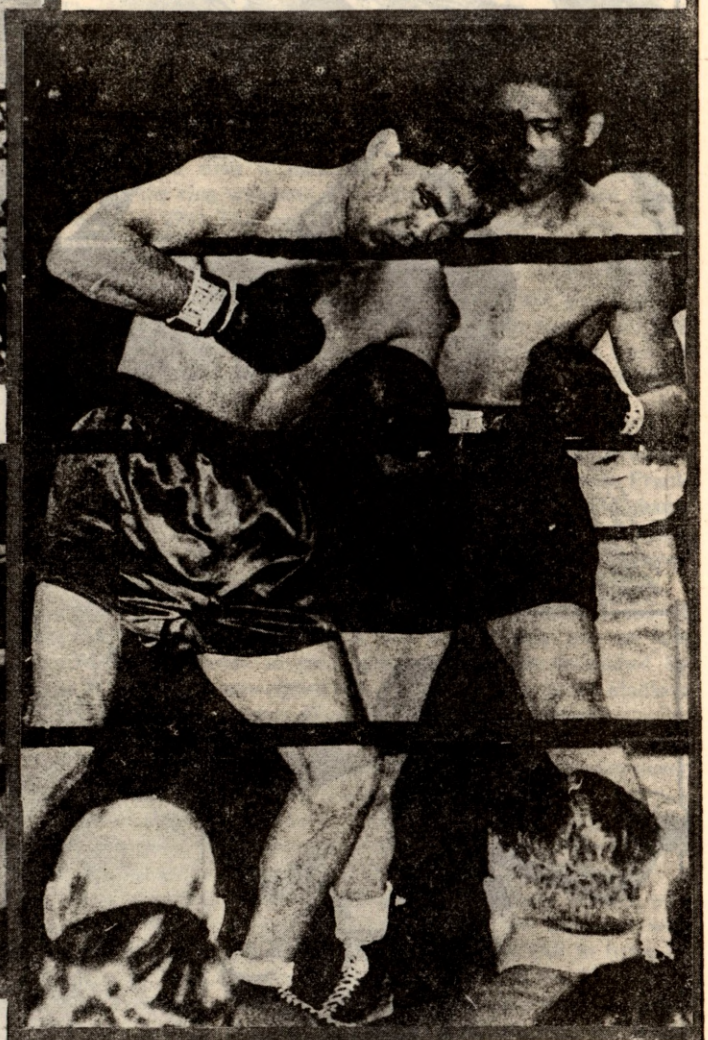

DEMPSEY HAD TO COME FROM BEHIND TO BEAT BILL BRENNAN IN 1920..
James J. BRADDOCK
..HIS "RAGS TO RICHES" RISE TO THE TITLE TOPPED THEM ALL FOR HUMAN INTEREST..
Tommy LOUGHRAN
...WAS OUTWEIGHED 86 lbs.. WHEN HE MET CARNERA FOR THE TITLE.. 270 to 184 lbs..
..GALENTO TURNED OUT TO BE NO JOKE WHEN HE MET LOUIS...
FRANK MORAN HAD 2 TITLE SHOTS!
SAM LANGFORD NEVER GOT T ONE!!

Those Who Couldn't Come Back

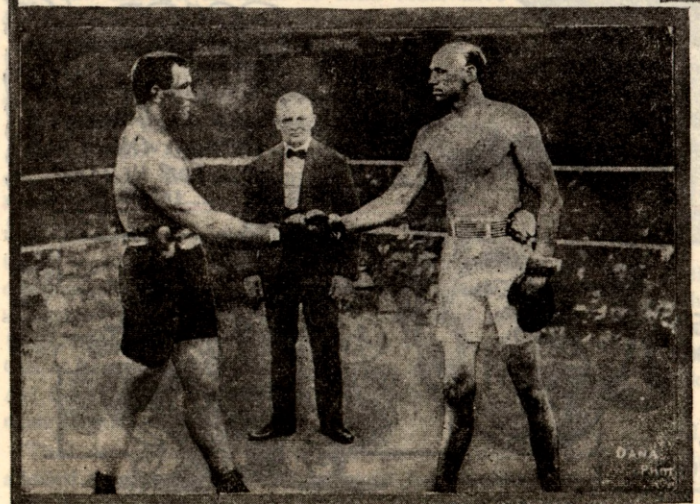
Out of ring six years, Jim Jeffries (right) was battered into 15-round knockout by Jack Johnson in Reno on July 4, 1910.

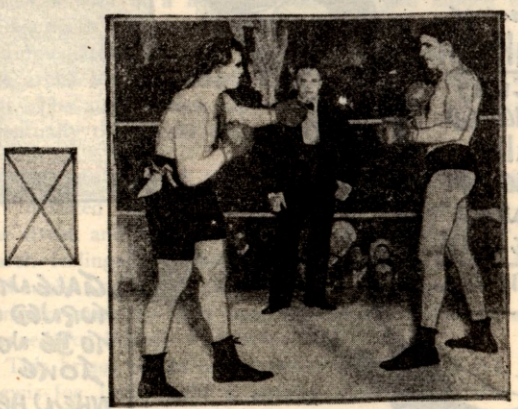


Jack Dempsey also failed but came close when he floored Gene Tunney in "Battle of Long Count" in Chicago, Sept. 22, 1927.



Max Schmeling was blasted into quick defeat when he assayed to repeat previous victory over Joe Louis in New York, June 22, 1938.





In second meeting with Jeffries, Jim Corbett (right) was a tenth round knockout victim in San Francisco, Aug. 14, 1903.

Bob Fitzsimmons (right) was kayoed in eighth round in attempt to regain title from Jeffries in San Francisco, July 25, 1902.

FOR THRILLS—IT'S BOXING

By NAT LOUBET

FOR thrills, there is no sport that excels boxing. There were sufficient thrills in the Dempsey-Willard, Dempsey-Firpo and the second Louis-Schmeling bouts to enable sports scribes the world over to write millions of words about those fights. The stories of those historic contests will never die.

The heavyweight division is one that abounds in "Fights that Never Will Be Forgotten."

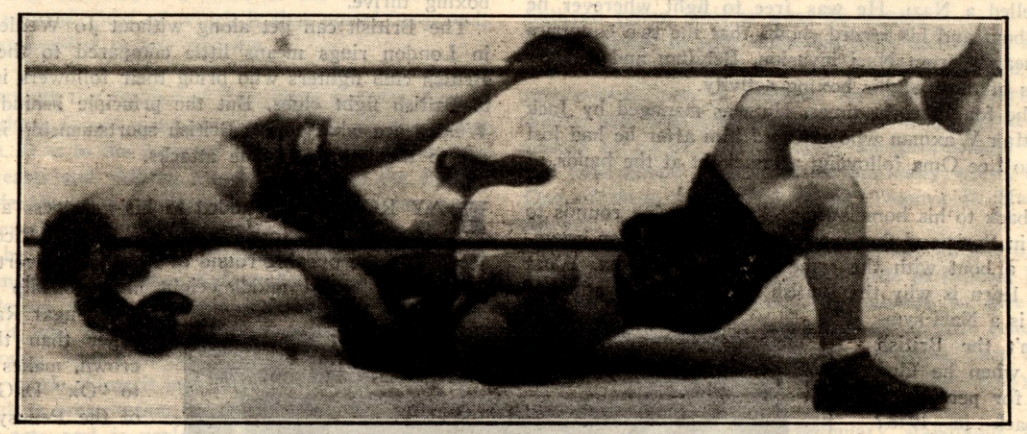
The big boys of the roped square are the main thrill providers. That's why, when the top men of that division are booked, especially in a world heavyweight championship bout, they draw the biggest gates and the largest attendances. The million-dollar gates may not come back again for many years, but it is safe to predict that the heavyweights will continue to be the best gate attractions when colorful fighting men are in the opposite corners. Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Dempsey, Tunney, Louis—they hit the jackpot because they possessed what it takes to bring out the fight fans in droves.

"Fights that Will Never Be Forgotten" list among the contestants all of the above names.

Back in 1889, John L. Sullivan engaged Jake Kilrain in an historic battle, the last bare knuckle fight for the heavyweight championship, a contest in which Sullivan stopped his man in the 75th round.

That was the start of a long series of fistic encounters in which history - making fights were recorded.

There was the first battle for a world heavyweight title with gloves, one in which John L. Sullivan clashed with James J. Corbett at New Orleans. That affair has so often been reviewed that we won't go into details, but suffice it to say that it was a thrill provider.



Who will forget this comedy scene—the giant Primo Carnera entangled with Max Baer in their title bout in the Garden Bowl of Long Island City.

Then came the three-round knockout of Charley Mitchell, claimant of the British heavyweight crown, by Corbett, the Dancing Master, and that was followed by still another contest that aroused world-wide interest, the one in which the historic "solar plexus" punch was born. It was in that contest that Corbett was kayoed in the 14th round to lose the world crown.

ANOTHER great battle took place at Coney Island in 1899 when Fitzsimmons lost the championship to the California Grizzly Bear, James J. Jeffries. It was Fitz's first title defense and in two subsequent contests Freckled Bob tried to regain the throne but failed in equally interesting mills.

The turn of the century saw one of the most dramatic spectacles of the prize ring when Corbett, old as fighters go—like Louis today—decided on returning to the ring in an attempt to regain the crown he had lost to Fitzsimmons. But at the age of 34, it was not Ruby Robert whom he was to face, but the husky Jeffries. Corbett wasn't given a chance. The sports critics ridiculed the audacity of Gentleman Jim making a comeback against one of the greatest, and often referred to as the outstanding heavyweight of all time.

But Corbett fooled 'em. Had he continued to box Jeffries instead of pulling the same stunt that enabled Joe Louis to knock out Billy Conn after the Pennsylvanian had rolled up a good lead, Corbett would have been the first to win back his title. He had a tight grip on the throne when Jeffries suddenly exploded and the bombardment put Gentleman Jim out of the running.

But he went part way into the 23rd round before he was battered into submission. A short left hook to the body turned the trick. What a moment before had looked like certain triumph for the former bank clerk, suddenly turned into bitter defeat.

Lack of opposition forced Jeff into retirement shortly after that mill and after cleaning house in many parts of the world, disposing of all pretenders to the throne left vacant by Jeff, Tommy Burns was universally recognized as world heavyweight king. He set a world record for a K.O. in a heavyweight title bout. He put Bill Squires away in 1:27 of the opening round, a mark that still stands. Joe Louis came closest to it when he stopped Max Schmeling in their second encounter in 2:04.

Figuring in the dramatic and sensational bouts of the century was that between Jack Johnson and Jeffries after Johnson had dethroned Burns in Australia to gain the purple robe. It was Johnson's rise to fistic heights that brought about the era of White Hopes, a period in which the world was combed for white heavyweights who might bring the title back to the Caucasian race.

Jeff was urged to make a comeback—much against his will — and after six years of idleness, during which he lived the life of Reilly, he was no match for the stalwart Negro from Galveston, Tex. Jeff, who had prevented Fitz and Corbett from regaining the crown, became a chopping block for Johnson, who halted him in the 15th round.

Then along came another giant, Jess Willard, who put an end to Johnson's reign in Havana, Cuba, by stopping "Li'l Arthur" in 26 rounds. That bout ended the White Hope era.

Dempsey zoomed into the scene with his bludgeon body attack that put Willard into such a helpless state he had to call it quits at Toledo at the end of the third round. With Dempsey's rise came into being the million dollar gates, the first of which was the bout with Georges Carpentier in Jersey City, in which the Frenchman was knocked out in the fourth round.

Luis Firpo provided a never-to-be-forgotten thriller when he put Manassa Jack over the ropes at the Polo Grounds and then was dropped seven times before the Argentinian was counted out by Referee Johnny Gallagher in the second round.

Dempsey's stunning upset at the hands of Gene Tunney in Philadelphia and their return bout, the "Battle of the Long Count," were among other famous ring contests that go into the category of "bouts to be remembered." They drew the throngs and huge gates.

It was not until 1930 that another historic ring encounter was recorded, the one in which Max Schmeling won the world title while sitting on the canvas, claiming a foul in his fight with Jack Sharkey.

The spectacular Max Baer, *(Continued on page 39)*

Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Attacks on Jo Weiden Seem Unjustified
Sugar Ray Continues to Hold Spotlight
Sullivan First to Attempt a Comeback

STRANGE things happen in boxing even in England where sportsmanship is so highly regarded. For more than two years Jo Weiden, Austrian heavyweight, campaigned in both England and the United States.

In 1948 he fought Alf Brown in London without any interference from the press or the British Board of Boxing Control which gave him the green light. Two weeks later he again engaged in a contest in London, this time Phil van Niekerk being the victim. Then before sailing for America, he stopped Alf Brown for the second time in a British ring, Nottingham being the scene of that contest.

No question was raised then about his status during the war. He wasn't labelled a Nazi. He was free to fight wherever he could obtain a bout and his record shows that the two countries that suffered heavily from Nazi invasion, Belgium and France, were the scenes of most of his boxing activity.

In America he fought eight times. He was managed by Jack Dempsey and Max Waxman who released him after he had lost a ten rounder to Lee Oma following a knockout at the hands of Gene Gosney.

Since going back to his homeland, he lost in twelve rounds to Stephane Olek in Paris and then won the vacant European heavyweight title in a bout with the same fighter at Vienna. What I am eager to learn is why the British have suddenly attacked Weiden! If he is a Nazi sympathizer, weren't the British aware of that when he filed an application for permission to perform back in 1948? Why has this sudden uprising developed? Something must have happened to cause such change of heart. We are interested to know.

Fair play is what the British are noted for. The British Lion is synonymous with Sportsmanship. Since the British Board of Boxing Control at the European Boxing Union Convention in Madrid last May voted favorably for a Weiden-Olek fight to decide the successor to Bruce Woodcock as European heavyweight champion, doesn't it seem strange that this same body of men should stand idly by while Weiden is persecuted!

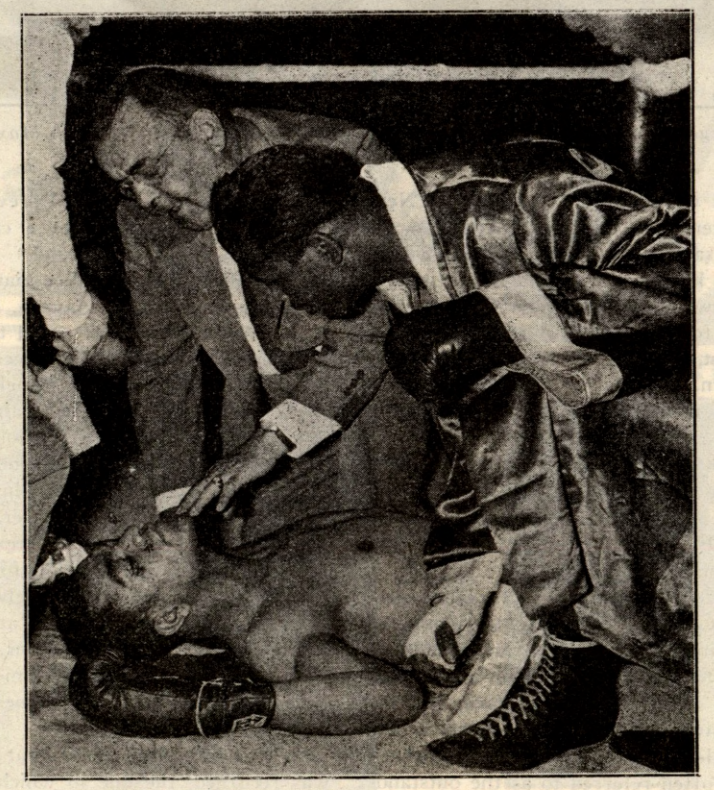
That is what the demand for his scalp in England amounts to. The British Board was responsible for the Austrian's appearance on previous occasions in British rings and also supported him in Madrid when Weiden's name was suggested as one of the two finalists to fight it out for Woodcock's vacated crown, hence should not stand idly by in this serious controversy.

This requires clarification. Since the British Board is a member of the European Boxing Union and the E.B.U. unanimously accepted the Olek-Weiden match as a title bout, Mr. Fane and his colleagues of the British Board of Control should see that Weiden receives fair play in their territory. They should have supported Jack Cappell and Jo Weiden or definitely should have decided on Weiden's banishment from British rings and have given the fight fans their reasons for such action.

Live and let live should be the motto of promoters, fighters and managers in all lands, for only under such a policy can boxing thrive.

The British can get along without Jo Weiden. His presence in London rings means little compared to the appearance of British club fighters who bring their followers in large numbers to British fight clubs. But the principle behind the attacks on Weiden are what count. British sportsmanship is at stake. Let's get to the bottom of the attacks.

RAY ROBINSON added to his greatness at Scranton, Pa., when he put Jose Basora of Puerto Rico away in 51¼ seconds of the opening round of what was advertised in Pennsylvania as a world middleweight championship fight. The fact that Sugar Ray holds no title other than the welterweight crown, makes little difference to "Ox" DaGrossa, chairman of the Pennsylvania Commission, who handed Ray the crown when LaMotta refused to meet the welter king.



Fragile, don't touch! Sugar Ray Robinson examines his handiwork. He knocked out Jose Basora in 52 seconds of the opening round at Scranton, Pa., for the Pennsylvania version of the world middleweight crown.

The startling finish of the highly publicized battle for the "world title," Pennsylvania version, caused a tumultuous outburst among the 4145 fans in the Scranton Stadium who jeered and howled their disapproval. They figured the bout a "barney," yet it was a fair and square battle in which the victor surprised his Puerto Rican opponent by rushing from his corner and cutting loose with a bombardment before Basora realized that the bout had gotten under way.

Robinson's speedy knockout is something over which Jake LaMotta will ponder before he agrees to clash with Ray again. It proved that Sugar Ray is in the greatest condition of his career and that he continues to be the top man in both welter and middle-

weight divisions no matter who is champion in the latter class. His great performances against middleweights has earned for him and correctly so, the designation, "uncrowned king" of that class.

When the gong clanged, Ray, eager to get the fight over as quickly as possible because he realized he again was fighting practically for nothing because of a heavy fine plastered on him by the commission for cancelling the original date in favor of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund show, cut loose like a tiger man at the bell. Before Basora got to the center of the ring, he was dazed by a heavy left blow behind the right ear that almost dropped him.

Quick as a flash, Sugar Ray followed up with another left to the right side of Jose's head and down went the Puerto Rican. Up he bobbed to be met with a rapier left to the chin that brought Basora to the canvas for a count of nine.

When he got to his feet, he staggered, his knees were buckling and he left himself an open target for effective left hooks to the head that were followed with a right to the body that put Jose away for the count. He was in such poor condition that it required seven minutes of doctoring before he regained consciousness. Blood trickled from his right ear, showing the effect of the terrific wallop he took, the first punch landed by Robinson.

Again Sugar Ray proved that as a boxer and hitter, they come no better. He is the nearest approach to Benny Leonard at the height of his career, boxing has had in many years. The Harlem welter king has earned a niche in the Fistic Hall of Fame for many reasons, chief of which is that pound-for-pound, he is the greatest pugilist in any division.

HUNTING through the morgue of THE RING recently, I came across a "throwaway" extolling the merits of the great John L. Sullivan. It is in the form of a handbill advertising the play, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," in which the Boston Strong Boy made his hit as a thespian. The advertisement informed the reader that the champion heavyweight was, in this opus, supported by 28 artists, the "Famous Casino Quartet," a "Carload of Scenery" and "Other Salient Features."

On the vehicle on which the immortal John L. made his dramatic debut, it was set forth that it was from the pen of "that popular young American playwright, Duncan B. Harrison" and was "a work of merit and intense interest."

Of the play and its presentation, a critic of the day wrote:

"It is in five acts and is replete with pathos and thrilling situations, interposed with a bright and happy vein of comedy, which makes it thoroughly enjoyable and holds the audience until the curtain rings down on the last act.

"During the progress of the fifth act, the play affords an opportunity for Mr. Sullivan to display his fistic skill and agility which have earned for him the proud title of 'Champion of Champions.'"

The critic went on to say: "In this seance Sullivan is assisted by Joe Lannon, nationally known ringman who is related to the champion and who in this play, is second only to the Great Big Fellow."

Of course Joe Lannon was running second to Sullivan in the fifth act every night the curtain went up, because it was his duty to be knocked out in the third round. He never shirked that duty. My late father-in-law, A. D. Phillips, well known in England, did considerable travelling with Sullivan. Mr. Phillips, who died at the age of eighty-nine, writing about the opening night of the play at a Bridgeport theatre, in June 1890, remarked:

"In the fifth act occurred the great bout between James Daly (the champion) and Tug O'Brien (Joe Lannon). The contest was for a cup and a purse of 100 pounds. There was a master of ceremonies and a ring and everything was done as for a regular ring battle. The appearance of the pugilists was greeted with great applause and there was a flutter of curiosity among the feminine hearts present to whom prize fighting was a new thing.

"Sullivan and Lannon sparred at first but quickly settled down to give and take blows in a way the people liked. During the second round, the fighting became a little fiercer, and when, in the third round, Sullivan laid Lannon flat on the stage, the uproar was tremendous. Handsome floral tributes were passed up to the stage by admirers in the audience."

Then, went on Mr. Phillips, "Pandemonium reigned as from all corners of the theatre came cries of "Speech! Speech!" Continuing, Dad Phillips wrote: "There was no let-down until John L. walked to the edge of the stage, held up his hand for silence and then in his gruff voice, spoke up:

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I am very thankful to you for the kind reception. I hope I will continue to merit the wild applause given me here tonight. This is my first appearance as an actor and I hope it won't be my last. I am not an Edwin Booth nor a John McCullough, but having quit my other profession, that of prize fighting, I hope some day to star in this new line. I thank you from the bottom of my heart and I hope that I may see your smiling faces often in the future.'

"As our readers know, John L. Sullivan was an extremely popular man. No matter in what part of the world he travelled, the fight enthusiasts paid homage to him. In his later years I accompanied him on a number of his theatrical tours and so interesting a personality was he, that I have written a book on Sullivan's career with numerous anecdotes which G. P. Putnam Sons will publish both here and in America next spring."

Speaking of his career reminds me of a letter John L. received from the Editor of the Jersey City *Argus* in which the famous gladiator was asked to tell the paper's readers how he came to turn to the stage. I have John L.'s answer in my collection of Sullivan relics. This is what he wrote:

"In answer to your communication asking me about my stage work and how I came to adopt it, I will tell you. I have been a professional man, a pugilist, for the past thirteen years and during that time have been thrown among a great many different classes of people, among them the professional theatrical folk and have found them to be an unusually warm, friendly group. One of these, a personal friend, Duncan B. Harrison, got me started.

"As you know, Mr. Harrison is the author of a number of successful Broadway plays and while in Boston, he engaged me and my sparring partner, Joe Lannon, to give artistic glove exhibitions. You might laugh this off because generally speaking, the public thinks of me only as a bruising, hard hitting pugilist, but frankly, I think I'm as clever as any heavyweight in the world.

"The venture, from a pecuniary standpoint, as well as an artistic one, was a marked success and my liking for the theatrical profession grew stronger so that when Mr. Harrison broached to me the subject of writing a play in which he would jointly star, I gave my ready consent.

"We therefore signed a contract of partnership for a term of years and he wrote the drama which has proven to be an instantaneous hit—'Honest Hearts and Willing Hands.' Now I am perfectly aware that I am not a finished actor, nor do I ever expect to be as finished in the theatrical field as I am in the pugilistic field, but I think that in time, by hard study, close attention to my business and an ability to study lines, I shall be able to occupy a prominent place on the ladder of histrionic fame. My heart is in it, and I am sure that I will succeed. I will moreover, leave that to you and the public to judge.

"A few more words and I am done. In regard to my re-entering the prize ring, I wish to reiterate the remarks made by me some weeks ago that I have absolutely left the ring forever, notwithstanding unauthorized reports to the contrary. I am through with fighting. I shall never again appear in a ring except in a play."

Notwithstanding that "Absolute" decision, never again to appear in a ring battle except on the stage, though this letter was written on September 1, 1891, on September 21, 1892, Sullivan made a comeback when he faced the clever James J. Corbett at New Orleans in a battle for the world heavyweight championship, and lost by a knockout in the twenty-first round.

Sullivan therefore was the first heavyweight champion to make the decision to retire as the undefeated king of his division, and the first to make the error *(Continued on page 36)*

BALLYHOO!

High-Pressured Publicity Campaign a Vital Part of Big-Time Fight Promotion—Training Camp Stunts Played Important Role in Past Eras

By JERSEY JONES

ORIGINALLY coined for the circus and carnival trades, the word "ballyhoo" seems, in recent years, to have become more or less the exclusive property of the sock market.

Steaming up interest in baseball, tennis, football, hockey, basketball, horse racing, track-and-field meets and other sports events is listed as "publicity." But when the tom-toms start drumming up business for a forthcoming fistic extravaganza, publicity promptly becomes "ballyhoo."

Which isn't too difficult to understand. Much of the hip-hip-hooray unloaded on an important fight has been patterned after the spectacular, flamboyant stunts introduced by that great showman of yesteryear, Phineas T. Barnum.

There was, for instance, the time that mysterious gunmen were supposed to have fired several shots at Jack Dempsey when he was teamed up with Madison Square Garden in the promotion of the Jack Sharkey-Young Stribling affair in Miami.

Having the champion or the challenger rescue some fair damsel from drowning has been an old standby in the curriculum of boxing ballyhoo.

Three nights before Joe Louis' big-time debut against Primo Carnera in New York, New Jersey State Troopers raided a cabin in Mountainview, about ten miles from Louis' camp in Pompton Lakes, and grabbed a gang of New York hoodlums hiding out. The raid was twisted into a terrific publicity "break" for the coming fight. The story went out that a gang of Detroit hoodlums had been nipped in a plan to kidnap Louis, and both the yarn and the prompt denials from Louis' headquarters and the police barracks were good for many a headline in the nation's dailies.

IN HIS early days in the business, Tex Rickard may not have known much about boxing itself, but he was a natural showman with an inherent flair for exceeding the normal quota of publicity with his promotions.

Even though the Jim Jeffries-Jack Johnson bout, originally booked for San Francisco, but later moved to Reno, was a tremendous attraction in itself, Rickard wasn't satisfied to go along with the generally accepted routines of the day. Tex was continuously thinking up new "angles" to increase interest in the fight. One of his smartest moves was to have two of Jeff's old rivals, Jim Corbett and Joe Choynski, join Jim's training staff and help the big fellow in his effort to "restore the prestige of the white race."

The fact that Choynski had flattened Johnson in Galveston early in the latter's career lent a particularly intriguing touch to the publicity.

Corbett was responsible for some clever dispatches out of Jeff's camp. One of the best involved John L. Sullivan, who had been engaged by the New York *Morning World* to write a series of special articles on the coming fight.

Corbett heard that the Old Roman was on his way to Jeff's cottage for an interview. Corbett deliberately locked the gate and refused to let Sullivan in. A heated argument developed. For a spell it looked as though the rivals would pick up where they had left off in New Orleans eighteen years before. Had Sullivan been allowed to enter peacefully, and get his interview with Jeff, the only story would have been the one John L. filed for the *World*. But when he was locked out by his old enemy, it became a terrific yarn for the entire nation.

The matter of a referee for the fight also represented a great publicity outlet for Rickard. There were no boxing commissions operating in those days, and it was the usual custom for the fighters to settle the refereeing problem among themselves. Neither Jeff nor Johnson could agree on the selection. Ed Smith, Phil Wand, John Herget and Charley Eyton were suggested by Jim. None of these was acceptable to Johnson. Jeff, in turn, objected to Jack's nominees, Jack Welch and Eddie Graney.

Boxing hip-hip-hooray reached its peak when Fighter Jack Dempsey and Promoter Tex Rickard combined to produce million-dollar gates.

A real sensation was created when Rickard himself offered to referee, and was accepted by both rivals, despite the fact that Tex had had no experience as a third man in the ring, and his only previous association with boxing had been as promoter of the Battling Nelson-Joe Gans bout in Goldfield, Nev.

UNTIL the advent of Rickard, training camps were just that. Preparing for an important bout was a grim, serious matter to the old-timers. They didn't fight often, but when they did they usually put in months of intensive work. Camps were generally pitched in isolated sectors, off in the woods or the hills, away from crowds and other distractions.

With Rickard's arrival on the scene, camps were transformed into something more than merely conditioning centers for fighters. Tex inaugurated the era of high-pressured ballyhoo in boxing, and the camps became the headquarters for most of it.

Press accommodations became an integral part of the camp, and all sorts of attractive inducements were offered boxing writers, sports editors and feature columnists and cartoonists to remain on the premises for days at a stretch.

Many a colorful yarn came out of those camps.

Training sites began to lose their importance as publicity outlets during the era of Mike Jacobs. Though a shrewd business man and a big-time operator, Mike lacked Rickard's showmanship. Mike had little sense of humor and understanding of individual or mass psychology. For a while, after he moved into the boxing scene, Jacobs carried on where Rickard had left off, but gradually the training camps lost their glamor and appeal, and became drab, unexciting spots where the war correspondents had little incentive to hang around before or after "office hours." They'd drop in just before workouts, interview the fighters and their handlers, dig up what stories they could and scamper back to town.

Members of the training camp of Tommy Farr (above) produced hilarious stories while Welshman was preparing for his title meeting with Joe Louis.

NOTHING can become more monotonous to a boxing writer than to report, day after day, for weeks at a stretch, that Joe Doakes did six miles of roadwork in the morning and boxed eight rounds in the afternoon; that he looks good, and is confident of winning. It not only is boring to the writer, but equally boring to the reader. An enterprising scribe is ever on the hunt for a "story," preferably with the "human interest" touch, even though it may only cover the strange didoes of the camp clown.

Through the years, such quaint characters as One-Eyed Connolly, Tammany Young and Mushky Jackson gave the boys many an amusing yarn to send out from training headquarters.

We recall the time we were handling Joe Louis' camp in Kenosha, Wisc., where Shufflin' Joe tuned up for his title-winning affair with Jim Braddock in Chicago.

One afternoon Wilfred Smith of the Chicago *Tribune* drove in with his wife and youngster. It was Smith's day off, he had taken the family out for a ride, and, happening to be in the neighborhood, thought he'd drop in and see what was going on. It also was a day off for Louis, and there wasn't much of anything exciting to report.

We were sitting around the hotel cocktail lounge, gabbing of this and that, when, suddenly, Mushky Jackson injected his presence into the party.

Mushky was—and still is—an odd character in the trade, noted chiefly for his flagrant mistreatment of the King's English. Among his manifold duties in Kenosha was the job of hiring Louis' sparring partners, and announcing during Joe's workouts in Municipal Stadium.

Jackson's typical East Side, New York, language had made a terrific hit with the mid-westerners. "Louis will woik out here again Toisday afternoon," he'd bellow, "but in case of trettenin' wedder, he'll woik out in Moost Hall."

Mushky proceeded to regale the Smiths with tales of his experiences. He explained why the electric train from Chicago arrived late one day "on account of a short coicus." And he couldn't sleep nights because the factory across the street from his hotel made so much noise he'd got "Vitamin's Dance." And how some photographs he'd taken hadn't turned out right on account of "double explosion."

It may have been a day off for Smith, but Wilfred regarded Mushky as too good a "story" to wait. The next morning the *Tribune* featured the yarn in a two-column spread, and Smith later reported it had attracted more comment than anything he'd written in a year.

MANY an unexpected development in a training camp produced a real news release. As, for instance, the time that Paul Gallico, then breaking in as sports editor and columnist of the New York *Daily News*, arranged to don the mittens with Jack Dempsey, prepping at Tom Luther's at Saratoga Lake for his riotous brawl with Luis Angel Firpo in New York's Polo Grounds. Gallico felt it would be an unusual feature for him to go a round or two with Dempsey and report his impressions of boxing in general and Dempsey in particular. A husky 6-foot,

Bob Fitzsimmons came up with many an original publicity stunt, such as the adoption of a trained bear for his camp mascot.

200-pounder, Paul had been a member of Columbia University's rowing crew, and fancied himself something of an athlete.

Arrangements for Gallico to box with Dempsey were made through the champion's manager, Jack Kearns. But Kearns couldn't resist the temptation to see a sports writer on the receiving end, for a change, and he didn't bother to inform Dempsey of the "stunt." Manassa Jack hadn't met Gallico, and didn't know him by sight. He was told that Paul was a new sparring partner, but a dangerous puncher and out to make himself a quick reputation at Dempsey's expense.

"He is, is he?" growled the champ. "Well, I'll take care of him."

And he did. In practically no time, a couple of Jack's lusty thumps had Gallico grunting, gasping and stumbling around the ring. We cannot recall exactly what Paul commented in his column the next day, but we do know that the incident was thoroughly reported, in all its gaudy details, by the other newspapermen present.

AS WE observed several paragraphs ago, much of the glamor and excitement of the Rickardian and early Jacobean eras have disappeared from the current training camps. The old swash-

buckling days of Billy McCarney, Jack Kearns and Joe Jacobs have gone the way of the five-cent cigar, Milady's bustles and the nickel subway fare. The familiar faces of Hype Igoe, Walter St. Denis, Don Skene, Bill Farnsworth and others who tossed real color and action into the general scene have vanished. The newer generation lacks the flamboyancy and recklessness of the old-timers.

No longer does one hear of a Harry Grayson or a Herman Donsky collecting empty beer bottles and using the long, wide hallway of Tom Luther's hotel for a bowling alley at 4:30 in the morning.

Or of a Pete Reilly installing an "electric chair" in the lobby of the Stanley Hotel in Lakewood for unsuspecting guests to encounter somewhat shocking receptions.

Or of the mob becoming entangled with an undertakers' convention in Conneaut Lake and having some strange events develop therefrom.

Or of an Izzy Kaplan becoming involved in a confusing mess of weird quacking and flying feathers from a flock of ducks somebody had left in his bathtub in Miami.

Such things, in retrospect, may seem silly and childish, but they did help to enliven matters and add to the festive gaiety of the training camps.

And out of it all came many an unusual story that aided materially in stirring up the interest of the populace—and increasing box-office activity—in forthcoming pugilistic presentations.

Former Champion John L. Sullivan helped ballyhoo on Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries battle by writing series of newspaper articles. Here the Old Roman is seen interviewing Johnson.

ONE of the most notable instances of a fight being built up by "unorthodox" publicity tactics was supplied by Tommy Farr's camp in Long Branch, N. J., where the Welshman prepped for his meeting with Joe Louis at the Yankee Stadium.

The bout was Louis' first as heavyweight champion. Two months previously he had taken the title from Jim Braddock in Chicago.

Aside from a decision over the erratic Max Baer in London, there was nothing in Farr's record to establish Tommy as a foeman worthy of Shufflin' Joe's keen steel.

But he was the British champion, and Promoter Mike Jacobs was intrigued by the "international angle."

The job of Mike's publicity staff was to "sell" Farr to a skeptical American public.

But Tommy, in his workouts at Long Branch, failed to reveal any exceptional talents. He was tough, strong, durable and confident, but apparently lacking in the sort of fistic equipment expected in one bidding for the heavyweight title.

The almost unanimous verdict of the critics and fans who looked him over was: "Aw, Louis will knock this bum out in a hurry."

Trying to publicize the Welshman on the basis of his ring qualifications became a precarious assignment.

So the ballyhoo detoured away from Farr as a fighter and began to concentrate on a wealth of unusual copy offered by Tommy personally and his strange menage.

What a setup that was!

The troupe occupied a large 14-room house fronting on the ocean, about a mile from the stadium where Tommy did his training.

That house never knew a dull moment, and the weird shenanigans of its inmates produced some really terrific stories!

For one thing, Farr was at loggerheads with his manager, Ted Broadribb, and any conversations that became necessary between them generally were conducted through third parties, often with exciting results.

TOMMY not only was in frequent arguments with the other members of his entourage, but at times he carried his embattled moods into interviews with visiting scribes, threatening to punch this one on the nose, or toss that one out on his ear.

The chef, a chubby gent named Barker, was discovered one afternoon belting away lustily at a ham he had hung from the lighting fixtures on the kitchen ceiling.

"What's the idea?" asked a surprised caller.

"Just punching the bag," Barker replied. "Everybody in this joint is fighting, so I may as well get into shape myself."

Jerry Casale, major domo of the establishment, took fiendish delight in toting around a pair of scissors and snipping the suspenders of unsuspecting victims.

Broadribb picked up an ancient adding machine to assist him in keeping tabs on the camp's expenses. It was quite a gadget. Ted would punch $3.42, and it would come out anything from $1.17 to $9.83.

Farr's particular crony from the other side, Job Churchill, was a quaint character who must have been plucked right out of Dickens. Job-lots, as the mob called him, sported a scraggly mustache, one lone tooth, a peg leg, and a multicolored flannel shirt that he'd turn inside out for special occasions like Sundays and holidays.

Then, there was Farr's Boswell, or "ghost writer," a quiet, retiring, elderly chap named Charley Barnett, who carried a perpetually sad expression on his face that seemed to say "I'm sorry."

EVEN normally peaceful Barnett became infected with the embattled spirit of his surroundings.

One afternoon, while Charley was in the front room scribbling his latest "By Tommy Farr" dispatch, in ambled another English newspaperman, Leo Fuller.

"Aye, there, Charley," he greeted.

Barnett looked up, and a sudden gleam in his eyes illuminated his usually pale and mournful features.

It seemed that, some years before, Barnett and Fuller had collaborated on an article for a British publication, for which they were to be paid five pounds. Fuller had done the collecting, and, according to Barnett, had promptly disappeared. This was the first time Charley had seen Leo since then.

"Hey," said Barnett, rising from the sofa on which he had been seated. "Where's that money you owe me?"

Fuller feigned surprise. "Why, I paid you," he said.

Barnett stared at Fuller for a moment, then calmly and deliberately removed his spectacles, laid them gently on a table, just as calmly and deliberately rolled up the sleeves of the bathrobe he was wearing, walked over to Fuller, and bopped him in the left eye with his right fist!

It was an excellent punch, well *(Continued on page 39)*

Fistic Things Remembered So Often Merely Trivial

By **W. C. HEINZ**

IF you were a sports writer working the boxing beat you might be amazed at the things you would remember best. You would remember the good fights and the good fighters—yes—but you would remember, too, a lot of fights and fighters that did not seem important. There would be no reason for you to remember them, except that there they would be in your head.

There was the difference, for one thing, between Freddie (Red) Cochrane and Marty Servo. Cochrane beat Fritzie Zivic for the welte weight title in the summer of 1941, and in 1942 he went into the Navy. What with the war and one thing and another, he held the title for better than four years without defending it, and so they did not think much of him as a champion when he was training to defend against Servo in February of 1946.

He was training at Ehsan's at Summit, N. J. Nothing is recalled about his training, except that one day he was sitting in the little dining room that looks out on the gravel drive that leads up the hill to the gym. He had on a pair of tan corduroy trousers and a flannel shirt. There was a day's growth of red beard on his face, and his pale blue eyes were very cold and he was very confident as he talked about the fight.

"This is no way to pick a fight," one writer said to himself, "but this guy looks so tough and talks so tough that I think he will win it."

IT has been proven many times that that is no way to pick a fight. In the fourth round Servo hit Cochrane with what is remembered as a hook, and Cochrane went down near the ropes, sitting there, the pale blue eyes vacant now, staring out into space while he was counted out.

They were in his dressing room later. He was stripped, sitting on the rubbing table, his head down while the reporters asked him questions.

"That punch he knocked you out with," somebody said to him finally. "Did you see it coming?"

Cochrane looked up. He looked at the one who had asked the question, and now the pale blue eyes were suddenly cold again and again he was tough.

"Listen, mister," he said, and then he added the man's name. "That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yes," the other said.

"Well," Cochrane said, sneering it now, "if I saw it coming you don't think I'd have let him hit me with it, do you?"

Cochrane had some things a fighter should have. The trouble was that he just couldn't fight enough.

Servo never made any money with that title. They had to guarantee Cochrane so much that, after Servo won the title, he had to fight Rocky Graziano to get out of hock. A lot of people gave him a chance, but Graziano climbed all over him and in the second round he was holding Servo up with his left hand and clubbing him with his right. Servo seemed so child-like, trying to sink to the canvas with Graziano holding him and beating him in a kind of frenzy, that it was a frightening knockout.

ABOUT ten minutes after the knockout a couple of boxing writers walked into Servo's dressing room with Mike Jacobs. Servo was sitting on a stool, his robe over him, his head in his hands, and when they came in he looked up and then stood up.

"Hello, Mr. Jacobs," he said, trying to smile and sticking out his hand.

"Hello," Mike said, taking the hand.

Servo saw Ed Van Every then. He turned from Jacobs and extended his hand toward Ed.

"Hello, Mr. Van Every."

"Hello, Marty," Ed said.

With that, Servo went. His knees gave way and his head dropped forward and they had to grab him under the arms to keep him from falling on his face. They lowered him back onto the stool and he sat there, slumped over, his head down almost between his knees.

This isn't important. It is just the difference between two fighters and the way they were when they were knocked out. The one was spoiling for another fight. The other was polite.

DO you remember a fighter named Artie Levine? He retired not much more than a year ago and a lot of people have forgotten him, but Ray Robinson remembers him.

The two fought four years ago in Cleveland, and it was the closest Robinson ever came to being knocked out. He just beat the count, and in the last round he knocked Levine out.

"He started a right hand," Robinson said later, telling about it. "I reached over to pick it off and when I looked in my glove it wasn't there. He hit me with a hook and the first thing I knew I heard the referee say: 'Four.' I said to myself: 'My, that man is starting awful high, isn't he?' "

That's how close Levine came once, but if you mention Levine one guy thinks of him as he was in his dressing room after he fought Billy Fox. He and Fox made a small war of it in Madison Square Garden until, in the third round, Fox knocked him down. When he got up he walked into Fox again and Fox knocked him out.

They had picked Levine up now. They had helped him back to his stool and then to his dressing room. Now he was sitting, stripped, on a bench and he was leaning back against the wall. His face was red and a little puffy where he had been hit, and the reporters stood around looking at him and wondering what to say.

"Gosh," Levine said suddenly, his face lighting up. "I really got a kick out of fighting that guy."

"You what?" one of the reporters said. "You mean you liked it?"

"I loved it," Levine said. "It was fun."

"But you got knocked out."

"But it was fun fighting that guy," Levine said. "I know I can beat him the next time. I'd like to fight him again. I never enjoyed fighting a guy more in my life."

"How do you like that?" one of the reporters said.

THE night that Rocky Graziano won the middleweight title from Tony Zale it was a big thing. He had to fight Zale in Chicago. The heat in the Chicago Stadium was vicious and it was a vicious fight.

Zale closed one of Graziano's eyes and opened a cut over the other. He battered Graziano without mercy and then he began to tire and the tide changed. When they stopped it Zale was hanging helplessly over the ropes and Graziano was half clawing at him, half swinging at him in the type of frenzy that marked his fighting when he was at his best.

When it was over, Graziano was close to physical and emotional exhaustion. He could barely see, and he seemed afraid of the mob that pressed around him and pawed at him and shrieked his name. Only when they got him into the shower room and slammed the door did he begin to relax.

He stood in the shower, the one eye swollen shut, a clamp holding the other open. He let the water beat down on him and run off him. The only others in the room were a reporter and the fireman guarding the door.

"So you like being middleweight *(Continued on page 43)*

Nobody Wanted Him

Unknown African Couldn't Interest Promoters or Managers, But in Six Months Roy Ankarah Became Reigning Sensation in Europe

By BILLY WILLIAMS

Europe's latest sensation is Roy Ankarah, African Gold Coast featherweight.

A FIGHTER nobody wanted less than a year ago is now a reigning sensation in British and European boxing circles.

A lad who received less than $25 for a six-round preliminary bout in Paisley last February can now demand anything from $2,500 up for a ring appearance.

He is Roy Ankarah, a featherweight from the African Gold Coast, who recently stunned European authorities by battering the Spaniard, Luis Romero, into submission in five rounds in Madrid.

Ankarah's spectacular triumph over the European bantam champion may have been a startling surprise to the boxing world at large, but not to those who had been following the amazing progress of the dark-skinned whizzbang since made his British debut six months before.

The African is the nearest thing to perpetual motion seen in a British ring since Jack (Kid) Berg was at his flamboyant peak. Ankarah whips his opponents by the sheer fury of his attack. He overwhelms 'em.

Yet when he arrived, unknown, in Scotland early this year, he couldn't get a fight, and no manager seemed interested in taking him in tow. Togged out in ill-fitting clothes, he presented the appearance of anything but a fighter. He haunted the boxing clubs in vain. Finally, he contacted Matt Irwine, a Glasgow newspaperman, who also operates a gymnasium and is active in amateur boxing. Irwine gave him permission to train in his gym.

ANKARAH still had no manager, but he wanted to fight, and he asked Irwine if he could do anything about it. Matt spoke to several promoters in and around Glasgow, and got a nibble in Paisley. There was a six-round spot open on a forthcoming card, and Ankarah could have it if he'd fight George Lamont.

Lamont was regarded as one of Scotland's better young featherweights, and Irwine thought he might be too good for the unknown African. He suggested several "easier" opponents, but the promoter wanted Lamont. Reluctantly, Irwine accepted the match.

Meanwhile, Ankarah finally got himself a manager, Joe McKean of Glasgow. When McKean heard that Roy had been matched with Lamont, he protested, and announced that he was withdrawing Ankarah from the card. Irwine, however, had been watching Ankarah in his training sessions, and was impressed by the African's form. He convinced McKean that the youngster would give a good account of himself against Lamont.

The fight went on, and Ankarah, with his speed and spectacular two-handed attack, was an immediate sensation. He swarmed all over Lamont, and battered his way to a decisive triumph.

A week later, Ankarah journeyed to Edinburgh to pound out a six-round decision over Zeke Brown.

The African's next two starts in Scotland produced knockout victories. He stopped Len Shaw in four rounds in Edinburgh and halted Peter Morrison in five in Falkirk.

Ankarah then spread his activities across the Irish Sea to stop Joe King in the third frame in Belfast.

Back in Britain, Roy blasted out a five-round kayo over Danny Nagle in Willenhall, then bounced over to Belfast again for two fights within 48 hours. He stopped Denny Dennis in the third round and two nights later trounced Jim McCann in eight.

Returning to Scotland, the African continued along his spectacular way by chalking up his most impressive victory to date—a five-round kayo over formidable Gene Caffrey in Leith.

BY this time, London promoters were becoming interested in the sensational youngster, and decided to give him a chance on the big time. He was matched with the Spaniard, Francisco Latorre, in the semi-final to the Luis Romero-Eddie Carson battle at Earl's Court.

Ankarah was a four-alarm riot. He piled all over Latorre, and in less than two rounds had battered the Spaniard to the canvas four times before the referee humanely halted the massacre. Enthusiastic London scribes promptly labelled Ankarah the "Black Jackie Berg" and the "New Henry Armstrong."

It was in his next start, in Streatham, that Ankarah suffered his only defeat in a British ring—if anyone could call it a defeat. He had his opponent, Jimmy Murray, on the floor no less than 14 times in two and one-third rounds—only to have the referee disqualify him for allegedly hitting Murray while the latter was down!

Tommy Bailey, one of Britain's best featherweights, was Ankarah's next victim. The African whirlwind stormed through to a decisive victory in ten rounds in Liverpool.

Then came the match that was to catapult Ankarah into world-wide recognition—the affair in Spain with Luis Romero, on the same card with the Ray Famechon-Luis de Santiago bout for the European feather title.

REPUTATIONS of his opponents apparently mean nothing to Ankarah, and he treated Romero with no more respect than he had displayed toward any of his victims in the British Isles. He started swarming all over the Spaniard the moment the fight began, and he didn't stop. Romero, badly battered and near exhaustion from the furious pace, called it quits in the fifth.

Unknown to British fans when he arrived in Scotland, it was later learned that Ankarah had compiled a phenomenal record in his native West Africa. Unbeaten in 96 bouts, he had won the local bantam, feather and lightweight titles and had so completely exhausted normal opposition that he was fighting welters and even middles toward the latter stages of his African campaign.. The guy must like to fight!

The Magic Month

September Tops for World's Most Lucrative and Greatest Ring Battles in Recent Years

By JOHNNY SALAK

Tex Rickard, master showman, whose hunch enabled him to score a fistic grand slam with his choice of dates for important ring contests.

IT was Tex Rickard, the Klondike Kid who parlayed a gamble into the million dollar gate, who discovered that September was the golden month—the ideal time to score a fistic grand slam.

He realized that it was then, with everyone home from summer vacation travels and business houses starting to boom toward the holiday months, that conditions were right to promote a big match.

The first of the big September matches after the first World War was the Dempsey-Miske affair at Benton Harbor, Mich., in 1920. It was the Manassa Mauler's first title defense after winning the crown from Jess Willard and he disposed of Billy Miske in three rounds before a house that grossed $135,000.

In 1923, on September 14, Dempsey and Luis Firpo met in the Polo Grounds in what was perhaps the greatest of all heavyweight battles. With an attendance of 82,000 the receipts went to $1,188,603. After being over the ropes in the hectic, unforgettable first round, Dempsey tore into the Wild Bull in the second round with a viciousness that hammered his opponent to the canvas with stunning effect.

The following year, with Dempsey inactive except for exhibitions, Tex Rickard took his closing heavyweight feature, Firpo-Wills, to Boyle's Thirty Acres, in Jersey City. It was the Argentinian's first bout in the States after the title shot, Firpo having previously returned home to Buenos Aires, where he had a number of exhibitions and scored knockouts over Farmer Lodge, Erminio Spalla and Al Reich in regular bouts. His fighting name was still good and with Harry Wills, the Panther, as his opponent, the Jersey bout proved to be a tremendous draw. More than 70,000 persons paid well over half a million dollars to see the battle, which proved to be far from a thrilling affair. It was a 12-round no-decision bout, with the newspapers giving the edge to Wills.

ON September 21, 1925, Mickey Walker, the Toy Bulldog, unsuccesful two months before in an attempt to lift the middleweight title from Harry Greb, defended his welterweight crown against Dave Shade at the Yankee Stadium, winning the 15-rounder as the customers poured over $185,000 into the till.

A year later, on September 23, 1926, the sporting world was rocked to its foundation when Gene Tunney took the heavyweight title away from Jack Dempsey at Sesquicentennial Stadium, Philadelphia, before an amazing turnout of 120,757 persons, who paid a fabulous $1,895,733, both figures by far surpassing the then existing records.

Their return bout, on September 22, 1927, at Soldier's Field, Chicago, a fight which is still a matter of controversy because of the "Long Count" incident, hit an amazing $2,658,660 in receipts, a record that bids fair to last for a good number of years.

With the retirement of Gene Tunney after defending his title against Tom Heeney in July of 1928, no huge outdoor heavyweight show was held during the Golden Month that year. Tex Rickard had pleaded with Tunney to wait until September but to no avail, and the bout was a financial failure. Rickard always maintained that had the fight been held in September, it would have drawn much better.

ON September 26, 1929, Jack Sharkey and Tommy Loughran were elected to close the books for the year, appearing at the Yankee Stadium before a crowd that paid a quarter of a million dollars. Sharkey scored a technical knockout in the third round when Tommy requested a few moments to sit down and find out "where he was at."

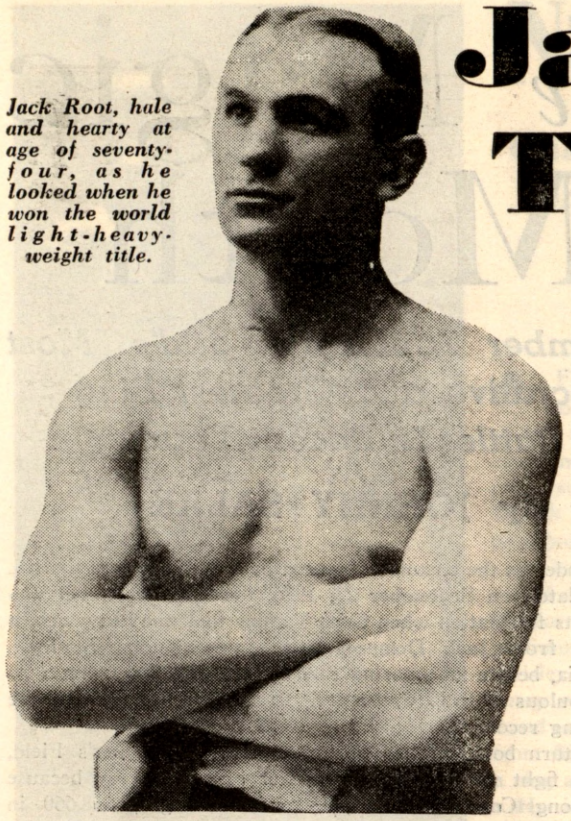
The following year the curtain was to have been rung down with a heavyweight match featuring Jack Sharkey and Vittorio Campolo at the Yankee Stadium. Sharkey, still smarting from his bout with Max Schmeling which saw the German win the vacant title on a foul as he sat on the canvas, was eager to redeem himself in the public eye and gain a rematch.

However, the fates ruled otherwise on that September 25th, a Thursday, and it rained. The bout was shifted indoors on another date and finally fell through after three postponements when Campolo demanded more money and the promoters, knowing they were facing a $60,000 loss on the deal as it stood, washed their hands of the whole affair. Rickard, who had passed away in January of 1929, would probably have found a better solution and kept the heavyweights active.

WITH the depression, the guiding genius of Tex Rickard gone and the heavyweight title being tossed about like a volley ball, comparatively lean days were ahead. In 1931, no outstanding money-making shows were held in September, and in 1932, Schmeling, who had just lost his title to Sharkey, took on Mickey Walker in the Long Island Bowl, stopping him in eight rounds. When the match was first proposed, it looked like a sure $350,000 gate, but without a title at stake, they drew roughly $175,000.

In 1933, New York was again a closed shop so far as September events went, though Jack Sharkey fought King Levinsky and Tommy Loughran in Chicago and Philadelphia during the magic month. The fights drew between $50,000 and $75,000, good money considering that Sharkey *(Continued on page 39)*

Jack Root Has True Answer



Jack Root, hale and hearty at age of seventy-four, as he looked when he won the world light-heavyweight title.

The Man Who Held the Light-Heavyweight Title and Fought Marvin Hart for the Right to Succeed Jeffries, Ridicules Attacks on Boxing as "Legalized Murder"—Jeffries Backs Root

By NAT FLEISCHER

"IS Boxing Legalized Murder?" That's a query I asked of handsome, tall, 74-year-old Jack Root as we were sitting in the living room of Jim Jeffries' home recently in California. The query was prompted by a digest which was on Jeff's table, containing a reprint of the article that first appeared in a national publication of wide circulation, which has been used as a false premise by sports columnists, in editorials, by radio commentators and in sermons.

I was eager to get the reaction of the famous, unmarked pugilist of the Jeffries-Corbett-Fitzsimmons era, a wealthy real estate operator who participated in boxing from 1897 until his retirement in 1906 during which period of ring activity he fought such ring greats as Billy Stifft, Alex Greggains, Frank Craig, Kid Carter, George Gardner, Kid McCoy, Marvin Hart and Pueblo Jim Flynn. It was from McCoy that Root won the light-heavyweight title.

Before Root could reply to my query, Jeffries, snickering, remarked:

"A lot of trash. They feed the public with a lot of hokum. Sure you get accidents and deaths in boxing. Show me a contact sport that doesn't have some of that. There's good and bad in all sports, in all forms of athletics, but in boxing we seldom see the good extolled," said Jeffries.

"I was amazed at the unfairness of the article," Root remarked. "I was astonished at the lack of knowledge of the sport displayed by the authors and wondered how many boxing bouts each had seen to give them the picture they portrayed," commented Jack.

LOOKING at Root, the picture of health, a man who after all the years he spent in the fight game, is in more perfect physical condition than the average bank president or college professor, I likewise, wondered! I thought of the support world celebrities like President Theodore Roosevelt and Wendell Wilkie gave to professional boxing.

I pictured the 100.000 or more persons who flocked to the fights Tex Rickard staged and the huge Garden throng that attended Ann Morgan's show for the Devastated France Fund!

"Here and there," said Root, "we do find a punchy fighter, but for every one of that type, there are several hundred in full possession of their faculties. They are physically fit individuals, boys who are following a professional career in pugilism because it gives them pleasure and a means to accumulate a bank account quicker than they can in any other field. Just look around at this huge gathering," continued the soft spoken, kindly, wealthy veteran of the roped square, a California business man of repute, as he pointed to the crowded patio, people who had come to honor Jeffries on his seventy-fifth birthday. "Old fighters and boys of today—managers and promoters—with only here and there a young man showing the signs of his profession. I should think that it speaks well for boxing and knocks silly the bombastic arguments of the eminent professor who sponsored that magazine article, 'Boxing Legalized Murder.'"

Then added Root, "Of course the writers are well paid and they cannot be blamed for picking up what is offered them for such articles, but the impression their writings leave on the public is a false one, because the conditions they portray are exceptions. They fail to jibe with what I've seen or Jim has seen in the many years we have spent in boxing," said the man who fought Marvin Hart for the right to succeed Jeffries as world heavyweight king.

"ALL I have I owe to boxing," continued Root. "I have my health because boxing taught me how to care for my body. I keep in condition through long walks and proper eating.

"I have wealth, because I was able to save and invest my earnings.

"I have the respect of the community, because of my wide association with people in all spheres of life and because of my civic activities.

"There are a few things one can take with him out of boxing. Jeffries, Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Dempsey, Tommy Burns, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Gene Tunney, Benny Leonard, Willie Ritchie—I can name a hundred others, all are examples of what the sport can do for those who make the grade.

"Those who attack boxing, know little about it. Their conclusions are based almost wholly on guesswork. Either they write their attacks because there is good money in it for them, or because they seek to get their name in the newspaper and magazine headlines," concluded the former light-heavyweight king.

Particularly incensed was Root on what has recently been written about the death rate in early life of those who made their living as professional fighters. He pointed to himself, reaching the three-quarter century mark. Jeffries, past that; Tommy Burns reached his sixty-ninth birthday on June 17; Jack Johnson, in the prime of health at the age of 68 before an auto accident killed him.

"There," he remarked, "are only a few of the Kings of Fistiana who enjoyed health and wealth, yet faced the world's best in pugilistic battles.

"In all the discussions about the brutality of boxing," he went on, "of all the heavyweight champions of the last half-century, the only one to die of natural causes was my friend, Marvin Hart. Corbett died of cancer and Fitzsimmons of pneumonia.

"As for Jack Johnson, fate ruled against him but what happened to him could happen to any person.

"Let's go down the line," he continued, "Jeffries, Burns, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Max Baer, Louis and Braddock—all enjoying their health.

"There's a list taking in a half century of boxing.

"Brutality? Figure that one out! If we are to listen to the kill-joys, we would expect most of those I've named, or all to have been six feet under ground by now.

"Look into any other contact sport and see if you can find a situation like this. Give me a list of athletes in other fields who can match the ages of the great ringmen, if you can.

"The great Jem Mace, father of modern scientific boxing, lived to the ripe old age of 81.

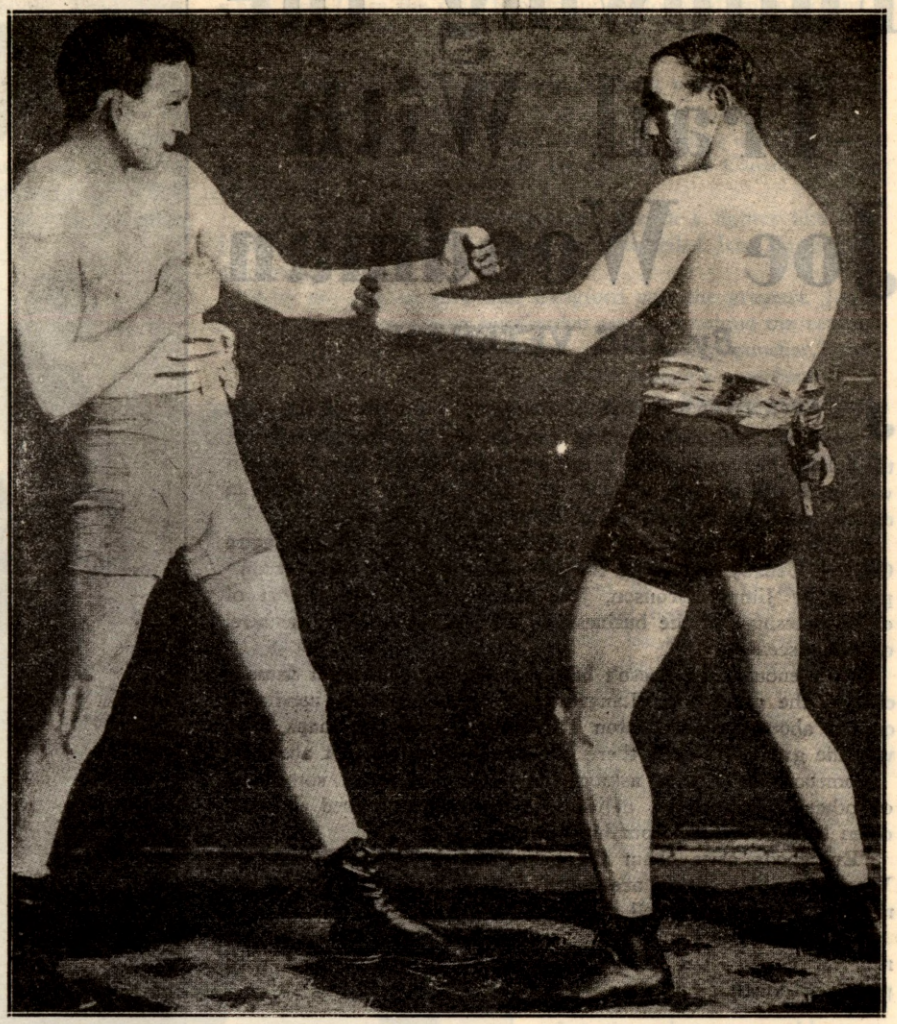
"Jem Ward, the first to receive a boxing belt as a trophy, was 84 when he died.

"The records show that in the days of real brutality, the bare-knuckle days which John L. Sullivan put out of commission, the kings of pugilism lived far beyond the half century mark. Broughton, Father of Boxing Rules, was 85; John L. Sullivan, with all of his drinking and unnatural living, died at the age of 60. Daniel Mendoza was 72; Corbett, 67; Tom Cribb, 67; Bill Richmond, 66.

"Any more evidence required to knock the props from under our kill-joys' arguments?" asked Root.

"If boxing is as brutal as these fellows say, then I wonder how Bob Fitzsimmons could have carried on his ring warfare until he was 54 years old! Jack Broughton fought when he had reached his fortieth birthday and many of our best heavyweights today are 35 years of age or close to it, especially the heavyweights."

There you have a defense of boxing by a bright, venerable gentleman who met the cream of the world's talent in the roped square and has no badge of his trade visible.



George Gardiner and Jack Root as they sparred before engaging in their battle for the light-heavyweight title of the world in Buffalo on July 4, 1903. Gardiner scored a kayo in the twelfth round. They fought five times, twice before and twice after the championship bout.

ROOT is one of many former champions who pyramided ring earnings into a fortune after hanging up his gloves. Born in Bohemia, he has made a number of trips to that land and this summer was again a visitor to Europe. He was not a terrific hitter but he was a clever boxer and rated high among the supermen of Fistiana.

He heard me ask Jim Jeffries which fighter gave him his toughest battle and when he had listened to Jeff's review of his twenty-five round encounter with Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, Root smiled as he remarked, "I thought he'd name Tom. That was some battle! I don't blame Jeffries for calling that affair with Sailor Tom the hardest."

"How about your toughest?" I chirped in. "You had plenty of such. Which do you consider the hardest encounter of your career?"

"I don't have to make any guess. There was only one in that category," he replied, "my battle with Kid Carter of Brooklyn. I'll always remember him as will Jeffries remember Tom, but I really believe that there are a number of old timers still around who have ample reason to remember Carter.

"I had that query about my toughest fight put to me on a number of occasions and the questioners expected me to name George Gardiner, because, I presume, we fought five times. George was a tough hombre, no getting away from that.

"The second time I fought George, I was knocked cold with a body punch in the seventeenth round and it was reported that I had died from the effects of that wallop. It took me some time to recover, but after a spell in the dressing room, I finally came to.

"George also won the third bout on a knockout. That was the time he won the light-heavyweight title from me but I got revenge when I carried off the honors in the last two engagements.

"All those contests were terrific battles, I assure you, but none of them was the equal in tough fighting to my first meeting with Carter. That fight was staged at the Mechanics Pavilion and was the first bout ever promoted by my good friend, Jim Coffroth.

"I don't know of many battles on the West Coast that were tougher than that one. Carter tore into me the moment the opening bell sounded and he kept tossing punches from all angles and in all directions. I never saw so many blows coming my way.

"The Kid wasn't a hard man to hit but no matter how my punches landed, they made him tear into me the more fiercely. By the tenth round I had him severely cut. His forehead was puffed like a balloon from my powerful jabs. After the fight was over, Billy Roche, now living here in California, came to me and said that in between rounds he kept pressing his fingers against Carter's head feeling for broken bones. Billy was Carter's manager.

"The Kid didn't mind the punishment he was taking nor did I though I assure you that his punches were hurting me terribly. The only fight I can recall seeing that could compare to ours, was the bitterly fought, bloody encounter between Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne at Maspeth, Long Island.

"As the fight continued, Carter's eyes were almost closed. He could hardly see and his punches were frequently landed in foul territory. In the seventeenth he struck me a powerful punch below the belt that robbed me of my strength and I sank to the canvas. But Carter, not being able to see, kept on tossing punches and the referee had only one alternative—to disqualify him since he hit me while I was down. I won my toughest bout lying on the floor. I'll never forget that fight."

(To be continued in next issue)

Following the Trail With Joe Woodman

By THE VETERAN

JOE WOODMAN is one of the real landmarks of the fight business. Although he has been active for some 50 years, the former manager of old Sam Langford, hale and hearty though well past the three score and ten mark, is still very much in circulation along the pugilistic highways and byways.

Woodman never misses a Friday fight in Madison Square Garden. Usually occupying the same seat and invariably accompanied by Jimmy Bronson, Joe, now recognized as a sort of elder statesman of the business, is always available for counsel or reminiscences.

Oddly enough Joe doesn't harp too much on his most famous charge, the great Sam Langford. In answer to the inevitable queries about the old Boston Tar Baby, Joe simply snaps, "He was the greatest!" as if there could ever be any doubt about it.

Somebody is always asking Joe Woodman about something or other. His answers, delivered with a dead-panned dryness, often bring chuckles from his hearers.

"Everybody cries about the poor, broken fighters," observes Woodman, "but there are more rich fighters than there are rich managers, let me tell you that.

"It's the toughest job in the world to name managers who got rich off boxing, but there's quite a few fighters around with plenty of dough.

"TAKE little Bobby Ruffin. He never even held a title but he's well fixed. Firpo is the richest guy in Argentina, they tell me. Jack Sharkey doesn't have to worry. Max Baer has a big annuity. Billy Petrolle has plenty. Jimmy McLarnin has so much money all he does is play golf. Paolino quit with plenty of money, so did Johnny Risko.

"Harry Wills is a rich man. I won't even mention Tunney. He still has a ton of those old-time big bills. Dempsey has dough. Jack Portney, Baltimore southpaw, didn't make too much in the boxing game, in which he was a star, but out of his earnings of about a quarter of a million he saved enough to open a business and today he is the owner of the Standard Billiard Supply Company in Baltimore and Asheville, N. C., and is well heeled. Lew Tendler is doing all right, and so is Jim Braddock.

"There'd be a lot more," continued Woodman, "but a lot of fighters who saved their money weren't satisfied and blew it in on bum investments. Benny Leonard, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Tommy Loughran all guessed wrong in real estate, Wall Street or one business or another."

Woodman must have had Benny Leonard, Tony Canzoneri, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, among others, in mind. Each lost heavily in investments when they were top fighters.

"Now, let's take a look at the managers," said Joe. "A lot of people think they make enough with fighters to live in luxury forever. Al Weill, Eddie Walker, Max Waxman, Ancil Hoffman, Pop Foster—they're very well off. But how many others are there?" challenged Woodman.

"Everybody forgets that a manager is always picking up a check for something or other," added trainer Artie Rose, a listener.

"You can say that again," agreed Joe. "Another thing, a lot of fighters take their end right home and the old man or somebody stuffs it into the mattress, but there's no end to the bites into the manager's cut," continued Woodman.

The famous manager of the great Sam Langford paused reflectively, then turning to Rose, said: "You trainers don't do too badly, though. Nobody cuts into your dough."

Joe Woodman, who handled the affairs of Sam Langford when Sambo was one of the top men in the boxing profession.

"Whitey Bimstein, Ray Arcel, Dan Florio, maybe, but who else?" came back Artie.

"Well, it's a good thing to see some fighters with something," declared the dignified Jimmy Bronson. "After all, they do the fighting."

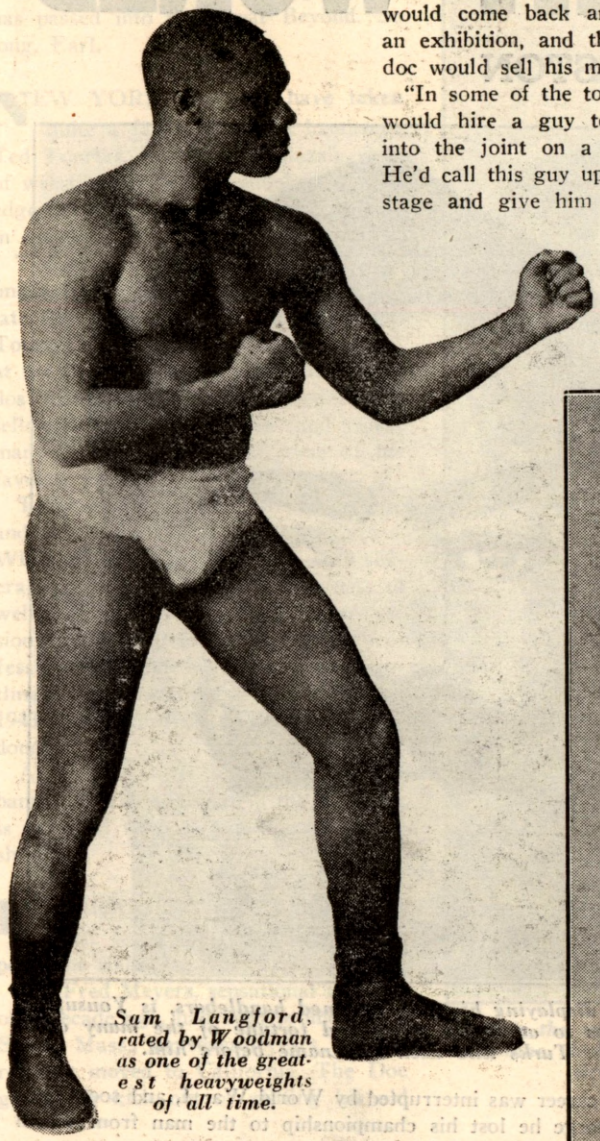
Changing the subject, Woodman turned my way and said, "You left a pretty good Irish fighter out of that RING article you wrote, young man—Tommy O'Toole from Philadelphia."

"He was a sweetheart," put in Manager Allie Frank. "What a beautiful boxer to watch, he was."

Like most of the old guard, Joe is always being asked to compare the old and the new fighters. He is much more favorable towards the moderns than most veterans.

"The main difference is, the old fellows did a lot more boxing. They would take off on a swing right around the country and sometimes right around the world fighting anywhere and everywhere. They didn't expect a fortune for fighting every fight. The big idea was to keep busy," Joe explained.

"When they weren't fighting, the champs and the good fighters would go on tour with burlesque shows. Langford and I hooked up once with a medicine man out in California and travelled up and down the Coast with his medicine show. Langford would wallop the daylights out of the big bag, then the medicine man would come on and drop hints that his medicine was what made

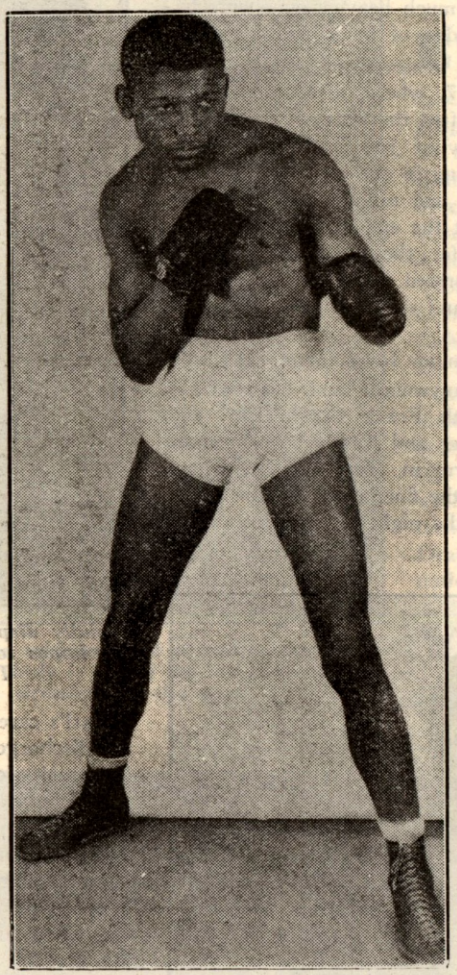


Sam Langford, rated by Woodman as one of the greatest heavyweights of all time.

Sam so tough. Then Sam would come back and box an exhibition, and then the doc would sell his medicine.

"In some of the towns he would hire a guy to come into the joint on a crutch. He'd call this guy up to the stage and give him a shot of the stuff. At the end of his spiel, the poor fellow would walk out of the place without the crutch, and believe it or not, the crowd in those days would go for that!" chuckled Joe.

"We went on the road with a burlesque show over in England, too," continued Woodman, "and that's the first time I ever saw Charlie Chaplin. He was with the same show."



Ray Robinson, who is called a ring marvel by Woodman.

LANGFORD was so outstanding, most people overlook other fighters handled by Joe Woodman. One of the best of these was Jimmy Walsh, the Boston bantam and a real star 40 years ago. Walsh was recognized as bantamweight champ. Also seldom mentioned is the fact that Woodman was Ike Williams' first manager.

"And I can't understand the idea most people have about Ike being so hard to get along with," wonders Mr. Woodman. "When I handled him, he was as easy going a kid as you'd want to meet, and a perfect gentleman."

Skittish about his age, which is variously put somewhere between 70 and 80, Joe Woodman, like many other oldsters around the fight game, is very well preserved. Keen-eyed, straight as an arrow, even his voice has none of the quaver of age about it.

Woodman is a native of Boston, Mass. He started out as a pharmacist.

"I used to run a drug store, and as far as I know, Zunk Serlin, who made matches for Madison Square Garden for a while, and I are the only two druggists to wind up in boxing," avers Joe.

JOE WOODMAN really hit the jackpot with his first fighter, who was none other than Sam Langford.

"Langford weighed 126 pounds when he came to me. He started as an amateur, you know, and he was born in Canada," added Woodman.

"What a break that was—coming up with a fighter like Sam Langford, first crack out of the box," marvelled Jess Harrington, a listener.

"Why are you so sure that Langford was the greatest, Joe?" asked Pete Montesi from his Garden seat just behind the veteran.

"Well, he was a great boxer and a great puncher," was Mr. Woodman's comeback.

"And so is Ray Robinson," persisted Pete.

"Yes, but he never had the opposition that Langford did," replied Mr. Woodman.

"Do you know that Langford fought four men who are considered by a lot of people the best that their classes ever produced? He beat Joe Gans, whom I call the best lightweight who ever lived. Then he boxed a draw with Joe Walcott, the welterweight champ. He fought Stanley Ketchel, a great middleweight, and boxed big Jack Johnson when he weighed less than 160 pounds.

"I handled Langford for 19 years and there aren't many places in the whole world that we didn't hit—Australia, England, Paris, France—right around the world. Most of the time we spent chasing Johnson, who was champion then, but we could never catch up with him," continued Joe Woodman.

EARLY in his managerial career, Joe Woodman formed a combine with George Lawrence which lasted for many years. The fistic firm of Woodman and Lawrence was one of the most famous of pugilistic partnerships. The pair specialized in heavyweights. Homer Smith, Salvatore Ruggirello, Porky Flynn and Knute Hansen were some of the behemoths who battled under the banners of Woodman and Lawrence. Of course, none of these could be mentioned in the same breath with Langford, although Hansen, for one, looked so good that the late Tex Rickard got all excited about him.

"It turned out Hansen's chin wasn't any too strong," sadly recalls Mr. Woodman.

Salvatore Ruggirello, another Woodman ward, could probably hit as hard with one punch as any heavyweight who ever stepped into a ring. A 10-to-1 shot, the scar-faced Italian from North Africa belted out Stanley Poreda and big Walter Cobb, a couple of hopes of the early thirties in a round apiece.

"But if the other fellow got up, Ruggirello sort of lost interest in winning the fight," admits Joe.

On the subject of modern fighters, Mr. Woodman has this to say: "No boxer in the ring today compares with Ray Robinson. He's so far ahead of everybody else, it's no contest. None of the old-timers, not even Langford, was any better, but they fought harder opponents," he declares.

(Continued on page 39)

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

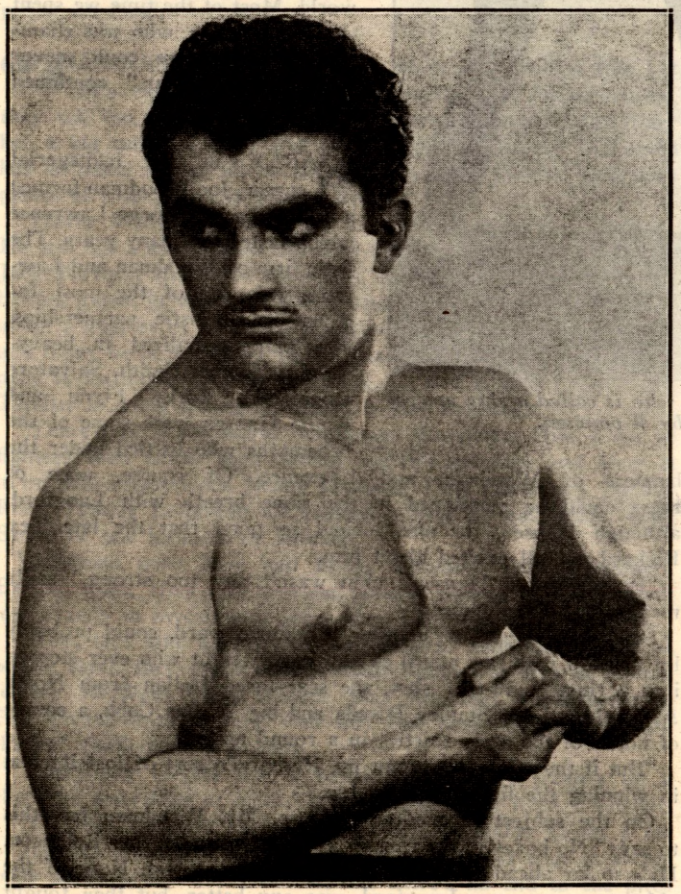
By STANLEY WESTON

WRESTLING activity during the month has been overshadowed by the passing of the great Earl Caddock. "The Man of a Thousand Holds" died at his home in Walnut, Ia., on August 25.

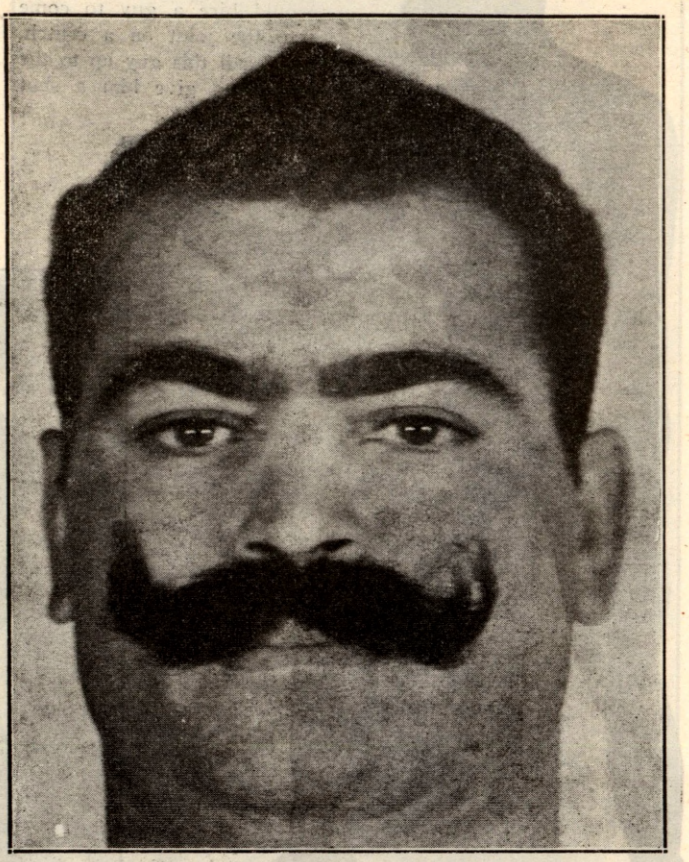
Earl held the heavyweight championship at a time when professional wrestling was a sport of genuine skill and science, a far cry from what it is today, when showmanship and comic antics are the main requirements for a leading grappler. Caddock weighed 185 pounds when in his prime, but he more than made up for his weight disadvantage with much heavier opponents by his great speed and amazing knowledge of holds and leverage.

Earl Caddock's greatest hour of achievement came in the Omaha Auditorium on April 9, 1917, where, after more than three hours of gruelling combat, he lifted the heavyweight championship of the world from the brow of Joe Stecher. Caddock took the first fall from the scissors king in one hour and twenty-two minutes, but lost the second in one minute and forty-two seconds. Stecher was so exhausted at the end of the second fall that he could not answer the bell for the third and deciding session. When the referee was informed of Joe's inability to continue, he raised Caddock's hand and declared him champion.

HARDENED by his early life on an Iowa farm, Earl won the National A.A.U. light-heavyweight and heavyweight titles and then became friendly with Frank Gotch. Earl and Frank saw a great deal of each other and Caddock spent most of his time at the old master's farm in Humbolt, Ia., where Gotch schooled the young lad in all the finer points of the trade. Frank worked in Caddock's corner the night he won the crown from Stecher.



The handsome Latin type is well portrayed by young Ted Tourtas, a capable wrestler now appearing in New York.



Proudly displaying his well groomed handlebars, is Yousuf II. He hopes to attain the fame and fortune of the many other Turks who used that name before him.

Earl's career was interrupted by World War I, and soon after his discharge he lost his championship to the man from whom he won it, Joe Stecher.

Earl stuck to wrestling for a few years after the loss of the title, but never seemed able to regain his best form. It was at this point that he displayed the good judgment for which he was so well known, by announcing his retirement. Though still in prime physical condition, Caddock realized that youth was more important than knowledge and experience in winning matches. Besides, he wanted to spend more of his time with his wife and his three sons. Wrestling kept him away from home most of the time.

Offers from promoters kept pouring in for him to make a comeback. Some were very tempting, but Caddock kept his vow and never did return to the mat. He provided for his needs by becoming an automobile salesman, and it didn't take long before he built his agency into a very profitable organization. From the automobile business, Caddock switched his attentions to oil and became president of the Omaha Oil Company. All this took place after his retirement in 1920.

Until a few years ago, he enjoyed good health. He lived a very quiet life. When illness struck him, Earl became bed-ridden and was forced to give up his business. He returned to his old home in Walnut, where he remained until death.

Caddock's passing at the age of 62 brings to our attention the remarkable career of John Pesek, who wrestled Caddock in 1916 before the latter won the crown from Stecher. In fact, it was his victory over Pesek that clinched the title bout for Earl. Caddock is dead and Stecher has been hospitalized for several years in Minnesota, but John Pesek is still an active wrestler, and a much better than average one by today's standards.

And so another of wrestling's greats has passed into the Great Beyond. So long, Earl.

NEW YORK mat fans have taken quite a fancy to young, handsome Ted Tourtas, whose razzle-dazzle style of wrestling keeps the onlookers on the edge of their seats every minute he is in the ring.

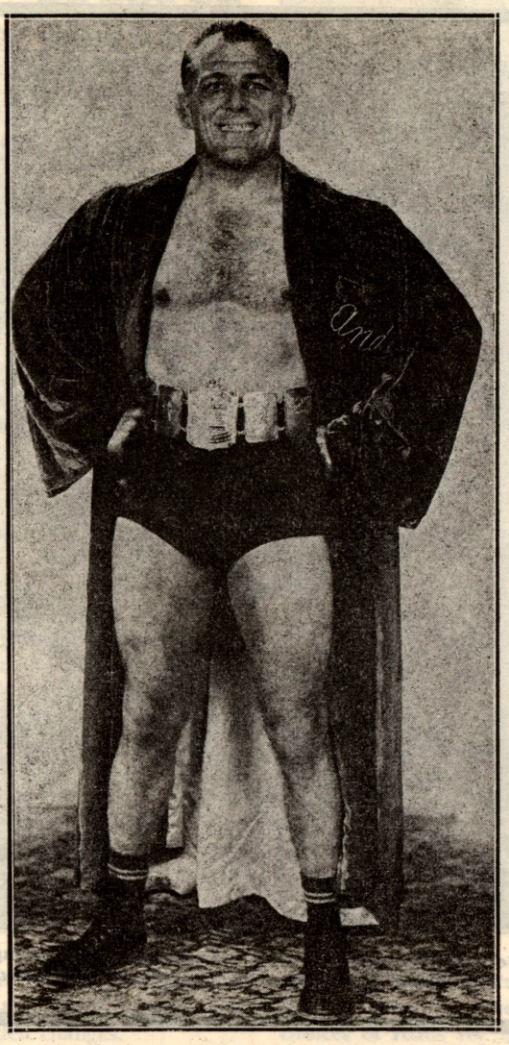
Ted gives most of the credit for his unusual ability to Jim Londos and the late Ray Steele, both of whom schooled Tourtas while the three men worked out at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Londos was particularly interested in his fellow Greek countryman and spent many hours teaching Ted some of his favorite holds.

Ted hails from Santa Monica, Calif., and studied at U.C.L.A. for two years. While at college he walked off with several mat titles and liked the business so well that he decided to make a profession out of it. Before entering the professional ranks he spent six years wrestling as an amateur and it wasn't until 1943 that he switched to grappling for dough.

At present he is working under the banner of Toots Mondt in the East but is expected to start a nation-wide tour shortly.

ED BRIGGS, THE RING'S West Coast wrestling representative, reports the following from Fresno, Calif.:

Dr. Fred Meyers, sensational wrestler of a decade ago, had been promoting in Salem, Mass., for several years, but has recently moved to California. The Doc got a big kick out of visiting his old pal, Joe Malcewicz. Another veteran who is living in California is friendly Dr. Len Hall, who has just completed an extensive tour of North Africa.



Here is the middleweight wrestling star Andy Tremaine. Andy is one of the top lighterweight wrestlers in the game.

Tom Rice, former San Francisco All-American football star, is just about the roughest wrestler in these parts, and for those who do not know, Rice was the Red Phantom.

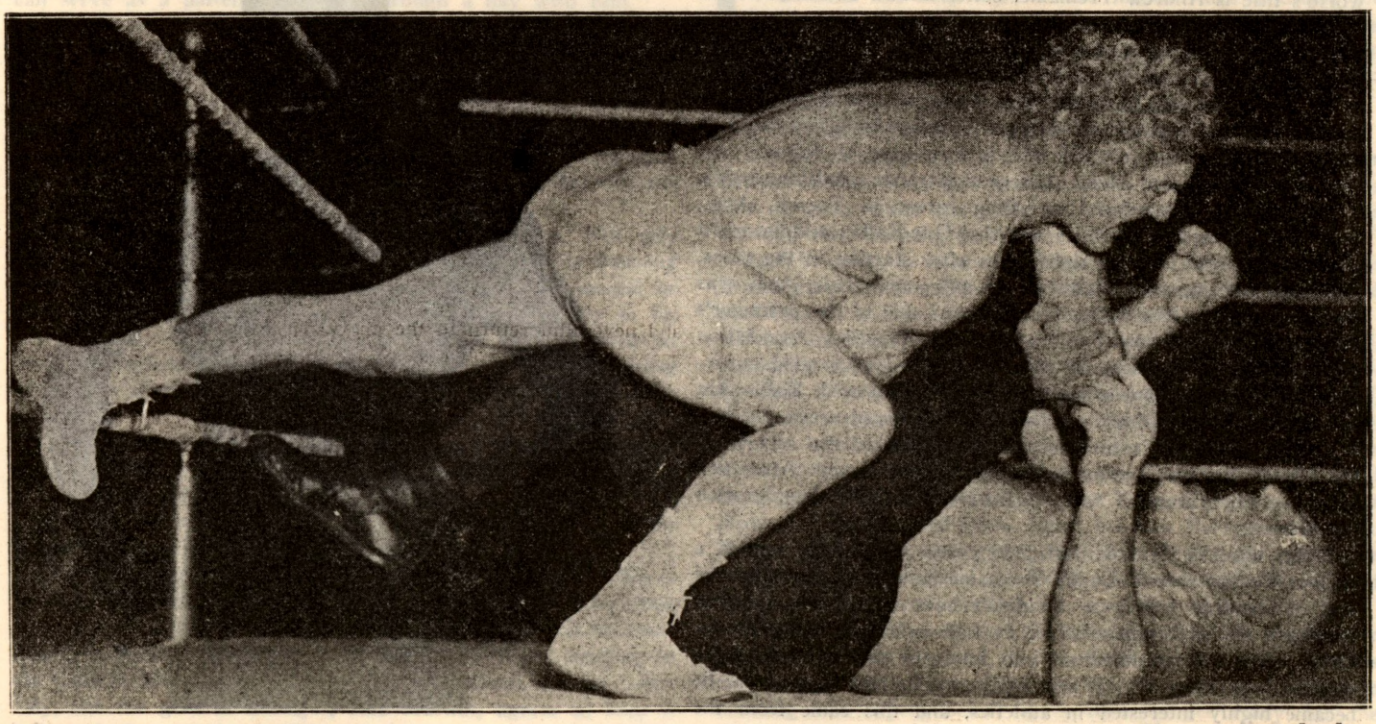
Kay Bell, 245-pound Washington State mat king, will return to Hollywood to work in another Cecil B. DeMille movie. Bell doubled for Victor Mature in DeMille's "Sampson and Delilah."

EVEN though Fred Kohler, foremost Mid-Western mat promoter, turned us down in an attempt to secure photographs for publication in THE RING, we must go on record in admitting that Kohler deserves a tremendous amount of credit for the part he played in developing wrestling into the top position it now holds in our sporting world.

Dick Axman, Chicago mat expert and reporter, writes a fine column for Fred Kohler. Axman's views on mat topics are a must for all followers of the sport.

Andre Drapp, the handsome French importation, has not yet succeeded in being admitted to the United States. He is spending his time in Canada, while awaiting the Immigration Department's decision, and reports have it that Drapp is all that his advance press notices claim he is.

YOUSUF II is the name used by a huge Turkish grappler currently appearing in the East. He stands six feet, four inches tall and weighs in at



Gorgeous George using the ropes to his advantage in a vain attempt to pin Maurice Tillet (Angel to you). The contest took place in Buffalo under the promotion of Ed Don George and Gorgeous George won the match in 8 minutes and 46 seconds. The perfumed grappler is a great drawing attraction in upstate New York.

a mere 250 pounds. Yousuf claims to be the grandson of the Great Yousuf, who thrilled old-timers when he wrestled as the Terrible Turk.

The tall, mustached Turk has been in amateur wrestling for 10 years and turned professional in 1945.

He has been in the United States since February of this year and has had about 25 matches. Those of you who have followed his career know that up till this writing Yousuf remains undefeated.

His favorite hold is the Suplex and few other wrestlers can boast of using this same hold. Yousuf's mother and dad and brother are living in Turkey.

Besides soccer and wrestling, the Terrible Turk has had two years of boxing.

Yousuf is an impressive personality and he is a talented wrestler. His stance is similar to that of another giant, Primo Carnera. He has one great advantage over Da Preem and that is youth and agility.

Keep an eye on this Yousuf.

The late Earl Caddock shown in his army uniform during World War I. The former wrestling great passed away in Walnut, Iowa.

tournament, Andy preferred the mat sport to boxing and has made good at his choice.

TIGER JOE MARSH is campaigning in Buffalo, N. Y. The Tiger's recent matches with the pride of upstate New York, Johnny Barend, Jr., have been nothing short of sensational, and the fans have been thrilled.

Kimon Kudo, famous jiu-jitsu expert, is returning to the scene of his greatest success, New York. Kudo and your reporter first met about 13 years ago in the old New York Hippodrome, where the Japanese star made his debut under the promotional banner of Jack Pfeffer. At that time Kimon was the top card for Pfeffer until Jim Londos came to town and threw him. The new wrestling fans have a treat in store when they get a look at Kimon Kudo's bag of mat tricks.

Steve Stanlee, brother of the popular Gene, is being groomed to take up where the latter left off in New York.

THERE are many wrestling champions of different weights throughout the country today, but few officially recognized titlists of world recognition. One who can rightfully claim a world's title is Andrew Tremaine, better known as Andy. He is the National Wrestling Association's 175-pound title holder.

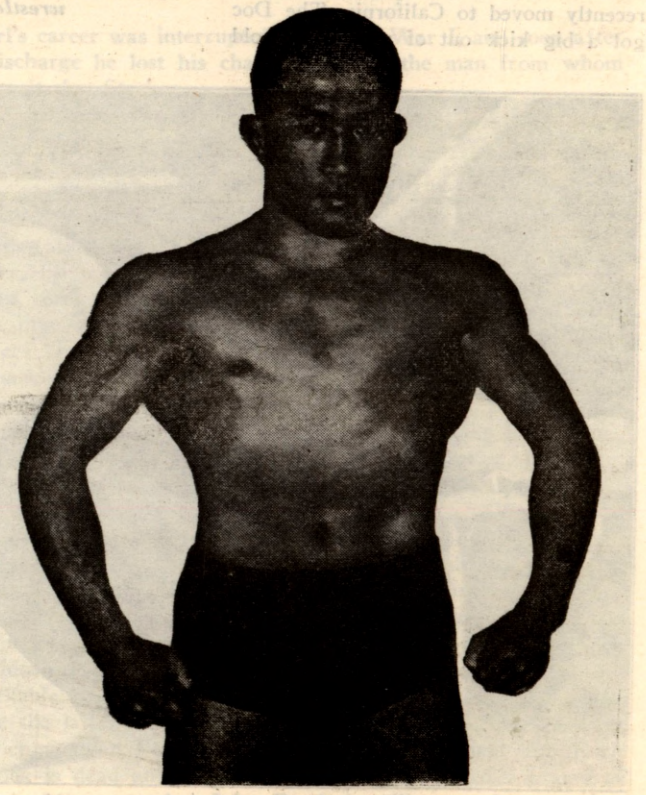
In a match sanctioned and approved by Col. Harry L. Landry, president of the N.W.A., Andy defeated Monte LaDue, Canada, in El Paso, Tex., on April 18, 1950. Tremaine was then officially proclaimed the 175-pound wrestling champion. Andy is a wrestler who knows his way around. He is a master of balance and leverage Andy is also a keen student of intricate, punishing holds.

Starting his professional wrestling career in Tucson, Ariz., in 1932 at the age of 17, Andy wrestled Gus Kallio, middleweight champion in 1940, exactly eight years after starting in the game. Although winning over Kallio at the 160-pound limit, Andy was not recognized as the champion. This was due to the promoter's failure to get the approval of the National Wrestling Association for the title match. Stung by this rebuke, Tremaine tried unsuccessfully for two years to get another title shot with Kallio, but the evasive Finn wouldn't get back into the roped arena.

Failing to get the return match, Andy entered the service of the United States Government in the Border Patrol. After two years in this branch, Andy transferred to the Immigration Department.

Andy, born in Tucson, Ariz., 30 years ago, is the son of a former Tucson sheriff. Daddy Tremaine had been a fine wrestler and outstanding boxer, so he didn't have to use his smoking hardware in his business when he had to subdue a bad man. He'd either twist a hoodlum into knots or put a knot on his chin with a horny fist. When Andy reached the age of 15, he became highly interested in athletics, and this came from the influence of his father.

Entering an amateur boxing tournament and also a wrestling



Kimon Kudo, the veteran Japanese Jiu Jitsu expert, now in New York.

A Day *in* Camp

Keeping Pace with Ezzard Charles as He Trains for an Important Ring Battle

By AL BUCK

PROBABLY in no sport is "timing" quite so important as in boxing. Many a ring battle has been won or lost in a split second. Two opponents start punches at the same moment. One lands, the other misses. Often enough that is the difference between sensational victory or disastrous defeat. Particularly if a Joe Louis is concerned.

One cannot afford to make a mistake with Louis. Instinctively, Joe has been one of the fastest and deadliest counter punchers the heavyweight ranks have ever known. To become careless with him is to invite ruin. And to miss a punch is equally as risky.

Any fighter going in with Louis realizes that he must have timing—and to have timing, he must first have physical condition. Reflexes respond much more readily when one is at his physical peak. If he is sluggish from overtraining, or undertraining, he sees the openings in his opponent's armor, but is not quick enough to take advantage of them, and when he tries he finds that his timing is considerably off its beam.

That's why proper training is so vital to a fighter pointing for an important bout—as, for instance, an Ezzard Charles tuning up for a Joe Louis.

Just how does a fighter go about the complicated job of reaching the ultimate in physical perfection?

It is seldom that any two fighters follow the exact pattern of a set routine. In general, there are the usual standard items in a training schedule—roadwork, gymnasium chores, boxing. But there may be varying ways of handling the different items, and the time-tables are always subject to sudden changes.

Though the Charles-Louis fight is over, let's take Ezzard as an example for the routine that is invariably followed by a topnotcher in training for an important bout. The variation is so slight that Charles' workouts at camp for the Louis battle can serve as a pattern. Let's go through a day with him.

IT'S the trainer's job to arrange the daily schedule. He must know his fighter, and be able to tell at a glance if more or less work in the gym or on the road is advisable. A competent trainer, who knows his business, brings the fighter to his peak gradually. Poor supervision has beaten many a boxer in training. It's an old expression in ring parlance to explain a fighter's defeat by saying he "left his fight in the gym."

Top ringmen realize the value of proper training. Not only does a fighter need the right sort of schedule for his morning roadwork and afternoon gym stint, but there is the mental or psychological angle to consider, also. He must be happy in his surroundings. A disgruntled boxer can hardly hope to reach his peak of efficiency. Brain and brawn must cooperate in helping him attain what the trade calls "the pink" of physical and fistic condition.

Just how does a fighter and his retinue go about setting up a camp, and what of the multitudinous details involved in arranging the daily schedule from then on?

Suppose we start from the beginning with Charles, in his campaign of preparation for Louis.

The first thing to be done is to arrange for the camp. This is the job of Managers Jake Mintz and Tom Tannis. They look over several possibilities, and finally decide on the Nermerson Hotel, in South Fallsburg, N. Y., a summer resort nestling in the Catskill Mountains. Normally, the hotel closes around Labor Day, but the general manager, Abe Markus, agrees to keep it open and place all the facilities of the vast property at the disposal of Charles and his menage.

Ezzard Charles as he finishes a five-mile road run with Trainer Jimmy Brown at his side. Ezzard knows what legs mean to a fighter and he makes sure his are sturdy and that his wind is up to the mark by doing road work. A day with Charles in camp is a typical day in the camp of every top-ranking fighter.

The next job is to arrange for sparring partners. This is the responsibility of the trainer, Jimmy Brown.

Then there are the training facilities. Charles has several choices of roads for his morning jaunts. He can remain on the grounds of the Nermerson, if he wants, and use the bridal path. Or, if he prefers, there are various trails up and down the mountains.

CHARLES has both outdoor and indoor rings available for his boxing in the afternoon. On clear, sunny days, he can go through his paces in a ring pitched on the handball court. When it's rainy or chilly, he can move into the spacious playhouse, where a complete gymnasium has been installed.

Now let's go through a typical day with Charles:

The day usually begins at 5:30 a.m. Ezzard is called by Trainer Brown at that time, and as soon as he has pulled on a heavy pair of army shoes and some old clothes, he is ready for his morning run. Usually, he covers about five miles.

Back in camp, he is given a large glass of orange juice. Then Brown gives him a rubdown. When the massage is over, Ezzard goes back to bed and stays there until 10:30 a.m.

When he is called, breakfast is waiting. It is a hearty meal, consisting of prunes, a dry cereal, lamb chops and tea. The morning meal is prepared by Fred Huldock, Charles' personal chef. Huldock is a former fighter, and, more important, a good one.

After breakfast, Ezzard has time on his hands. Killing the leisure hours is not too difficult. Maybe Charles is in the mood for a game of cards. If he is, he has Trainer Brown, Managers Mintz and Tanner, and Press Agent Ed Van Every to call upon. Ezzard plays most card games well, but prefers gin rummy or knock rummy. The stakes are small, and to keep Charles in good humor, his opponents usually make sure that he wins.

Maybe Ezzard doesn't feel like playing cards. He may prefer catching up with his mail. So he retires to the privacy of his own cottage and gets out the pen and ink. He also reads the morning newspapers before it is time to get ready for the afternoon workout.

Ezzard begins getting ready about *(Continued on page 45)*

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THE COMEBACK TRAIL

(Continued from page 11)

one year later at Soldier Field, Chicago, on September 22, 1927, in the contest that has gone down in ring history as the "Battle of the Long Count."

Dempsey, after flooring Tunney in the seventh round, failed to go without delay to a far neutral corner and was penalized by Referee Dave Barry. There is a strong likelihood that Gene could not have beaten a normal ten count had Dempsey obeyed the rules.

Muldoon and the late Eddie Neil, then an Associated Press sports writer, did not believe Tunney could have gotten to his feet in time to have saved his title. And such was the belief of many others, including this writer, who had picked Tunney to win not only at Chicago but at Philadelphia as well. This much-debated fight must ever remain the comeback that might have been successfully achieved but for Dempsey's mental lapse.

TUNNEY bowed out after one more ring appearance following his second go with the Manassa Mauler. There remained several opponents for Gene to choose from who quite possibly would have proven more formidable than Tom Heeney, whom Gene insisted on as his farewell rival.

Max Schmeling, following the loss of his title rights to Jack Sharkey, though he had his ups-and-downs, knocked out Joe Louis and might well have regained the championship had he, instead of Louis, been privileged to face James J. Braddock. However, Louis disposed of the Schmeling ambition most effectively after taking the mantle from Braddock. The German, who had come into the title while resting on the floor, lasted less than one full round against the Brown Bomber when he was given his chance to retake the championship. He was subjected to a frightful beating by the man whom he had kayoed two years earlier.

Other heavyweight champions who attempted comebacks after losing the crown but not in title bouts were Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera and Max Baer. Sharkey, at the age of 36, made a game but futile stand against Louis three years after the Boston Gob had lost his championship to Carnera, and in 1934, Carnera lost his title to Max Baer, but a year later the Italian Goliath decided on a comeback and tackled the rising Joe Louis. Joe toyed with his man, though the Bomber then was two years away from the title.

Baer gave several fine performances during his comeback following the loss of the championship to Jimmy Braddock, but when he faced Joe Louis and was stopped in the sixth round, he exhibited anything but fighting spirit, yet Louis says that Max Baer gave him his toughest battle. Few who saw that contest can believe that Joe was serious when he made that statement.

Many fighters have made comebacks in the various divisions, but in the majority of cases they have found the jinx on their trail.

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STUDY IN CONTRASTS

(Continued from page 10)

But, short of ready cash with which to pay Uncle Sam the taxes due for past years, caused the Brown Bomber to change his mind, come out of retirement and face the man named by the N.B.A. as his successor in the hopes of settling his affairs with the government tax bureau and becoming the first heavyweight in the history of modern pugilism to regain the crown.

In his 15 years as a pro leather pusher, he piled up a record of 51 knockouts out of 62 ring battles. He won on a disqualification from Buddy Baer in their Washington, D. C., bout; was halted once and gained eight decisions. His greatest feat was stopping Schmeling in 2:04 of the first round. His complete record, amateur and pro, shows a total of 94 knockouts, five setbacks and 16 victories via the decision route in a total of 115 contests. He holds the record for one-round knockouts in title bouts.

HE is the symbol of America's favorite story—the success yarn. He came up from privation a million to one shot to make good in his chosen profession.

Louis set so many records as a champion that one of the most favorable is often overlooked. He was the only heavyweight title holder who defended his crown for absolutely nothing when he fought first for the Navy Relief Fund in which Buddy Baer was his opponent and was halted by the Bomber in the first round, and a second time when he stopped Abe Simon in an Army Relief Fund bout in six rounds.

Joe defended his championship 25 times—a record. He rates an early foe, Lee Ramage, over all opponents for smart cleverness and selects the contest with Max Baer as his toughest—strange as that might seem.

Like John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett, baseball was Louis' first love and he had high hopes when a youth to make professional baseball his vocation. He remains to this day a keen enthusiast of our national pastime, but is equally devoted to golf.

Joe learned all he knew about boxing from one of the greatest teachers of all time—Jack Blackburn.

His greatest critic was Jack Johnson, who, in the early days of the Bomber's success, pointed out faults which later were corrected by Blackburn and enabled Joe Louis to reach the heights. Particularly true was this of Joe's stance. It was Johnson who was responsible for the change that brought more power behind the Bomber's wallop.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By Lawson Bampton

JOHNNY GRECO, Canadian welter titlist, has apparently reached Trail's End, inasmuch as fighting topnotchers is concerned. Johnny, 150, staged a gallant battle against Cuba's flashy Kid Gavilan, 147½, in the scheduled ten round headliner of Raoul Godbout's offering at the Montreal Baseball Stadium, but a couple of sizzling socks in the sixth round floored him for the count at the 2:43 mark. A few years ago he would have taken those wallops in stride but "he ain't what he used to be." August must be his jinx month for it was in the same month in the same ring last year that he was downed in five heats by Laurent Dauthuille. Referee Tommy Sullivan tolled him out both times.

With one eyelid slit open and and swelling in the second round and the other puffing rapidly shortly after, the near-blinded Greco fought aggressively and valiantly until nailed in the sixth. Possibly he never saw the punches. Anyhow, the fast, shifty Cuban sharpshooter figured to be the worst type of opponent for the now slow moving Greco, who was the best drawing card in Canadian fistic history. Though known to be on the downgrade and underdog in the betting, his drawing power had much to do with the $33,635 gate realized for this match.

Johnny made a lot of money in the ring and we hope and believe that he has most of it and is set for life financially. Yours truly wasn't there to see the show, having gone through the grievous ordeal of burying my beloved mother the same day. That was the final tragic blow of a string of ill luck that started some twenty months ago when petty politicians caused the loss of my job after 21 years' service, remaining unemployed well over a year. Had been on new job for five weeks when Mother was taken suddenly by a coronary spasm.

Armand Savoie, 134, floored Jean Richard, 135, twice, but Richard outboxed him sufficiently in the eyes of the judges to call it a draw after ten hard fought rounds. Gaby Ferland, 144½, battled gallantly to go the ten round route with Arthur King, 138¾, though taking a slashing beating. The best battle of the night was a hectic ten round draw between Eddie Zastre, 165, rising young light-heavy, and Cuba's Tony Armenteros, 159. Zastre finished strong after a bad start. A rematch is signed.

Roy Wouters, Canadian middleweight champion, cut loose with a pair of terrific wallops in the third of a scheduled ten round headliner of a Labor Day show at Glace Bay, N.S., to halt Arnold Fleiger, hard-hitting New Brunswicker. A left hook to the body doubled Fleiger up and the intended right hand smash to the jaw broke Fleiger's collar bone. Rene Chauvin expects to show his ace in Toronto soon, likely against Gus Rubicino.

STRAY SHOTS . . . Raoul Godbout is planning his next card at the Montreal Forum . . perhaps Mitri versus Gavilan, which would be an excellent match . . however, unless Laurent Dauthuille is available, the boom in Montreal boxing will likely die out . . . Lou Alter in England to fight Stan Rowan . . Vancouver's Frankie Almond, who knocked out Alter to gain his Canadian feather title recognition, planning to invade Eastern rings . . cheerio for now.

The Ring Question Box

E. Slattery, Montreal, Canada

Q.—I have read where Joe Louis stopped Eddie Simms in 18 seconds which was one second longer than the world's record for quick knockouts set when Dempsey kayoed Fulton in 17 seconds. I always thought the fastest knockout was scored by Al Foreman in 11 seconds. Which is correct?

A.—The Louis and Dempsey kayoes were heavyweight bouts with neither the record. The world record for quickest knockout scored is owned by Willard Dean who stopped Claude Allen in 11 seconds at Corpus Christi, Texas, on May 12, 1940. Al Foreman stopped Ruby Levine in 11½ seconds in 1928. The heavyweight record is owned by Eddie Vann who stopped George Stern in 12 seconds at London, England, on November 15, 1949. Incidentally, Dempsey halted Fulton in 18 3/5 seconds, not 17. All this can be found in THE RING RECORD BOOK of 1950.

James Ward, Nashville, Tenn.

Q.—In a radio quiz, the question was asked whether Joe Louis had ever fought as a pro in less than a main event. The answer given was yes, and the announcer awarded the contestant a prize. I objected. I said that the answer was incorrect. Was I in error?

A.—Joe Louis' first pro fight was at Bacon's Casino, July 4, 1934, and his opponent was Jack Kracken. We have no record here of any preliminary pro fights in which Louis engaged.

John Marsyk, Perry Point, Maryland

Q.—The record book states that Gunboat Smith fought Young Peter Jackson. Is that the same Jackson who fought several bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and whose real name is Sim Thompkins?

A.—Yes Young Peter Jackson was a great fighter and he tackled the cream of the men in his division and the next higher.

Frank Handley, Murray Bay, P.Q., Canada

Q.—Was Joe Louis the youngest to win a world heavyweight title? Was he the second Negro to win such a crown? Was Jack Johnson the first? Who was the promoter who not only arranged a heavyweight championship fight but acted as referee for it? Who were the principals? Did Jack Johnson have his money for the Jeffries fight paid to him in gold?

A.—Louis at 23 years, was the youngest. Johnson was the first Negro to win a world heavyweight title and Louis was the second. Tex Rickard promoted the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, Nevada, on July 4, 1910, which Johnson won by a knockout in 15 rounds and Rickard also was the referee. To get Johnson to accept the terms for that fight, Rickard placed $20,000 in gold as a lure before Johnson and he got that sum but the rest of his purse was paid off in dollars other than gold.

George Stroka, Binghamton, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the oldest active wrestler and boxer?

A.—Professional athletes, like many women, once they reach a certain age are reluctant about being exact. However, one of the oldest active wrestlers is Milo Steinborn who is well past sixty. There are a number of others in the same age group. Phil Zwick, born in 1905, still fights with some success. He probably is the oldest boxer still campaigning.

Bob Bigovich, Fairbanks, Alaska

Q.—How many times have Gus Lesnevich and Tiger Jack Fox fought?

A.—They have never met.

Elmer C. Brown, Roseburg, Oregon

Q.—Can you let me have the record of Bill Brennan? There is a man here at Roseburg, about sixty years old, who says he is the Bill Brennan who fought Jack Dempsey. I am sure he is the same Bill. Can you help me?

A.—Sorry, but Bill Brennan must have gotten up out of his grave if your Brennan is the same man who fought Dempsey since that Bill was killed by a gunman in New York City back in 1927.

Harry Finkler, New York City

Q.—Has the doctor who is in charge of a fight club the right to stop a fight or is that the job of the referee?

A.—The doctor advises the referee that the bout should be halted if in his opinion there is danger ahead and it is up to the referee to carry out the medical advisor's suggestion. But only the referee in New York State can stop the fight.

Morris Rifkind, New York City

Q.—Is the eight seconds count mandatory in all states when a fighter is put down?

A.—Yes, now that New York has joined the NBA in adopting th's rule. Some NBA States disregard the rule in championship bouts or when top fighters are the participants.

Charley Susswein, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—If the referee calls the bout a draw, one judge gives the decision to Boxer Jones and the other judge gives it to Boxer Miller, who is declared the winner officially?

A.—The decision is a draw.

Martin Mariello, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Who was the first heavyweight to win a championship under Marquis of Queensberry rules—Sullivan or Corbett?

A.—Corbett. He whipped Sullivan. Sullivan won the crown from Paddy Ryan in a bare knuckle contest.

John Wishnick, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—If a fighter scales 137 pounds, would you class him as a lightweight or a welterweight?

A.—A lightweight. A fighter normally scaling 137 should have no trouble making the lightweight limit.

Marie Leblanc, Toledo, O.

Q.—What is the name of the famous fighter who was starred in a play called "The Bowery After Dark"?

A.—Terry McGovern.

A Reader, New York City

Q.—Kindley tell me whether Jimmy Braddock was on the second Schmeling-Sharkey card? Who were in the other bouts?

A.—Yes. He fought Vincent Parelli of Argentina in five rounds immediately after the main event and won the bout. Jerry Pavelec lost to Lou Barba in five; Charley Belenger won over Jack McCarthy in four and Tony Walsh beat Maxie Pink in five.

Q.—When did Dave Barry, the referee of the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago, die and where?

A.—On August 27, 1936, in Chicago.

Max Morgan, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Did Tom O'Rourke ever manage Owen Moran?

A.—No. Charley Harvey was his American manager.

Silas Stuart, Minneapolis, Minn.

Q.—Was George Barton, the sports writer, ever a fighter? Did he referee amateur or professional bouts?

A.—Barton not only was an excellent fighter but one of the world's best referees. He officiated in many amateur and pro battles of national importance. They came no better than George.

Reuben Kline, Cedar Grove, Maine

Q.—What became of Cowboy Ruben Shank? Is he still fighting?

A.—He is retired and living in the West.

C. Gathercole, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I recently noticed Lou Woods' name in the fight results column of a newspaper and am wondering whether the Detroit middleweight is in the process of a comeback?

A.—Woods retired in March, 1945, after being stopped by Tony Zale and Anton Raadik. He is now making a comeback, recently stopping Benny McCombs in 2 rounds and decisioning Don Lee in 10. Several other bouts have been lined up for him.

John Eyre, Newport, Rhode Island

Q.—In your book, "Black Dynamite," Vol. 3, the story of Joe Gans, you state that Joe Gans defeated Walter Edgerton, known as the "Kentucky Rosebud" in seven and six rounds in 1895, but in THE RING Question Box, Page 37, September issue, you state "Edgerton engaged in contests with the cream of his division, and he beat Joe Gans a number of times at the start of his career." Which is correct.?

A.—Sorry, the Question Box answer is incorrect. Gans beat Walter twice as listed in "Black Dynamite."

Cpl. Frank Minerva, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Can you tell me following which bout Pancho Villa died? Also what two men died in bouts with Bud Taylor?

A.—Villa died July 14, 1925, from blood poisoning caused by an infected tooth following his fight with Jimmy McLarnin. Frankie Jerome in 1924 and Clever Sencio in 1926.

Young Demoe, Steelton, Pa.

Q.—Was Joe Louis counted out in the first fight he had with Max Schmeling?

A.—Louis was counted out.

Emil Piscapo, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

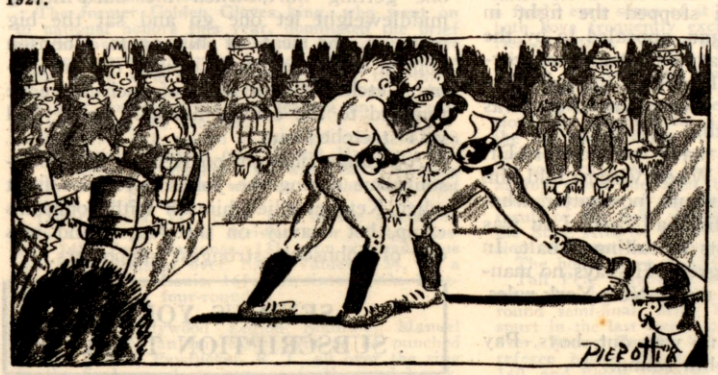
Q.—In the five fights they have had has Ray Robinson ever knocked Jake LaMotta off his feet?

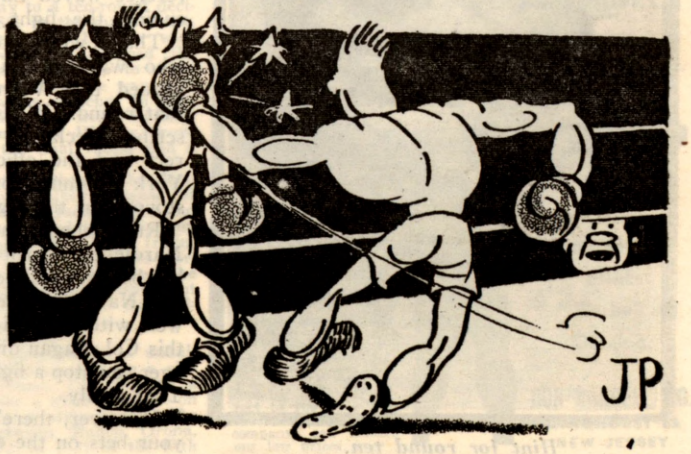
A.—No, Robinson failed to score a knockdown over LaMotta.

Constant Reader, New York, N. Y.

Q.—Would appreciate any information you can give me on Johnny Basham, the old British fighter.

A.—Johnny Basham was born on September 13, 1890, at Newport, So. Wales. He won the British welterweight championship on December 14, 1914, by stopping Johnny Summers at the National Sporting Club, London, in 9 rounds, and lost it to Ted Kid Lewis in nine rounds in London on June 9, 1920. Basham had about 75 fights.





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The RING TEST

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CAN YOU KO THIS QUIZ?

EACH question correctly answered adds points to your score. Ten points for a knockout; six or more gives you the decision; five earns you a draw; less than five calls for more workouts with The Ring Magazine and Record Books. Experts average six points on this quiz!

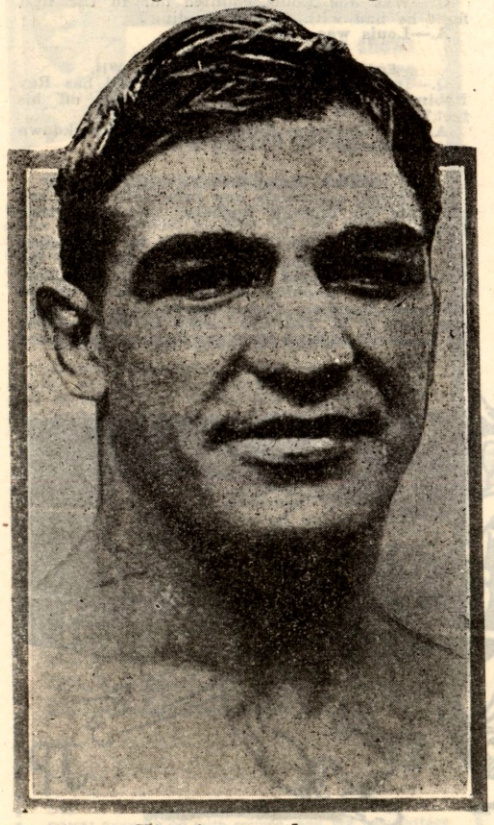
Opening Bell! Pile up an early lead! Each round worth ½ point. (Mark True or False.)

Round 1: Johnny Dundee, former featherweight champion of the world, was a Scotsman.

Round 2: Joe Louis is credited with having the most one-round knockouts in championship fights.

Round 3: Jess Willard weighed the most of any fighter to fight in a heavyweight title bout.

Round 4: Gene Tunney made more money out of one fight than any other fighter.



Hint for round ten.

Round 5: Gene Tunney was called "The Marine."

Mid Way! Watch your step, opponent is fighting back. Each round worth 1 point. (Underline correct answer.)

Round 6: The youngest fighter to win a world's championship fight: (Joe Louis), (Johnny Coulon), (Benny Leonard).

Round 7: The real name of Young Corbett, who won the featherweight title from Tommy McGovern in 1901 was: (Dick Corbett, Jr.), (William H. Rothwell), (Bill Williams).

Round 8: First Negro boxer to win a world crown was (Jack Johnson), (George Dixon), (Tom Molineaux).

Round 9: The heavyweight who scored the most knockdowns in any one championship fight was: (Joe Louis), (Max Baer), (Jack Dempsey).

The Big Round! Worth 3½ points.

Round 10: Name the contestants who competed in the first main event in the present Madison Square Garden on December 11, 1925.

Answers on Page 38

NAT FLEISCHER SAYS:

(Continued from page 19)

of coming back. Joe Louis is the latest.

A fortnight after this goes to press, the Brown Bomber will have made his comeback in a battle with Ezzard Charles. All who have followed in Sullivan's footsteps have failed. Louis I predict to be the first to regain the throne.

AS is always the case when a fight ends as did the Saddler-Pep affair, there was considerable confusion among the record crowd regarding the round in which the fight terminated. According to the New York rules, if a fight ends between rounds, the round just completed is the one in which the knockout is recorded. If the bell on the succeeding round had sounded, then the knockout would have to be scored in the round which was about to get under way.

In the Saddler-Pep contest, Lou Viscusi, manager of Pep, informed Referee Ruby Goldstein immediately after the bell had ended the seventh round that Willie couldn't continue. "It's over. It's finished," said Lou.

But the referee called in Dr. Nardiello, medical advisor of the boxing commission, and asked him to examine Pep before calling the fight off. While the medico was doing this, the bell sounded for the eighth round. Saddler rushed from his corner but was caught by Ruby, who held him back to await Dr. Nardiello's decision. Then the referee waved Saddler to his corner, thus ending the fight officially in the eighth.

That's what started a commotion. Fans who wagered on a seven-round ending, argued that Viscusi stopped the fight in that round. Col. Eagan, appealed to by the scribes, declared that Goldstein was correct and the official verdict of the New York Commission was that Pep was stopped in the eighth.

Ruby should not have waited for Dr. Nardiello's decision. When Viscusi told him his boy couldn't continue, no matter what Dr. Nardiello's verdict had been, Lou was well within his rights in calling a halt. In this Col. Eagan disagrees. He says no manager can stop a fight under New York rules. That's silly.

However, there's no way out, boys. Pay your bets on the eighth round.

HEAVYWEIGHT HIGHLIGHTS

(Continued from page 14)

little difference, at least to the naked eye, between the assault that destroyed the German and the barrage that blasted Joe's "pal," John Henry.

Louis threw punches as hard that night against his terrified foe as he ever did. Joe has explained this by saying he wanted to get John out of the way in a hurry "so he wouldn't be hurt."

The Galento-Louis fight was unique since it turned out to be a highly dramatic production which had been given comic billing. Galento, who had been played up as a cigar-smoking, beer-guzzling buffoon, was anything but that once the fight started. Even Louis himself, who used to refer to Two-Ton Tony as "that funny little fat man," found out there was nothing hilarious about Galento's left hook which had Joe sailing across the ring right under the gong. Galento proved to be no joke, and there was certainly nothing funny about the sickening onslaught unleashed by Louis which reduced the blubbery brawler to a soggy, quivering mass.

GENE TUNNEY'S last fight, a title defense against Tom Heeney, proved a mechanical triumph for the ex-Marine but a huge financial fizzle for Promoter Tex Rickard. This was one time when the public, reacting stubbornly, refused to go along with Gene's choice of Heeney as a foe in preference to Sharkey.

The fans, like Tunney, foresaw that Heeney's one-track style would prove a cakewalk for the calculating Tunney and agreed with Gene's unexpressed idea that Sharkey, whatever his shortcomings, was the man to make trouble for the champion.

Sharkey, a hard fellow to figure, had damaged his own case by dawdling through a lack-lustre fight with Risko and losing the decision. Sharkey, who had handled the Baker Boy as he pleased in a previous fight, took Risko lightly, blew the duke, and this gave Tunney the out and the nod to Heeney.

This was one time the public stood fast, insisting on Sharkey or nobody, and remained home in droves, making Gene's ring farewell an artistic success but a box office bloomer. Rickard lost plenty on that show.

The Ketchel-Johnson fight for the heavyweight title back in 1908, an obvious mismatch, witnessed a turn of the tide which old-timers always stress. The clever Johnson, who outweighed Ketchel about 50 pounds, seemed just as well satisfied to make a boxing contest out of it, with no one getting hurt, when the hard-hitting middleweight let one go and sat the big man on the seat of his pants. Johnson hopped up immediately, caught the onrushing Ketchel with a blow of such force he tumbled to the canvas himself, as Ketchel was stretched out.

A strange sidelight on Ketchel and Johnson came during the Johnson-Jeffries fight when Ketchel allied himself with Johnson's camp, bet heavily on the Negro and was one of Johnson's strongest supporters.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

WITH the outdoor season at a close, boxing in California has taken on a new lease of life. Good club battlers who have been traveling to Mexico and to other parts of the country during the summer months, are now back on the Pacific Coast, and the big club matches of the indoor season will be centered around them. Los Angeles, Hollywood, Long Beach, San Diego, Sacramento and San Francisco clubs have booked excellent cards for this and next month and if name fighters mean anything, then California fight fans should see many good scraps during the next few weeks.

Harry Winkler, our California reporter, who with his charming wife, has been roving the country to look over the boxing situation in other sectors, has renewed acquaintances in the East and in Canada, and is now back to his native habitat.

Harry says that California may not stage many world title fights, but when it comes to thrilling bouts, those he has seen on the Pacific Coast are the equal of any he saw on his long whirl around the country.

It is Winkler's opinion, and he is backed by the records, that nowhere in America are there so many good battlers in the lower divisions as in California. Harry is now ready to resume his job as reporter for THE RING and his news will reappear starting with the next issue.

Here are the reports of California's leading bouts of the past month:

At the Hollywood Legion Stadium, Bernard Docusen, 149, New Orleans, ranking welterweight contender, won a unanimous though narrow ten-round points decision over Milo Savage, 152¼, Seattle.

The best action of the free-swinging brawl occurred in the first five rounds when both battlers teed off on each other's chin with reckless abandon but Docusen repeatedly recovered from the effects of the punches, coming back with blistering head attacks to have a clear margin.

Bob Terrance, 143, came through with a flashy six-round decision over Frankie Dominguez, 142. Ray Acosta, 145, drew with Benny Jordan, 143½, in a four. Ray Louis, 161, stopped Earl Keel, 170, in four. Georgie Cramer, 138½, decisioned Aaron Junior, 136, in four, and Johnny Manti, 155½, won from Loren Pro, 152, in four.

At the Olympic Auditorium, fast-rising Indian lightweight, Archie Whitewater, 135½, came back from two early knockdowns to win a unanimous ten-round decision over Mario Trigo, 137½. Down for nine in the first from a right, and hitting the canvas again in the fourth for no count from a left, Whitewater battled back and finished strong as Trigo faded.

Benny Jordan, 142½, erased two previous losses to Oscar Reyes, 148½, by taking a split decision over the Mexican in a six-rounder.

In fours, Ray Louis, 163, decisioned Earl Keel, 170; Joe Gurrola, 140¼, won from Jimmy Hayes, 141; Georgie Cramer, 138, beat Aaron Junior, 137, and Charlie Sawyer, 145, won over Rudy Martinez, 147.

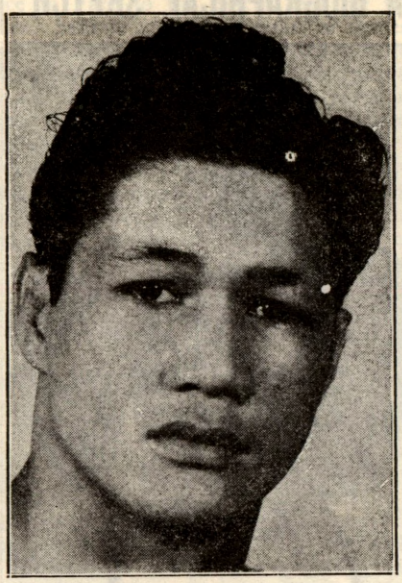
At the Olympic, young Al Cruz, 125, with only six professional fights under his belt, chalked up a third-round technical decision over stocky Roy Higa, 122, Stockton, in a scheduled six-rounder before less than 1,000 fans.

The former Golden Gloves king, who went on to national honors this year, dominated the brief contest throughout. An accidental butt on the part of the rugged Japanese leather tosser opened a gash above Cruz's left eye early in the third. The wound prompted Referee Joe Stone to halt the bout, and as Cruz was leading on all cards he was given the decision.

Baby Ike, 147, rallied in the final round to gain a unanimous decision over Jackie Harmon, 151, in another six-rounder. It was Ike's stirring finish with both mitts winging to the head that decided the issue.

Oscar Reyes, 147, came fast in the stretch to gain a split six-round decision over Clifton Lester, 148. Tony Espinosa, 131, won a unanimous six-round decision over Baby Valdez, 134, in a slow bout. Ray Louis, 161, outpointed Gabe Freeman, 170, in a four-rounder.

At the Hollywood Legion Stadium, Manuel Madrid scored an impressive win as he punched Jackie Weber, Pawtucket, R. I., all over the ring in the final rounds to score a tenth-round knock-



Bernard Docusen, welterweight contender, who is currently campaigning on the Pacific Coast.

out, Referee Joe Stone stopping the uneven contest when Weber was downed by a hard right to the body in the last frame.

Madrid, after dropping the first three rounds, started out in earnest after that as Weber tired. A right dropped the Easterner for a two-count in the ninth round and he just managed to finish out the round as his long experience came to his rescue.

Tony Smaldino, promising preliminary battler, was stopped by Fugie Rodriguez, who swept the battle with his vicious two-fisted attack. The referee was forced to stop the action in the fifth round. Sammy Figueroa and Joey Gurrolla went to a three-round technical draw when an accidental butt opened a cut over Figueroa's left eye. Rudy Martinez stopped Buddy Burton in the third. "Wild" Wayne Cooke scored a second-round knockout over Carlos Salazar. Roberto Cruz won a four-round decision from Mac Gallardo.

At Hollywood, Rudy Garcia, 128½, stopped Rudy Vasquez, 127, in the fourth round of the main event.

Tony Espinosa, 129, stopped Chivero Chavez, 133½, in the fourth round. Clifton Lester, 148¼, decisioned Ray Acosta, 145½, in a four-round bout. Jackie Condon, 160, halted Rocky Slater, 158, in the third round. Roberto Cruz, 136, and Aaron Junior, 136, fought a one-round technical draw. Charlie Sawyer, 145, halted Tello Cruz, 137¼, in the second.

The house grossed $3,700.

Davey Gallardo, 126, outpointed former bantamweight contender Cecil Schoonmaker, 122, over ten rounds in the main event at the Ocean Park Arena.

Jimmy DeLeon, 145¼, and Hugh Sublett, 144½, fought to a six-round draw. Aaron Junior, 138, won a four-round decision over Georgie Cramer, 137½. Flash Gordon, 151, and Buster Chikami, 148, fought a four-round draw. Larry Torres, 139½, decisioned Roy Ballesteros, 140, in a four-rounder.

At the Civic Auditorium, San Francisco, Andy Walker, 193, pounded his way to a ten-round decision over Grant Butcher, 188, in the main event.

Early in the first, Walker caught Butcher with a glancing right-hand blow which dropped the latter for a nine-count. Walker got up to make a fairly even scrap of it the rest of the way with both boys frequently exchanging punches in flurries of action. Coming down to the wire, Butcher tried to gain the upper hand, but Walker drove him to the ropes and took the final round and a close decision.

It was later ascertained that, though the decision was awarded to Andy Walker because of the announced cards of Referee Jack Silver and Judge Ray Flores, the referee erred in adding up his score card. With the other judge, Toby Irwin, having given the fight to Butcher and the corrected version of the referee being a draw, the result of the fight should have been a draw, but the State Athletic Commission rules that the decision could not be reversed.

The house drew a $3,465 gross.

Tall Pete Martinez, 131, punched out a unanimous decision over Felix Coleman, 130, in a six-round semi-final. Mike Martinez, 139, put on a spurt in the last round to take a clear-cut decision over Jimmy Smith, 142, in a six-rounder. The referee halted the bout between Ruben Orona, 140, and Bobby Osborne, 142, in 1:31 of the fifth round, giving the fight to the former on a knockout when it was no longer a match. Junius Allen, 127½, halted Carrol Genshaw, 121½, in 52 seconds of the second round.

Willie Bean, 205, defeated Frank Buford, 200, California heavyweight champion, in a ten-round non-title bout at the Hollywood Legion Stadium before a crowd of 2,228 fans, who paid a gross of $3,351.

Bean's ceaseless attack to the body had Buford in distress as early as the first round but the Oakland boy always managed to come back. In the ninth round a short right followed by a left hook, both flush on the chin, almost finished Buford but he got up to fight his way out of trouble and actually took the last round.

J. J. Cracknell, 151, won a split decision from Clifton Lester, 148½, in a six-round semi-final. Wayne Cook, 125, halted Lavert Smith, 125½, in the third round. In fours, Dave Kelly, 165, decisioned Jackie Condon, 161½; Ray Louis, 159, won from Art Brown, 155, and Joey Perez, 138, took the nod from George Cramer, 142.

At the Ocean Park Arena, Davey Gallardo, 125, outpointed Georgie Mendoza, 126, in the ten round feature.

Bob Terrance, 144, stopped Sammy Galvan, 139, in the third round. Charlie Sawyer, 144, halted Lonnie Hudson, 147½, in the fourth stanza. Rocky Slater, 156½, decisioned Flash Gordon, 152, over four rounds. Art Brown, 156, won from Ray Lewis, 159, in a four and Barney Gonzales, 148, stopped Al Simmons, 146, in one round.

The bombastic San Diego blond, Bob Murphy, who throws knockout bolts with both gloves, added to his fast swelling kayo average at the Hollywood Legion Stadium by flattening Johnny Duke after 1 minute, 14 seconds of the first round in their scheduled ten-round main event. It was Murphy's 41st knockout in 49 professional fights, a record that stands as the most impressive among current fighters.

Southpaw Murphy connected with a straight left in the first 30 seconds and Duke fell back for a three count after the blow landed flush on his chin.

Seconds later, Murphy tore inside with a sickening right to the stomach. As Duke started to fall, Murphy let fly a fiery left hook to the chin and Duke was out before he hit the canvas. Referee Abe Roth did not bother to count, and raised Murphy's hand.

Murphy, the California light-heavyweight champion and third ranking in THE RING's world ratings, weighed in at 172¾ and Johnny Duke scaled 164. Murphy's title was not on the line.

Tony Espinosa, 130, a puzzling southpaw, packed too many guns and came through with a six-round knockout over Gil Napier, 129½, in the semi-final. The bout was stopped when Napier suffered a cut on his forehead.

In the fours, Charlie Sawyer, 146, gained a split decision over Oscar Reyes, 145; Rudy Martinez, 151, grabbed the duke from Charley Green, 152; Rocky Slater, 157, outslugged Loren Pro, 156, and in the opener Ray Louis, 160, decisioned Lou Newman, 165.

A crowd of 3,498 fans paid a gross of $5,632 to witness the interesting card.

Sailor Bob Murphy at this point looks like California's best bet to win a world title. Starting his professional career in August, 1945, Murphy has compiled a dynamite record with 41 knockouts in 49 fights, winning five decisions, losing one on points and being stopped twice. The first, suffered after only a few months in the ring, was to Homer McGrew on a cut eye. The other, at the start of this year, was to ranking Clarence Henry, a bitter and savage battle that saw both men bleary-eyed. Since that bout Murphy has stopped everyone he faced—Frankie Augustain, Jimmy Rousse, Bob Patterson, Dave Whitlock (twice), and now Johnny Duke. He has stopped 15 of the last 16 men he has faced.

See Second Cover For Books You'll Want To Read

ANSWERS TO RING TEST

1. False. Dundee was an Italian. His real name was Giuseppi Carraro.
2. True. Five.
3. False. Primo Carnera weighed 270.
4. True. Out of his second fight with Jack Dempsey at Chicago, Gene collected $990,445.
5. False. Tunney was called "The Fighting Marine," but George LaBlanche was called "The Marine."
6. Johnny Coulon was 18 when he won the bantam crown in 1908.
7. William H. Rothwell.
8. George Dixon. He knocked out Nunc Wallace in 18 rounds on June 27, 1890. Weight, 113 pounds.
9. Max Baer. When he stopped Primo Carnera in 11 rounds he had Carnera on the canvas 12 times.
10. Jack Delaney fought Paul Berlenbach over 15 rounds for the light-heavyweight crown. Berlenbach, the champ, retained his championship by decision.

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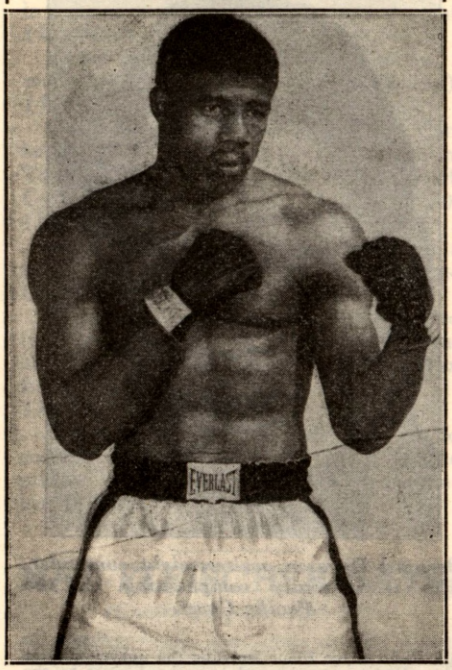

JIMMY SLADE

IN AN age of specialists the boxer stands out as the perfect example of training and pointing one's entire existence toward a single goal . . . how to fight. Most of the top-notch ring gladiators start in the amateurs and after obtaining a good working knowledge of the trade they are to ply matriculate into the professional ranks where they are polished up, or off.

It is a rarity to find a fighter who has had no amateur background and suddenly crashes successfully into the pro ranks. A rarity . . . but it does happen.

Jim Slade, a New York City lad, wanted to be a boxer but he didn't make up his mind early enough to go through the usual mill. He couldn't take the time to run the gamut of the simon pures, so he took his gloves in hand and had a tete-a-tete with Al Joiner, who took the boy under his wing.

Joiner led Slade into the professional field a little over a year ago and this Negro youngster in that short time has rocketed to a place within the first ten light-heavyweights in the world.

A combination of good fighting and good managing have accomplished the deed.

Slade, a pleasant-mannered lad, when queried as to the best fighter he had faced and the hardest fight he had had, smiled and said: "A fight's a fight. They're all the same to me. I guess I learned the most from my fight with Doc Williams. . . man he can punch! . . . he can do everything."

Jimmy was asked about things that stood out in his memory as a boxer.

"The night I fought two fights both in the same club, I remember I knocked out some guy named Parrotta in the second . . . it was supposed to go six, and then I fought a kid called Corbett in a real toughie and I got to him in four . . . that one was supposed to go six, too," he added.

"That's almost a throwback to the old times," we ventured.

Both Slade and Joiner laughed: "Yeh, but we ain't doin' no more of that."

Slade has an impressive record with wins over Chubby Wright, Doc Williams, Bert Lytell and Ted Lowry. In his entire career he has lost two fights, both to Joe Lindsay in the early part of his career. "They'll meet again one of these days and the results will be different," said Joiner, talking about these two losses.

The New Yorker is a good two-handed puncher who shows to best advantage when crowding his opponent. He works well inside and has shown progress in correcting his one fault . . . a tendency to coast when he thinks he's ahead.

As we parted company Slade said: "I'm gonna be the champ some day and then I'll have a restaurant just like Sugar Robinson." Joiner added to this: "He'll be a champ, but we ain't rushing . . . there's time . . ."

COVERING NEW ENGLAND

By Charlie Longo

DYNAMITE Joe Rindone, Roxbury's middleweight contender, was married June 6th at Providence, Rhode Island, to the former Helen L. Trombini, of Saratoga, N. Y., and the Bronx. She served three years in the service and was attached to the Army Nurse Corps in the States and Hawaii. As some of you sport followers know, Joe served three years in the Marines, and that is where he took up boxing.

Paul Pender, 19-year-old middleweight from Brookline, is a former Brookline High School boy. Pender has had 13 amateur fights, winning all of them by knockouts except one, which he won by decision. Since turning pro, he has had 15 pro fights, winning 14 and one draw. Bill Daley received a draw with Pender. His best win was over Sonny Horne, whom he beat decisively at the Boston Gardens. Since then he has kayoed Al Coutoure, Maine's middleweight champion. Pender has been working all summer as a laborer to build himself up for the coming winter. He is most anxious to meet Ralph Zannelli for the New England middleweight crown.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Charlie Anglee, 159, Pawtucket, R. I., outpointed Buddy Farrell, 156, Newark, N. J., ten. Ken Parsley, 140½, U.S.N., outpointed Rickey Ferriera, 140, New Bedford, six.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Frankie Fay, 140, New Bedford, T.K.O.'ed Jackie Webber, 132½, Pawtucket, R. I., eight. Rocky Sullivan, 131½, Boston, up and coming lightweight, is going like a house afire and going places, when he kayoed Billy Hunter, 134½, Boston, another good looking prospect, in five.

At New Bedford, Mass.—Roy Andrews, 136, Lowell, outpointed Johnny Moran, 139, New York, ten. Jimmy Taylor, 148, New York, outpointed Norman Hayes, 150, Roxbury, Mass., eight.

Billy Woods, ex-welterweight from Manchester, N. H., is working for an old opponent of his, in Ziggy Sears, at 130 Summer Street, in Boston. Sears is the former boxing commissioner. Woods, on the other hand, has fought Sears quite a few times, and today is bartending for his boss Sears.

Doc Blanchard of Cambridge, 126, gave away seven pounds to Danny Webb, of Montreal, former lightweight champion of Canada, and pounded a ten-round decision, taking eight of the ten rounds, in one of the best bouts seen there for quite some time. A rematch is in the making. Meanwhile Doc Blanchard would like another crack at the New England featherweight title. He already has a win over George Arujo, present featherweight champion of New England.

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FOR THRILLS—IT'S BOXING

(Continued from page 17)

pounding Primo Carnera into submission after sending the Italian Goliath to the canvas for 12 trips, furnished still another of the many thrilling fights among heavyweights—bouts that cannot be forgotten—as did the bout in which Jimmy Braddock, the Cinderella Man of boxing, relieved Baer of the crown via the decision route in 15 rounds.

No one can forget the fine battle Braddock put up against Joe Louis in Chicago before he was kayoed to lose the crown to the Brown Bomber, who, with that contest, started a reign that lasted 11 years before Joe retired and during which period Louis defended his crown successfully 25 times for a world record.

Down the line we go and find several more thrillers in the knockout of Max Schmeling in the opening round by Joe Louis in their return engagement and Louis' knockout of Billy Conn in their first bout, a mill in which, had Billy not been too cocksure of the result, he would have won via the decision route as he was well ahead on points on the official score cards.

Then we have the title bout in which Jersey Joe Walcott came within a whisker of winning the crown from Louis, who scored the victory on a split decision, and the quick knockout of Tami Mauriello by the Bomber after the champ had been sent on his heels and looked like a goner shortly after the bout got under way.

Those contests will be fought over and over again by the fistic enthusiasts who, gathered on a dull winter's day, engage in hot stove league talk.

Though the second Walcott-Louis fight and the return affair between Joe and Conn and the N.B.A. title tilt between Ezzard Charles and Walcott were not of the type over which one can grow enthusiastic, they have a place among those most frequently discussed because of the bearing each had on Louis' future.

Even the Woodcock-Savold battle in England takes its place among the most-talked-of battles of the century. This one primarily because it was given world title recognition by the British Board of Boxing Control and because it was a bloody mill with the American halting the Empire champion.

BALLYHOO!

(Continued from page 22)

placed and thoroughly effective. For several days, Fuller carted around an optic that was surrounded by the most exquisite blend of dazzling colors this side of the Aurora Borealis.

The newspaper boys had a lot of fun playing around with that incident, which became known as "Barnett's Brush With Fuller."

ALL those weird goings-on served their purpose, and served it well. They gave the scribes an abundant supply of material for stories that were distinctly "new" and "different," and proved of tremendous psychological value in steaming up interest in Farr and his meeting with Louis.

The unusual dispatches out of Long Branch aroused the curiosity of the populace in Farr to the extent that the title match became an assured financial success.

And just by way of supplying a fitting finale to it all, Farr completely flabbergasted the "experts" and the customers by not only going the fifteen rounds with Louis, but giving Joe plenty of what-for.

Yes, many a colorful yarn came out of those training camps. . . . Atlantic City with Jack Dempsey. . . . Fairhaven with Tom Heeney. . . . Speculator with Gene Tunney. . . . Endicott with Max Schmeling. . . . Orangeburgh with Jack Sharkey. . . . Summit with Mickey Walker. . . . Asbury Park with Max Baer. . . . Grossinger's with Barney Ross. . . . Lakewood with Joe Louis. . . . Michigan City with Jim Braddock.

But tempus does fugit, and the glamor and excitement of those training camps seem to have evaporated in recent years.

All a training camp is these days is a place where a fighter goes through the monotonous routine of training for a fight.

It's hardly a spot for an enterprising boxing writer looking for something to write about!

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL WITH JOE WOODMAN

(Continued from page 29)

While they are almost inseparable at fights and various other affairs today, Joe Woodman and boon companion Jimmy Bronson like to recall the time they occupied opposing corners in the two bouts between Jimmy's Jeff Clark, the old Joplin Ghost, and Joe's mighty Sam Langford. Jeff got a decision over the Bostonian the first time but Sam had him out of there in a hurry in the return.

While Joe is not garrulous in the Dan Morgan manner, he usually has a quota of listeners huddled about him drinking in the words of wit and wisdom accumulated over a half century of activity in the boxing game.

HIS long years of observation of the pugilistic parade have left one great lasting impression on the hardy veteran.

"I believe I've seen more fortunes gone through in boxing than in any other business anybody can think of. Even years ago while the purses don't sound like much today, that was a mighty big dollar with which we were getting paid off. Furthermore, five bucks a week was a fair salary when I was a young fellow, so even then boxing people did better than most," insists Woodman.

"But fighters and managers, too, can find more ways to blow their dough than you can count," Joe continued.

"There's a well-known manager, still around today, who lost thousands playing pinochle, and that's on the level. The business is full of guys having a tough time of it who should be rich today.

"One of the big reasons a lot of fighters and managers wind up busted is because they don't want to be called cheap so they go overboard and spend too much dough. Then the people they spend it on call them chumps when they're broke.

"Boxing is one of the best paying businesses in the world," opined Woodman. "Where else can a poor kid get a stake so fast as he can in boxing? I've been around for a long time and my best advice after 50 years to both managers and fighters is, 'Hang on to as much of that dough as you can. Don't worry about what people say and you won't have to worry about anything else when you're all through,'" concluded Joe Woodman.

THE MAGIC MONTH

(Continued from page 25)

had already lost his title to Primo Carnera who had taken it back to Italy.

In 1934, on September 17, Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin drew $138,902 to their Long Island Bowl fight, which saw Ross losing the welterweight title back to his opponent. In 1935 young Joe Louis brought the million dollar gate back, drawing $832 above that mark as he stopped Max Baer in the Yankee Stadium in four rounds, on September 25.

Louis scored again in 1936, the date being September 22 at Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium. He stopped Al Ettore in five rounds before a house grossing a quarter of a million dollars.

The Carnival of Champions at the Polo Grounds on September 23, 1937, with a galaxy of world title holders defending their crowns, also drew a quarter of a million dollars, but Mike Jacobs lost heavily on his novelty card.

With Joe Louis having stopped Max Schmeling in June of 1938 in their return bout for the big heavyweight fight of the year, no important bouts were held in September.

In 1939, at Briggs Stadium, Louis halted Bob Pastor in 11 rounds with a $350,000 house looking on. In 1940, Max Baer, on the comeback trail, ruined the young and aspiring Pat Comiskey in less than one round at Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City. Fans paid $70,000 to see that one.

Joe Louis was again a September fighter in 1941, drawing close to $600,000 at the Polo Grounds as he disposed of Lou Nova.

During the war years few outdoor shows were held, but in 1946, Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano in a middleweight title bout grossed $342,497 at the Yankee Stadium. Louis and Tami Mauriello, a week previously, at the same venue, drew just over $335,000.

A sparse year, 1947, followed, but on September 21, 1948, Marcel Cerdan won the middleweight title from Tony Zale at Roosevelt Stadium, Jersey City, on a 12-round knockout before a crowd that paid $242,870. At the Yankee Stadium, on September 14, 1949, Rocky Graziano and Charley Fusari drew $135,117 to their thriller.

A heavyweight title bout held during the Golden Month of the sport has in the past been unusually successful and the Joe Louis-Ezzard Charles bout promises to follow precedent. In the twilight of the year, September, boxing seems to awaken.

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By JERSEY JONES

YOU are sitting in the working press section in the Yankee Stadium when Announcer Johnny Addie bellows that Willie Pep is unable to continue against Sandy Saddler because of a dislocated shoulder.

Your thoughts start drifting back through the years to a couple of gifted ringmen whose careers seemed finished almost before they'd started because of trick shoulders that had an annoying habit of going out of place, and how those careers were saved by the brilliant surgery of the late Dr. W. G. Fralick of New York.

Jack Zivic, pioneer member of the prolific Pittsburgh clan, had twice tossed his right arm out of its shoulder socket, first in an amateur bout, then in an early professional start. Several surgeons, after checking the trouble, advised Jack to quit the ring. Nothing could be done for him, and if he insisted on trying to fight, there was a strong likelihood that he'd cripple himself permanently.

Dr. Fralick, an enthusiastic boxing fan, heard of the case, and asked to see Zivic. After a thorough examination of the shoulder, he assured Jack's manager, Jimmy Bronson, that the damage could be repaired.

It was a tremendous job, necessitating, as we recall, some 183 stitches. But it put Zivic back into fistic circulation, and the young man went on to become one of the nation's top lightweights and welterweights.

A year or so after the operation on Zivic, Dr. Fralick performed a similar masterpiece on Bud Taylor, colorful Terre Haute bantam, who developed into as fine a 118-pounder as the division has ever seen.

TELEVISION may be raising havoc with the box-office receipts of the fight trade in general, but the International Boxing Club certainly cannot register any serious complaints. Whatever it may lose at the ticket windows, it is more than balancing by returns from video. For the 1950-51 campaign, the I.B.C. is said to be getting $600,000 from the Gillette safety-razor outfit for 35 Friday night dates in Madison Square Garden—with the Chicago Stadium and the Detroit Olympia as fillers-in when the Garden isn't available for boxing—while a like number of Wednesday night shows at the St. Nick Arena will bring in $300,000 from the Pabst brewing crowd.

All this, of course, will not represent clear profit to the I.B.C. As its partner, the Garden will cut in for half the spoils, and out of its own split the I.B.C. will have to stake the main-bout fighters. Friday headliners will get $2,250 each, while Wednesday finalists will pick up $1,000 per.

But it will still leave a neat bundle of cash for Jim Norris and his associates to assuage what grief may be caused by missing box-office sales.

Incidentally, it is reported that Pabst paid "about $180,000" for the TV rights to the Louis-Charles affair at the Yankee Stadium.

THE British don't forget their one-time sports idols. Nearly a quarter of a century after he hung up the padded mittens, Ted (Kid) Lewis was recently honored by a bang-up testimonial fight card in Earl's Court, London.

In many books, Lewis rates as the best all-around ring mechanic Britain ever produced. Ted probably did his best fighting in the United States. He was only 18, but already a remarkable fighting machine, when he checked into New York in 1914 after a short but brilliant campaign in Australia, and it wasn't until five years later that he saw England again. In those five years, the "crashing, smashing, slashing Kid," as voluble Manager Jimmy Johnston billed him, grew from a lightweight into a welterweight, and his series with Jack Britton for the world title became one of the classics of ring lore.

During his long, busy career, which started in 1910 and ended in 1928, Lewis fought in every division from bantam to heavy, but it was as a welter that he reached his peak.

Ted was a versatile performer who could change his tactics to suit the occasion. He could be a superb defensive boxer or an aggressive two-fisted slugger. He was equally adept as either. We recall two of his bouts in New York that featured the widely contrasting styles. Against Willie Ritchie in the old Garden, Lewis turned in a dazzling boxing exhibition to give the former lightweight champion a thorough drubbing. Then, against Al Badoud at the St. Nick Arena, he came roaring out of his corner at the opening bell with a devastating blitz that completely wrecked the rugged Swiss in one round.

The ring could well use another Ted (Kid) Lewis now.

IT was something of a coincidence that, as we were writing the foregoing, into the office ambled Lewis' first opponent in an American ring—Phil Bloom, transplanted Brooklynite, who has been doing his voting in California these last 20-odd years. Bloom hooked up with Ted in a 10-round no-decision affair in the old Garden on November 9, 1914.

Phil was quite a journeyman worker in his time. Never a champion, he was good enough to tangle with the top lightweights and welters of the era, and he won a lot more fights than he lost. There weren't many of the good 'uns that he missed. He was in there with the likes of Freddie Welsh, Leach Cross, Willie Beecher, Joe Welling, Irish Patsy Cline, Frankie Callahan, Benny Leonard, Johnny Dundee, Leo Johnson, Rocky Kansas, Lew Tendler, George (K.O.) Chaney, Matt Wells, Jack Britton, Frankie Conifrey, Walter Mohr, Pete Hartley, Barney Adair, Chick Simler, Steve Latzo, Paul Doyle and Georgie Ward. And quite a few of them he met not once, but often. Leonard, for instance, was his vis-a-vis no less than seven times, and his series with Welling embraced five meetings. On four occasions he tangled with Cline, he was Dundee's rival in three tussles, and he faced Welsh and Britton twice each.

His ring career behind him, Bloom drifted out to California in the late '20s, became interested in various business ventures, and eventually wound up as a movie bit player in Hollywood. He has been doing all right for himself. Through the years, Phil has made it an annual habit to take time out during the summer to hop on to New York and visit relatives and what still remains of the old crowd.

ARTIE DIAMOND, busy Middle Village middleweight, suffered three defeats in his first six pro outings. He lost to Vince Martinez, Tony Bove and Sammy LaRotta. Artie hasn't been beaten since, and in his current drive, which has carried him to 18 straight wins, he has squared accounts with Bove and LaRotta. But there doesn't seem to be much of a chance for him to clean up the one remaining smear on his 'scutcheon. Martinez is now in the army, one of the first boxers in the metropolitan area to be caught in the draft.

Incidentally, Diamond and Pat Marcune, the Coney Island feather, are waging quite a battle to determine the most indus-

trious performer hereabouts in 1950. At the year's two-thirds mark, Diamond was one bout in front, with a total of 17 to Marcune's 16. Artie's winning percentage also was the better. He had won all his starts, while Pat had posted 14 wins against one draw and one loss.

THAT was an unusual record posted at the Fort Hamilton Arena during the recent outdoor campaign. Three main events were so keenly contested that they warranted encores—and in every series the loser in the first meeting was the winner in the return. First, Don Williams evened the count with Fitzie Pruden, then Pat Marcune squared the score with Bill Bossio, and, finally, Billy Murphy made it one-all with Johnny Kamber. The second chapter in each set was just as close and exciting as the opener, and a "rubber" match was in order, but the season ran out before the matchmaking Monahan brothers could do anything about it. One of the "feuds"—Marcune vs. Bossio—was promptly grabbed by the Garden for a card of three tens.

Ray Robinson certainly doesn't believe in prolonging his ring appearances in the Pennsylvania coal regions. In his only two showings there, the welterweight champion has given the folks a total of one minute, 44 seconds of action. On February 10, 1949, Sugar Ray dropped into Wilkes-Barre to flatten Gene Buffalo in 52 seconds. This past August 25 he used up exactly the same time to put Jose Basora out of circulation in Scranton.

Johnny Hauck, brother of the late Leo Houck, sends along word that this year's banquet of the Lancaster (Pa.) City and County Old-Time Boxers' and Sportsmen's Association will be held in the Brunswick Hotel, Lancaster, November 9. This is quite an annual event in the civic life of a community that has long been outstanding in its contributions to the athletic world. Among the guests are not only noted sports figures, past and present, but men prominent in the fields of politics, education and commerce.

The first scheduled 20-round bout we've heard of since the Joe Louis-Bob Pastor affair in Detroit in 1939 was reported recently in Montana. A feud developed between Middleweight Chuck Lyons and Welterweight Al Covle, and the rivals were booked for the long route in Livingston's Civic Center. The full distance, however, wasn't needed to settle the argument. Lyons kayoed Coyle in the fourth.

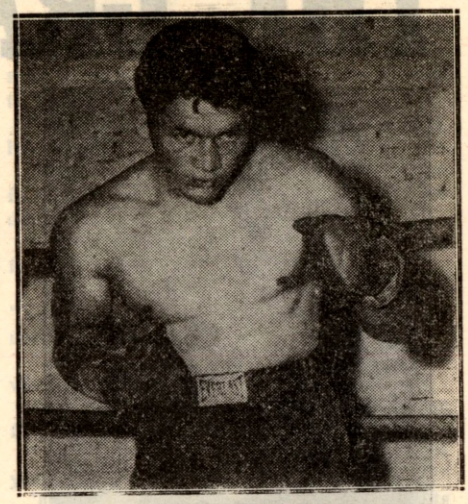
Birthday congratulations to Pete Hayes, popular club-fighting lightweight of the early '20s, who recently hit the 50-year mark. Pete, native of the East Side, but now living in Brooklyn's Bensonhurst district, fought Joe Glick, Red Cap Wilson, Chubby Brown, Willie Herman and other good 'uns of his time. He still retains a keen interest in boxing. A member of John Hughes' K. of C. in Brooklyn, Pete spends a lot of time teaching kids how to handle their fists and conducting boxing shows for them. A brother-in-law, who also used the name Petey Hayes, was a ranking feather during the '30s.

Tony Canzoneri is planning to import Harry Bos, rugged Dutch middleweight. . . . Billy Prince, former Connecticut boxing commissioner, has taken over the New Haven Arena for fight promotions. . . . Gus Lesnevich is now in the used-car business, operating at Murray's Central Auto Exchange in Little Ferry, N. J. . . . Joe Cheshul, shifty Bayonne heavy, who learned to box while in the Navy, is back in uniform, this time with the Marines. . . . A member of that great Negro heavyweight quartet of another era—Jack Johnson, Sam Langford and Sam McVey were the others—Joe Jeannette recently celebrated his 71st birthday by putting in the usual daily chores with his limousine service in Union City, N. J.

The month's results:

Fitzie Pruden, 146, St. Catharines, Ont., was too smooth an all-around mechanic for Carmine Fiore, 143¾, Brooklyn, at the Fort Hamilton Arena, and Referee Al Berl called a halt at 2:31 of the seventh to save Fiore from further punishment. The main event was in keeping with the supporting card, which scattered knockouts all over the premises. The fastest job was turned in by Richie Howard, 130, Halifax, N. S., who belted Guilermo Roberts, 128, Puerto Rico, out of circulation in 1:06 of one round. Mike Tocci, 120¼, Jersey City, stopped Louis Carmona, 125, Puerto Rico, in the second, and Richie LaLiberte, 137¾, Montreal, was credited with a kayo when a nasty gash over the left eye of Dick Wilson, 138¼, Waldwick, N. J., prompted the referee to intervene. In the two bouts that went their full distances, Frank Freeze, 127¾, Brooklyn, outpointed Max Osorio, 122¾, West Side, in six, and Rocco Quallo, 136½, Brooklyn, decisioned Stokes Thomas, 138, Jersey City.

Ranking lightweight contender Paddy DeMarco, 137, Brooklyn, carried a few too many guns for Kid Dussart, 141, Belgium, and was a clear winner in a bustling ten at the Long Beach Stadium. Dussart was bothered by an ugly cut, which was opened above his left eye in the fourth and bled profusely for the rest of the affair. A paratrooper at Fort Bragg, N. C., Bill McNeece, 159, Central Islip, made a success of his metropolitan pro debut by stopping Johnny Hickson, 159, Bronx, in the second. In other numbers, Joe Paniagua, 123, Puerto Rico, copped the decision



Fitzie Pruden, who checked Carmine Fiore's winning streak by stopping him at Fort Hamilton.

over Tommy Yamaoka, 118, Los Angeles, in six; Joe Heningsen, 135, St. Louis, punched out a win over Jackie Nieves, 136, Puerto Rico, in four; Herbert Ely, 152, Brooklyn, polished off Neil Koerkle, 154, Bayonne, in the third, and Tony Carotta, 123, East Side, turned in a 31-second kayo over Aristo Simonetti, 123, East Side.

One of the busiest fighters operating in the smaller clubs hereabouts, Artie Diamond, 155¾, Middle Village, posted his 17th straight win and his 20th in 23 pro outings, by whipping Tommy Ciarlo, 146½, Waterbury, Conn., in a rugged eight at the Coney Island Veledrome. In sixes, Charley Bunn, 146, Washington, D. C., outpointed Theodore Murray, 147¾, Harlem, and Tito Valles, 126½, East Side, decisioned Richie Crump, 130½, Harlem. Two of the fours produced one-round endings. Fred Maby, 138½, St. Albans, stopping Louis Weiss, 135¼, Brooklyn, in 1:38, and Jimmy DeLange, 208½, Bronx, disposing of Dick Willis, 181¼, Harlem, in 2:06. In another four, Jean Robnett, 129¼, France, grabbed the award over Bob Barclay, 130, East Side.

Making his first start in an American ring since returning from his native Italy, Armando Amanini, 159, didn't waste much time eliminating Al Hersh, 156¼, East Side, at the Ridgewood Grove. Amanini's rugged body belting had Hersh in distress almost from the start, and the referee called a halt at 1:32 of the second. In the semi-final six, former Golden Gloves star Jimmy Gambino, 201, Greenwich Village, ran off his seventh straight win as a pro by outpointing Hayward Henry, 181, Jamaica. Another six was over in a hurry. Reggie Alotti, 145, East Side, halting Werner Enge, 145, Brooklyn, in 1:06 of the first. In a trio of fours, Frank Freeze, 129, Brooklyn, won over Tommy May, 130, East Side; Hugo Alvarez, 190, Washington Heights, had the better of Johnny Dilley, 208, Jersey City, and Abadou Ali, 130¾, Brooklyn, outpointed Tommy Dixon, 130, Long Island City.

Bill Bossio, 120½, Pittsburgh, suffered his first defeat hereabouts when he blew a split decision to Pat Marcune, 125¼, Coney Island, in their return eight at the Fort Hamilton Arena. The season's largest crowd at the Fort—3,700 paid clients—sat in on the ding-dong brawl, Marcune's strong finish overcoming Bossio's early lead. The colorful Pittsburgher had previously run off 16 straight wins in metropolitan rings. Jimmy Dillon, 146, Norwood, Colo., decisioned Phil Rizzo, 147½, Brooklyn, in the semi-final six. In another six, Roger Muriel, 158¼, Elizabeth, whipped a Jersey rival, Jimmy Lee, 160¾, Cliffside Park. In fours, Ricky Versace, 119, White Plains, outpointed Mike Tocci, 121¾, Jersey City; Patsy Croce, 121½, Brooklyn, won over Willie Rodd, 125½, Puerto Rico, and Vinnie Calderone, 126½, East Side, decisioned Walter Zimmick, 125, Newark.

Back in action after three and a half months on the sidelines with a damaged hand, Roland LaStarza, 190, chunky Bronxite, was an easy winner over Keen Simmons, 202, Bayonne, in eight at Long Beach Stadium. Though he won handily enough, LaStarza didn't look any too well against an awkward opponent who, intent on going the route, made a tugging and hauling affair of it. In two other heavyweight numbers, George Henley, 200, Jacksonville, Fla., drew with Eddie Brown, 210, Chicago, in six, and Johnny Neubauer, 213, won over the clownish Hugo Alvarez, 190, Washington Heights, in four. In other fours, Wayne Eckhardt, 171, Miami, Fla., decisioned Angel Martinez, 175, Newark, and Gene Robnett, 128, France, was the winner over Jimmy Fredericks, 131, Mount Vernon.

Unbeaten Johnny Saxton, 148¼, Brooklyn, had unexpectedly rough going in posting his 16th straight win as a pro. Charley (Sonny) Bunn, 145, Washington, D. C., proved a rugged proposition, and Saxton needed a strong finish to edge out a split decision in a lively ten at the Coney Island Velodrome. George Flores, 141¾, East Side, outfought George LaLiberte, 137½, Montreal, in a bruising semi-final six. Harold Drucker, 159¾, East Side, outpointed Don Bryant, 157, Harlem, in another six. Quick finishes were produced in two of the scheduled fours, Albert Hunter, 128¼, Harlem, stopping Charley McGarrity, 124¼, Brooklyn, in 58 seconds, and Jimmy Cerello, 166, Hoboken, N. J., requiring one minute longer to polish off Joe Johnson, 166, Baltimore. In another four, Fred Maby, 139¼, St. Albans, drew with Joe Heningsen, 135¼, St. Louis.

Though he won clearly enough, Paddy DeMarco, 139, Brooklyn, had to hustle all the way to take the verdict over Young Junior, 138, Springfield, Mass., in a fast eight at the Ridgewood Grove. Junior, showing for the first time in a metropolitan ring, uncovered a lot of stuff, and gave DeMarco some rough moments, particularly in the fifth when he jolted Paddy with a couple of lusty rights. In the semi-final, a return brawl, Harry Berntsen, 216, Bay Ridge Norwegian, repeated over Howard Berger, 212, Philadelphia, by stopping him in the fifth. In fours, Al Mouzon, 152½, Philadelphia, decisioned Jimmy Dillon, 147, Norwood, Colo.; Willie Orsini, 122, Brooklyn, outpointed Larry Spencer, 117, Brooklyn; Basil Marie, 137¾, Harlem, won over Jackie Nieves, 136, Puerto Rico, and Ronnie Hopp, 168½, West Side, stopped Al Casey, 171, Astoria, in the second.

Richie Howard, 131¾, Halifax, N. S., made it three-for-three for his season's record at Fort Hamilton Arena by punching out a clean-cut decision over Ray Edwards, 127¼, Jamaica, in a busy eight. The squatty Canadian, nearly a head shorter than his lanky opponent, scored with effective left hooks to the head and two-fisted assaults to the body. Al Marcotti, 140½, Youngstown, stopped Larry Griffin, 137, Auburn, Me., in the third of the semi-final. Rocco Quallo, 137, Brooklyn, decisioned Tommy Dixon, 133, Charlotte, N. C., in six. In fours, Bobby Gainville, 137, Bronx, won over Jackie Nieves, 135½, Brooklyn; Eddie Harris, 164½, West Side, stopped Paul Rudd, 172, Bronx, in the second, and Charley D'Arcy, 143, East Side, did likewise to Kenny Ray, 147, Bronx.

In running off his 18th straight win, and 21st in 24 outings, Artie Diamond, 157¾, Middle Village, had to come on from behind to edge out a split decision over Johnny Noel, 156, East Side, in a fast-moving eight at Dexter Park. Joey Juliano, 153½, East Side was too rough, tough and aggressive for Carlin Scott, 143¾, Bronx, in a co-feature eight. In fours, Matt Corbin, 141, Long Island City, won over Luis Ortiz, 139, Puerto Rico; Hugo Alvarez, 189, Puerto Rico, whipped Eli Rogalle, 189, Astoria; Rocky DeFrance, 145¼, East Side, stowed away Joe Thomas, 141, Harlem, in the second, and likely-looking Jerry Barrett, 190¼, Bronx, stopped Dick Willis, 181, Harlem, in the first.

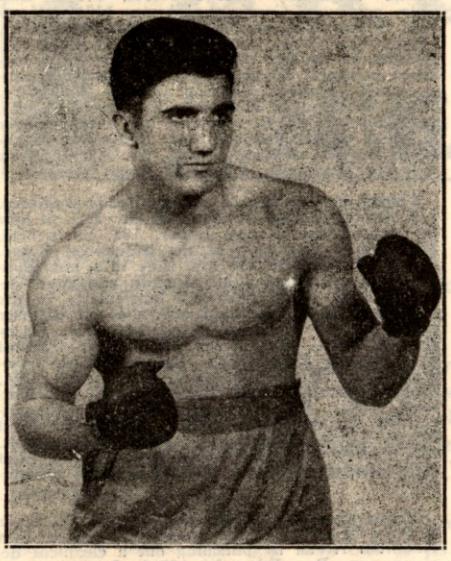
Showing for the first time in his career at the Coney Island Velodrome, World Welterweight Champion Ray Robinson, 156, had to step lively all the way to whip Billy Brown, 160½, Hartford, ten. Brown surprised the clients by his showing. He not only went the full route, but at no time was he in serious trouble, and on occasion he even made bold enough to swap punches with Robinson. The bout dropped the curtain on the Velodrome's 1950 campaign. In the semi-final six, Bobby Rosado, 144, Harlem, outpointed Danny Womber, 144¼, Chicago. In other sixes, Jimmy Cerello, 168, Marlboro, N. Y., won over Ronnie Hopp, 168¾, West Side, and Angel Martinez, 176, Newark, kayoed Wayne Eckhardt, 172¼, Miami, Fla., in the fourth. Abdou Ali, 130, Arabia, outpointed Gene Robnett, 129¼, Chicago, in four.

An edge in aggressiveness represented the slim margin by which Billy Murphy, 135, Brooklyn, evened the score with Johnny Kamber, 132½, Livingston, N. J., in their fast-moving, hard-hitting return eight at the Fort Hamilton Arena. Al Moretti, 139½, Youngstown, O., outpointed Vito Drago, 136, Louisville, Ky., in the semi-final six. Fast-coming Tony Allegro, 136, Bronx, collected another win by whipping Basil Mari, 138¼, Philadelphia, in six. In fours, Mavie Brocea, 122, Brooklyn, was winner over Willie Rodd, 127, Puerto Rico; Tony Calderone, 125, East Side, copped the verdict over Des Shanley, 128, Jersey City, and Richie Versace, 117, White Plains, flattened Larry Spencer, 117, West Side, in the first.

Scoring a knockdown in the first, and forcing the action all the way, Tom Collins, 125¼, Boston, was blinded by a cut over his left eye in the sixth round of the semi-final to the Sandy Saddler-Willie Pep affair at the Yankee Stadium, and the bout was halted at the end of the frame. Febela Chavez, 125, Los Angeles, getting credit for a kayo. In sixes, Tony Cimmino, 146¼, Bayonne, outlasted Manouk Makarian, 145, Argentina, and Massimo Sanna, 135¼, Italy, outmauled Jackie Blair, 132, Dallas, Tex. Bobby Fenty, 124, Harlem, outpointed Charley Debow, 120¼, Springfield, Mass., in the opening four, and George Flores, 141, Brooklyn, flattened Fred Maby, 136, St. Albans, in the second of a walk-out four, staged after the main event.

MAKING THE GRADE

By HARVEY THORNE



Ted Calaman, Dushore, Pa., light-heavyweight, who rates as a comer.

TED CALAMAN

THE best defense is an offense and the best offense is a combination of power and marksmanship. To mount big guns and to hit the mark is the major step in becoming invulnerable.

A representative of the above school of thinking is Ted Calaman of Dushore, Pa., now fighting out of Philadelphia. Twenty-one years of age, a trifle over six feet tall, and toeing the Toledos between 173 and 182, Ted packs a lot of socko in his two mitts. And they land where he aims 'em. Aggressive and action plus from the opening bell, Ted has been going through the opposition in a workmanlike manner.

He has won seventeen out of nineteen fights, losing only to Dan Bucceroni and Duilio Spagnola, both of whom were too experienced for Calaman, who has been boxing about a year and a half in the pro ranks.

Calaman was discovered in Dushore, a mining town, where he had been working in the mines and cutting timber since he was 14. Micky Grandinetti taught the gentle art to Ted and has been managing him ever since. Recently Jim Gallagher entered the partnership and has been co-managing and aiding in the training of the youth.

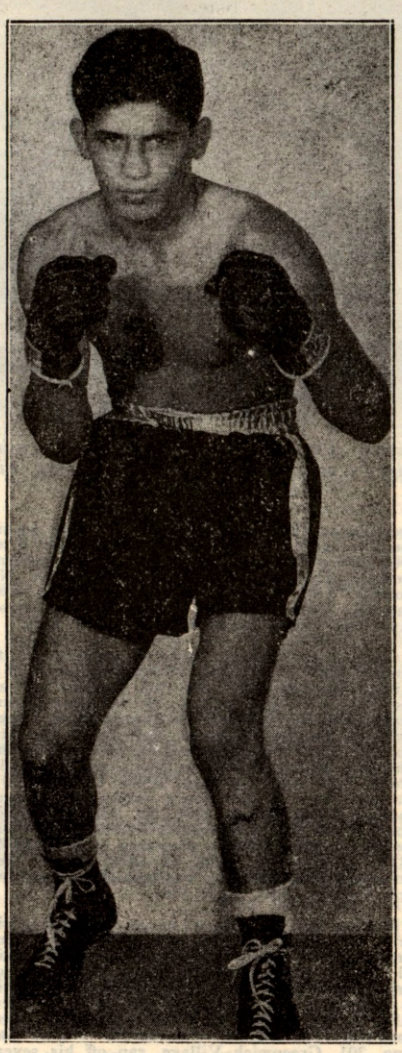
As an amateur Ted has had over a hundred bouts, winning the majority of them via the knockout route.

CHICO VEJAR

TWELVE FIGHTS — twelve wins, eight by kayos. That's the record book story of Connecticut's newest welterweight sensation. In fact, in the Nutmeg State they've already dubbed 18-year-old Chico Vejar, "Stamford's Socking Schoolboy."

Young Vejar is a fourth year high school honor student, maintaining an "A" average both in the classroom and in the squared circle. The colorful youngster has tremendous crowd appeal. In his last fight, Chico headlined a Norwalk, Connecticut, fistic card and attracted over two thousand people with amazing receipts of $4,118, the largest gate achieved by the Crystal Arena this year.

A favorite in New York City rings where Chico has appeared in ten of his twelve professional fights, the Stamford flash has demonstrated an aggressive style of ring warfare that has gained for him a nod of approval from Gotham audiences.



"Stamford's Socking Boy," a title given to Chico Vejar, Stamford, Connecticut's welterweight.

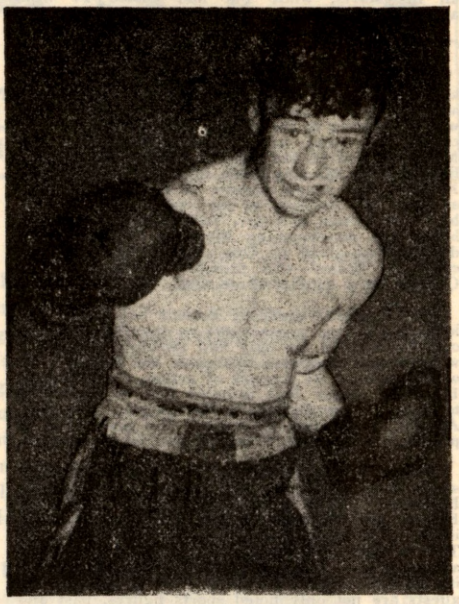
Queries have reached THE RING as to this lad's nationality. "Stamford's Socking Schoolboy" is half Italian and half Indian. His mother is of Italian-American extraction. His pater is a South American Indian from Santiago, Chile.

Chico is versatile outside as well as inside the squared circle. He is a superb man at the traps, beating out a mean rhythm on the drums and his accomplishments as a tap dancer has led intimates to call him "Twinkle Toes."

The youngster is a well coordinated, thoroughly conditioned athlete who should go far. Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross, former title holders, have tabbed Vejar as one of the best prospects they have seen in many a Sunday.

Ace Sportscaster Steve Ellis, who guides the destinies of Vejar goes on record as stating that Chico is the "bestest" of the prospects he has seen in nine years of blow by blow broadcasting.

Steve has turned Vejar over to Charley Goldman for training.



Glyn David, Welsh flyweight, on the way up the fistic ladder.

GLYN DAVID

FOR a land smaller than the state of New Jersey in area and the city of Philadelphia in population, the British principality of Wales is well steeped in ring lore and tradition. Through the years, the Welsh have turned out such top ringmen as Tommy Thomas, Jim Driscoll, Freddie Welsh, Jimmy Wilde, Johnny Basham, Frank Moody and Tommy Farr, to list only the better known of the many good 'uns.

And they're still turning them out. The current British welterweight champion, Eddie Thomas, is a Welshman out of Merthyr, and his victories in international competition over such rivals as the American Billy Graham; the Belgians, Stan Reypens and Emile Delmine, and Frenchmen Henri Hecquart and Gilbert Ussin, established him as a strong contender for world honors.

Another lad who appears destined for prominence in international ratings is 21-year-old Glyn David of Caeru, who recently won the Welsh flyweight laurels by whipping the promising George Sutton in Porthcawl.

Despite the fact that it is four years since David fought his first professional bout, he still is rated a youngster in competition. His complete career in the money ranks embraced only 20 bouts up to his title-winning affair with Sutton.

Manager Billy Hughes has been in no hurry to push Glyn to the top. He has been satisfied to go along slowly, giving the lad every opportunity to learn boxing and to improve with the right sort of experience.

Meanwhile, David, a blacksmith by trade, puts in his regular licks at the New Port Talbot Steel Mills, and fights only as and when Manager Hughes thinks he should. Hughes feels that it'll be another year before Glyn is ready to make a serious bid for the British, European and possibly world flyweight titles.

LIKE OLD TIMES

(Continued from page 13)

"I was just thinking you were running out on Charles for a bigger fight," Seamon said.

Nicholson laughed. "Betcha Charles would like that," he said.

Louis came off the rubbing table on which he had been sitting and said, "Let's get weighed."

"Okay," said Seamon, who pulled the table from around Joe. Louis stepped on the scale and Mannie said, "This is the same scale Ray Robinson made weight on for the Charley Fusari fight. Must be right."

Seamon adjusted the weights.

"How much is it?" Louis asked.

"Like I thought," Mannie replied. "Two hundred seventeen and a half."

"That's good," said Nicholson. "Them people who don't believe you're down so low will believe it now."

Louis clutched the towel which Seamon had been holding and draped himself in it. He walked toward the shower room. Seamon, as always, followed.

Nicholson said, "I worked with Charles for three fights. He's a good fighter, that fellow, real good. Only thing, he hasn't been hit yet by Joe Louis. That's the difference. That's what will make the fight different for Charles."

Louis came out of the shower and Seamon began wiping him down. Ten minutes later he was ready to begin pulling on his clothes. When he was finished he said, "I feel good. One thing, I ain't lost my appetite up here. I'm eating good."

"You're eating like a horse," Mannie said.

"Only thing," said Joe, "I'm training for a fight, not a race. Anyway, I feel good getting back to boxing."

He started leaving the dressing room when Marshall Miles came in with a slip of paper. "A kid wants your autograph," Miles said. Joe signed it.

"I like to sign these things for people," he said. "but when they ask at the right time. Other day, up at the ball game, a fellow sitting right next to me said, in the first inning of the first game of a doubleheader, that he wanted my autograph. I said let's wait until later. He kept asking me. I kept saying wait until later. It was a long day, but he kept asking me every minute. Know what? I didn't sign it. He must not think a lot of me. But I don't think a lot of a guy that don't let another guy have a good time at a ball game."

FISTIC THINGS

(Continued from page 23)

champion?" the reporter said, almost shouting it to be heard above the sound of the shower and meaning to kid Graziano a little.

"I can't believe it," Graziano said, and he was serious. "I mean, I can't. . . . I mean a guy like me."

"You mean," the other said, "that you can't believe that you're the champion?"

"I mean a guy like me," Graziano said. "From nowhere. You know—I mean a guy with nothin'. I mean I never had— I mean when I was a kid—"

He had his hands out, under the shower, trying to talk with them. He saw the fireman standing and listening and he turned to him.

"I mean," he said, looking at the fireman, his hands still out.

"I know what you mean, Rocky," the fireman said. "You're giving a talk on democracy."

Graziano had half-turned away from the fireman and now he turned back.

"You know?" he said to the fireman. "You know what I mean? I'm a guy with nothin' and no—"

"I know," the fireman said. "I know what you mean."

Graziano smiled a little, looking at the fireman.

"You're okay," he said. "You're okay, if you know what I mean."

The things you remember about fights and fighters, you see, so often are of no importance.

IT HAPPENED IN WISCONSIN

With Pinky Mitchell
Former World Junior Welterweight Champion

ON August 25 at Minocqua, Wis., Cal Vernon, heavy-fisted former University of Wisconsin student and intercollegiate light-heavyweight champion, won an eight-round decision over Lou King of Chicago at the Minocqua ballpark. Vernon shook King up several times with his TNT packed right, but was unable to follow up the advantage.

The bout was the windup of a 30-round card arranged by Matchmaker Max Kaminsky of the Minocqua Athletic Club. It was the first professional boxing show staged in the summer resort town.

Other bouts had welterweights Bill Salandish and Johnny Nicholas, both of Milwaukee, scoring three-round knockouts over two Chicago lads, Sonny Harris and Eddie Gonzales.

The best contest on the card was between two Milwaukee lightweights, Dick Perkins and Dick Kerber. Perkins got the nod in four rounds. In another bout between Milwaukee lads, Jerry Berg beat Mickey Miller in four rounds.

Gross gate, $1,000. Referee, Charley Braem. Judges, Jake Blum and Eddie Vassas. Physician, Dr. G. Huber.

A former welterweight boxer and an old pupil of mine dropped in from Brownsville, Tex., Lloyd Barber, who thinks he has a serious heavyweight championship threat in Tom Adams, a football star at Harden Simmons University, Texas. He stands five feet, eleven inches, weighs 195, and without previous ring experience was runner-up to the state amateur champion last year. He graduates this fall and will turn professional. The incentive to be heavyweight champion is not money—it is glory. Adams' father is a wealthy oil man. Lloyd also manages Freddie Morales, Galveston featherweight.

Our office received a letter from Joe Glaser. Joe, a great ballyhoo artist, exploited Cowboy Eddie Anderson to big gates here against Joey Sangor, Tony Canzoneri, Bushy Graham, Benny Bass and Bruce Flowers. Joe, always entertainment minded, is a "big-wig" with Associated Booking Corporation. His address is 745 Fifth Ave., New York.

Harold Steinman, another fight manager—page King Levinsky and Johnny Paychek—is back in Milwaukee this month with his Roller Skating Vanities. They grossed $125,000 for a 13-day stand at the Auditorium last year. Harold says he will top it 25% in the New Arena. Harold has five grand invested in Big Jack Herman, a German refugee. He stands over six feet, three inches and weighs 215 pounds. He is trained by Jerry Hayes and has been a consistent knockout winner this year.

Howard E. LaFrombois, 20, Marinette, Wis., was killed in a car-truck accident south of Portland, Ore. He was a member of the Escanaba Golden Gloves team which fought here last winter.

Torias Rivas, who beat Spider Thomas here, is in Mexico for two fights. The featherweight will return this month under the Eddie Metri-Johnny Heim banner.

Dave Maier, a local light-heavyweight favorite here in the 30's, has been living in California. He returned to the city on the death of his father. He will stay here and go in business with his former manager, Eddie Metrie. His record includes a victory over Maxie Rosenbloom, a knockout over Johnny Nichols and a defeat by Tommy Loughran.

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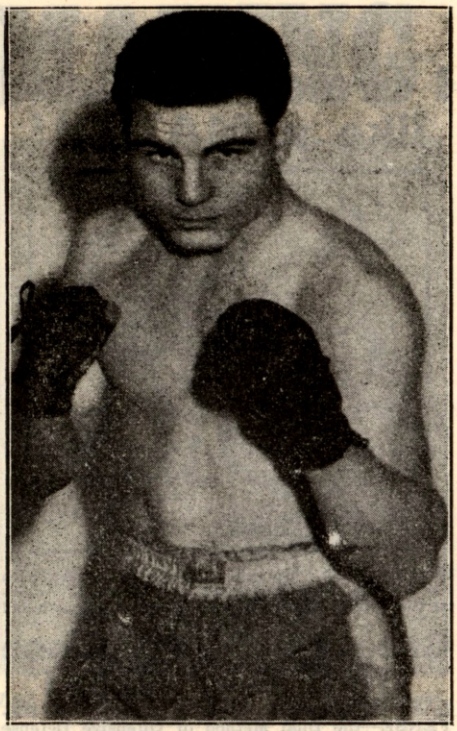
NEW FACES

By ART COLLINS



Garth Panter, Preston, Idaho, middleweight.

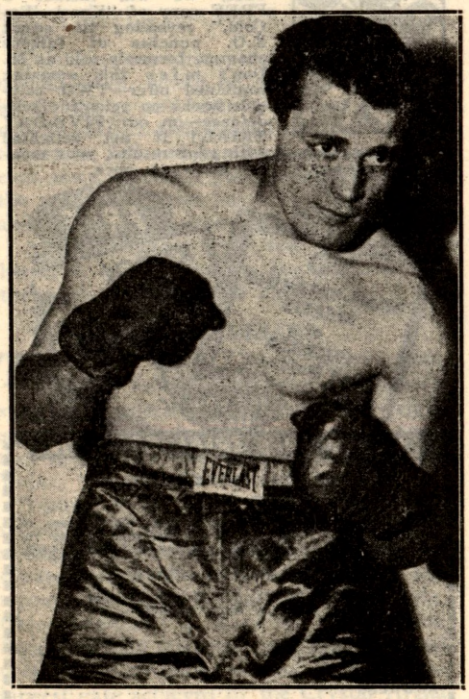
GARTH PANTER

A 19-YEAR-OLD LAD with a bomb in either hand, Garth Panter, who hails from Preston, Idaho, bears watching.

Panter toes the Toledos at 158 pounds and stands 5′ 11½″ in his stocking feet. He has been in the swat exchange for pay since December 1949 and has notched 10 kayoes in thirteen tries, winning the other three by decisions.

Garth is quickly gathering a following in the intermountain region.

He started his career by belting out Sam Healy in three, took a four-rounder from Woody Miller and then went on a K.O. binge that rang up six kayoes in as many starts. In his next two affairs he won six-rounders over the same opponent—Ken Hoyt. In his last three outings he has put the quietus on Jerry Fujiwaia, Jose Martinez, and Phil Martinez.



Kansas City has a promising young welterweight in Ray Lee.

JOEY LETO

BOBBY NELSON, manager of the brilliant New York welterweight, Joe Miceli, has come up with another youngster who looks as though he may be destined for prominent places in the boxing world. The young man, a lightweight, is Joey Leto, and he bills himself out of Brooklyn.

Though only 18, Leto has already made a career of winning fights. As an amateur, he packed in 34 victories in 35 starts. Joey carried the habit with him when he turned professional recently. In his first five outings in the money ranks, he chalked up four decisions and one draw. The deadlock, in his second bout, was with another fine prospect, Tony Allegro. Leto's wins were posted at the expense of Ernie Rivers, Ralph Jacobs (twice) and Stokes Thomas.

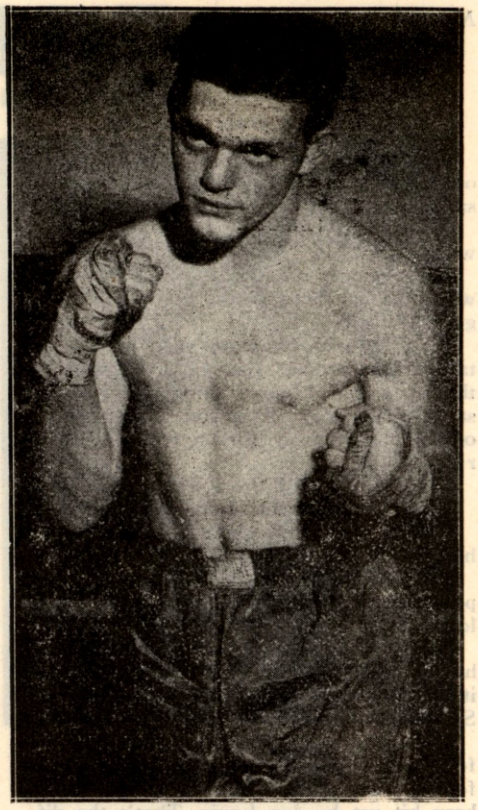
Because of his unusual jumping-jack style, Joey has been dubbed "Kangaroo" at Stillman's Gym, where he trains.

NOEL HUMPRHEYS

NOEL HUMPHREYS, 126 pounds, Charleston, West Va., fistic product, won the Huntington, West Virginia, *Advertiser* Golden Glove tournament, three years in a row (1947-1948-1949) as flyweight, bantam and feather, respectively. In 1947 Humphreys advanced to the finals in the New York *Daily News* "Tournament of Champions" at Madison Square Garden, losing a decision in the finals. He was recalled the same year to represent the Eastern team against the Western aggregation (112-pound class) and won handily. In 1948, "Noah" as he is called by his friends, won the National 118-pound title (Golden Glove title) in New York, after winning the Eastern title and defeating the Western champion in an inter-city meet. In 1949 Humphreys again went into the finals at the Garden in New York, only to suffer a T.K.O. in the last round when he sustained an eye cut, causing the referee to halt the contest. Again Noel was called by the New York team to box as an alternate against the Westerners at the Chicago Stadium, and again the West Virginia lad came through with a victory.

Since turning pro, Humphreys has engaged in three bouts winning all three. Making his professional debut, Noel knocked out Bobby Kinder in the first round, following this up in two weeks with a five-round K.O. over seasoned Johnny Cook of Cincinnati. In his last outing, Humphreys won a clean-cut decision over Jimmy Reading in six rounds.

Humphreys is a very good two-handed puncher, but his pet punch is a dynamite laden left hook. He engaged in 51 scraps as a simon pure, winning all but three. He is 18 years of age.



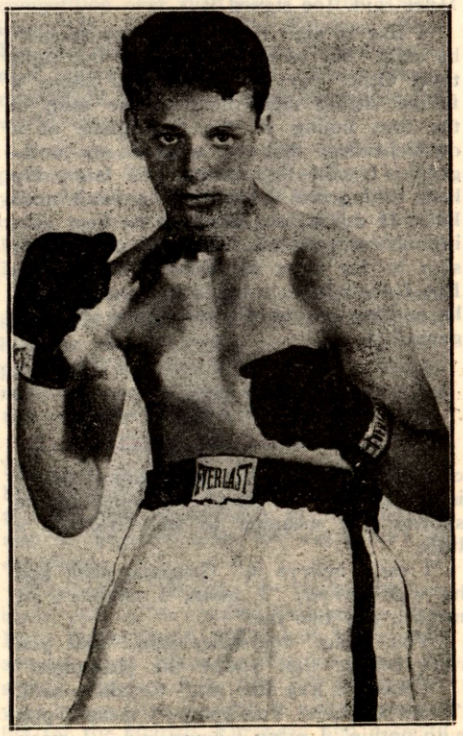
Noel Humphreys, Charleston, West Virginia featherweight.

Humphreys is managed by Albert Kearns of Charleston and Mickey Davies of Huntington, West Virginia.

RAY LEE

RAY LEE, lithe young Irish welterweight, hailing from Kansas City, a boxing master and sharp puncher, may shortly prove a "rave." He has won every

(Continued on page 50)



Joey Leto, New York welterweight.

A DAY IN CAMP

(Continued from page 33)

2:00 p.m. for his gym chores. A half-hour later his hands are bandaged, and he is loosening up in the gym.

Charles shadow boxes for six minutes without taking the customary minute rest. Then Brown puts on his headguard, and laces the gloves. The length of the workout varies, but as a rule it goes four or five rounds.

Ezzard is a fast-moving, shifty boxer. He depends on speed and skill rather than punching power. He doesn't punish his sparring partners. Working with Lloyd Gibson and Joe Lindsay, he is always on the offensive. He outpoints his hired hands easily enough, but seems more concerned with sharpening his offensive weapons, putting together combinations of punches.

Charles jabs with an educated left, slipping in under right-hand counters. He is thoroughly aware that Louis can "take him out" with a punch—if he connects. But he is positive that he has the speed and skill to stay out of the range of Joe's blasts.

When Charles is through boxing, he punches both the heavy and light bags. If he has been on the road in the morning, he doesn't skip rope. If it happens that he hasn't done any roadwork that morning, then rope-skipping becomes part of his gym schedule. Then comes a series of setting-up exercises, and Charles is off to the showers.

When boxing writers are in camp, Charles meets them in the press headquarters. This is located in the Pavilion, one of the several buildings on the grounds. The press room leads into the bar, and a scribe has only to take a step or two to quench his thirst. The press room is equipped with a direct telegraph wire, and an operator is assigned from the Western Union office in nearby Middletown.

There seldom is anything unusual about press conferences. Almost invariably, they follow the same old standard pattern—the usual questions and the usual replies. Has there ever been a fighter, training for an important fight, who wasn't positive of winning?

Charles follows the normal routine. He knows he can beat Louis. Joe's getting old, and has slowed down considerably. Ezzard can beat him with his speed and skill.

THE interview over, Charles has a little time to himself. There is a baseball diamond and a swimming pool at the Nermerson. Brown doesn't let Ezzard go swimming while in training. Sometimes when there is a ball game, usually pitting a team of married men against bachelors, Charles is an interested and amused spectator.

Ezzard would like to ride one of the several saddle horses on the premises, but that, too, is against Brown's training rules.

"Jimmy's always taking the fun out of life," says Charles, "but I guess he's right. A horse might trip or stumble—and there's no sense taking unnecessary chances with an important fight coming up."

The dinner gong sounds at 6:30 p.m. Generally Charles dines on steak or roast beef. Occasionally, he gets a piece of baked fish. Chef Huldock also varies the diet with broiled chicken. Always there are fresh vegetables and tea. Brown doesn't let Ezzard drink milk while in training. Coffee is out, too.

After dinner the conversation may drift around to Louis. The Bomber isn't here, but his presence is felt, and in every respect Joe is a more important individual than those living with Charles. Plans for the coming battle are discussed, accepted or rejected, during the conference of the fighter, his managers and trainer.

"I've got a plan for fighting Louis," Charles says. "I can't tell you what it is. It's a secret."

In the early evening, Charles sees a motion picture. If none is being shown at the hotel, he goes to the theatre in nearby Liberty. Sometimes he sees a film of one of Louis' fights. He has several here, including the first Louis-Jersey Joe Walcott battle.

Bedtime is 9:30 p.m., at the latest. Ezzard has no trouble falling asleep.

"I forget about the fight and everything," he says. "It's just the end of another day."

REPORT FROM THE PHILIPPINES

By Felipe J. C. Galang

LARRY BATAAN, 118, won the bantamweight championship of the Philippines when he badly outpointed Oscar Feliciano, 118, of Pampanga and protege of Ted Lewin, in a ten-round main event at the Coliseum. Larry proved too fast and elusive for the heavy slugging Pampangeno.

Oscar was the aggressor. Larry's stinging jabs, coordinated with timely rights, prevented Oscar from landing his haymaker. Larry peppered Oscar with jabs and uppercuts to the head, toying with the Pampangoan throughout the night. Referee Paquito Villa and the two judges voted unanimously for Bataan.

Tanny Campo, 112, of Cebu, protege of Philip Maynard, won the flyweight championship from Tommy Tim Ramos, flyweight champion, by knocking out Ramos in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round supporting main event. Campo downed Ramos once in the second for no count, twice in the fourth for two and three counts, and downed him in the fifth for a seven count, when the chief second threw in the towel.

Campo came out aggressively, pounded Ramos from all angles, giving the champ no time to start. Campo's "boring in" tactics puzzled Ramos from the very start, and the end was inevitable.

Star Gony, 136, and Little Paras, 139, fought to a dull ten-round draw. Although called in on three days' notice, Paras completely outclassed Gony, who refused to fight openly.

Fighting Camilo Silva, 117, badly outscored his heavier opponent, Duke de Alvia, 124, of Baguio, in six. Silva won five rounds and one round was called even. Art Pacheco, 135, of Pasig, knocked out Andy Rodriguez, 138, in the fourth round.

Tommy Tim Ramos, flyweight champion of the Philippines, drew with Dommy Reyes, former flyweight titleholder, in a six-round main event at the Grace Park Stadium under the promotion of Amado Munson.

Strong Ravalo, 130, of Mandaluyong, had an easy time in knocking out Sta. Rita Kid, 130, of Pampango, in the beginning of the first round with a well-timed right to the chin.

Tenejero Boy, 118, disposed of Little Armstrong, 116, in the third round. Up and coming Tommy Romula, 124, proved too smart for Speedy Reyes, 126, in four rounds. Strong Maya, 120, and Joe Mendiola, Jr., 120, drew in four. Dan Alvardo, 106, won over Little Manuel in the opening four.

BOXING NEWS FROM HAWAII

By Ted Yamachika

IN a bout featuring two mainlanders, something hitherto frowned upon by the Territorial Boxing Commission, Mario Trigo of Los Angeles upset favorite Bernard Docusen of New Orleans in a tame ten-round main event held at the Civic Auditorium. The local commission's approval of two outsiders fighting in a main event here set some sort of a post-war precedent, and in view of Honolulu's lack of main eventers may prove to be the right thing for Honolulu's boxing future.

The fight, which was promoted by Augie Curtis, drew 3,886 fans, who paid $7,100.

The decision in favor of the Los Angeles switch-hitter was a split one, with Referee Kenneth Olds and Judge James Carreira giving Trigo the nod. Judge Wilbert Minn scored the fight in Docusen's favor.

Bernard Docusen, 145½, started off as if he would give Mario Trigo, 142½, a boxing lesson by copping the first three rounds with ease. He showed flashes of the form he displayed a year ago when he won easily from Frankie Fernandez. But as the fight progressed he began to slow down considerably, and fought only in spurts. When he did open up he was much the faster fighter of the two, but try as he did he was unable to land more than a couple solid blows throughout the fight. The seventh was his biggest round. In this heat he rocked Trigo with a left and right and tried to follow up. But Trigo recovered quickly and fought himself out of danger.

Mario Trigo's left-handed stance proved a puzzle to the New Orleans welterweight. In the earlier rounds Trigo caught Docusen coming in with several good lefts to the heart. These blows, plus a puffing left eye which closed almost completely in the last four rounds, slowed Docusen down; and proved the margin of victory for Trigo. Whether he was conscious of it or not, Docusen kept favoring his injured optic, and in trying to guard it he left his midsection open to some of Trigo's best punches.

Other results: Bobby Garza, 122, won a close one from Gus Rosa, 122¾, in six rounds. Richard Choi, 142½, scored an eight-count knockdown in the fourth to win over Ray Apana, 144¼, in four. Lou Langley, 119½, was held to a four-round draw by Tiger Rosa, 119. Charley Copp, 132½, scored a fourth-round knockout over Blaine Manley, 135.

Foreign Readers

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Managers and Promoters

Work has begun on the compilation of the 1951 Ring Record Book. A revision of the Managers' and Promoters' Directory is in order.

If you want your name listed, make certain that you send same to us no later than October 30th. Only those who write to us, giving their name, address, telephone number and name of club and address if associated with a boxing organization, will be listed—American and foreign. The complete list printed in the 1950 issue will be destroyed and a new list compiled.

Owners of gymnasiums where professional boxers train, are requested to send in the name of the gymnasium, the owner's name, address of the gymnasium and telephone number.

All listings will be free. There is no charge for this.

Charles Is Fighter of the Month

By THE RING STAFF

THE big fight is over. Joe Louis, going the way of the others who had tried it before him, failed to make his comeback a successful one. Thus Ezzard Charles now tops our ratings as world champion, and the deadlock between Ezzard and Lee Savold has been broken. For the first time since he announced his retirement early last year, Joe Louis's name again appears among the ranking fighters, since he has made known the fact that he has under consideration a return to the ring despite his loss to Charles.

Under the circumstances Louis must receive the leading challenger's post over Savold, since Joe went fifteen rounds with the man who is acknowledged the best in the division, while Savold stopped Bruce Woodcock in his only fight in many months. Though Lee is entitled to the first crack at Charles, he is ranked below Louis as our number two man, with Joe Walcott and Joey Maxim following in that order.

Since the last edition was published Jake LaMotta turned what looked like a sure defeat at the hands of Laurent Dauthuille into a victory in the closing 13 seconds of the final round to retain his world middleweight title.

Sandy Saddler regained the featherweight title when he stopped Willie Pep, who was forced to retire at the end of the seventh round as the result of a shoulder injury. Sugar Ray Robinson sent Jose Basora into dreamland in the opening round. Those performances highlighted an active beginning to the fall boxing season in America.

In the welterweight class Eddie Thomas, British champion, has jumped several pegs to reach second place among the 147 pounders of the world, with only George Costner above him. Thomas has an excellent record, and he added to his prestige by successfully defending his laurels against Cliff Curvis. Last year he whipped Billy Graham, who is now rated third with Kid Gavilan in fourth place. Eddie Thomas continues his bid for a shot at the world's champion, Ray Robinson. Charles Humetz, who may meet Thomas for the European crown, is now listed tenth.

Hein ten Hoff, the best fighter to come out of Germany since Max Schmeling, retained his German Championship by flattening Wilson Kohlbrecher in two rounds. Hein is now listed ninth.

Lloyd Marshall, veteran California light-heavyweight, who is one of the few men to hold a victory over Ezzard Charles, was eliminated from the ratings when he lost a one sided duke to Willie Hoepner, of Germany. The latter entered the top ten in seventh place.

Bert Lytell, who for several years has been a mainstay in both the middleweight and light-heavyweight ranks, has slipped and is now on the downgrade. In his last two starts, Bert lost to Jimmy Slade and then to middleweight Art Towne. Lytell no longer finds himself rated.

The crack Hawaiian middleweight, Carl Olson, dropped from the top ten last month, has regained tenth spot by virtue of his victory over Henry Brimm. Olson will be remembered for the close battle he gave the Australian champion, Dave Sands.

Bernard Docusen has been eliminated after losing to lightweight Mario Trigo.

Henry Davis of Hawaii is back in the ratings after racking up a series of good wins. Henry has always been one of the best at his weight. He is rated eighth.

Vic Herman, crack Scot, won new laurels by stopping Norman Lewis in ten rounds. Herman now finds himself rated fifth among the flyweights.

Veteran Stumpy Butwell regained the Australian Championship by chilling Mickey Hill in 4 rounds and took down sixth place.

The results of the month follow:

RING RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Ending October 4th, 1950

Heavyweights (Over 175 pounds)	Light-Heavyweights (Not exceeding 175 pounds)	Middleweights (Not exceeding 160 pounds)	Welterweights (Not exceeding 147 pounds)
World's Champion Ezzard Charles	World's Champion Joey Maxim	World's Champion Jake LaMotta	World's Champion Ray Robinson
1—Joe Louis	Archie Moore	Ray Robinson	George Costner
2—Lee Savold	Harry Matthews	Laurent Dauthuille	Eddie Thomas
3—Joe Walcott	Bob Satterfield	Dave Sands	Billy Graham
4—Joey Maxim	Bob Murphy	Robert Villemain	Kid Gavilan
5—Bob Baker	Jimmy Slade	Tiberio Mitri	Charley Fusari
6—Lee Oma	Nick Barone	Ray Barnes	Lester Felton
7—Joe Baksi	Willie Hoepner	Tony Janiro	Charley Salas
8—Hein ten Hoff	Connie Rux	Eugene Hairston	Johnny Saxton
9—Bruce Woodcock	Doc Williams	Paddy Young	Don Williams
10—Rocky Marciano	Albert Yvel	Carl Olson	Charles Humetz

Lightweights (Not exceeding 135 pounds)	Featherweights (Not exceeding 126 pounds)	Bantamweights (Not exceeding 118 pounds)	Flyweights (Not exceeding 112 pounds)
World's Champion Ike Williams	World's Champion Sandy Saddler	World's Champion Vic Toweel	World's Champion Dado Marino
1—Freddy Dawson	Willie Pep	Manuel Ortiz	Terry Allen
2—John L. Davis	Ray Famechon	Luis Romero	Honore Pratesi
3—Carlos Chavez	Charley Riley	Elley Bennett	Jan Sneyers
4—Bobby Lloyd	Percy Bassett	Luis Galvani	Dickie O'Sullivan
5—Tommy Campbell	Ronnie Clayton	Luis Castillo	Vic Herman
6—Arthur King	Al Phillips	Peter Keenan	Stumpy Butwell
7—Eddie Chavez	Luis de Santiago	Eddie Carson	Tino Cardinale
8—Art Aragon	Henry Davis	Danny O'Sullivan	Norman Lewis
9—Harold Jones	Francis Bonnardel	Tommy Proffitt	Black Pico
10—Archie Whitewater	Roy Ankarah	Theo Medina	Bob Scrivano

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Ezzard Charles, N.B.A. heavyweight champion, stopped game Freddie Beshore in the 14th round of title contest.

Hein ten Hoff retained German title by flattening Wilson Kohlbrecher, 2.

Rex Layne defeated Turkey Thompson, 10.

Triple Australian Champion Dave Sands defended his heavyweight laurels by outpointing Alf Gallagher, 15. Alf kayoed Frank Farrington, 7.

Roland LaStarza laced Keene Simmons, 8. Gene Jones stopped Connie Rux, 5. Elkins Brothers stopped Johnny Swanson, 6.

Willie Bean trounced Frankie Buford, 10. Andy Walker defeated Grant Butcher, 10. Al Hoosman knocked out Oskar Biseold, 6.

Thirty-eight-year-old Arturo Godoy stopped Balbontin, 4. Harry Berntsen knocked out Howard Berger, 5. James J. Parker decisioned Joe Modzele, 6.

Joe Lindsay lost to light-heavyweight Doc Williams, 10. Lloyd Gibson beat Dutch Culbertson, 4. Jimmy DeLange stopped Dick Willis, 1.

Joe Malanga iced Bobby Graham, 2. Jimmy Gambino decisioned Haywood Henry, 6. George Henley drew with Eddie Brown, 6.

Hugo Alvarez defeated John Dilley, 4. Claude Rolfe flattened Neil Wallace, 3. Gene Leonard iced Don Graham, 3.

Joe Coviello nodded Mike Scatton, 4.

Dieter Hucks outpointed Charles Henry, 6. Don Mogard drew with Karl Peyler, 8.

Frank Walker kayoed Charley Peel, 2. Heinz Neuhaus outpointed Heinz Seelisch, 10.

Hugo Alvarez nodded Eli Rogalle, 4. Jerry Barnett iced Dick Willis, 1.

LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS

Jimmy Slade laced Ted Lowry, 10. Ted was also licked by Chubby Wright, 10.

Bert Lytell lost to Art Towne, 10. Bob Murphy knocked out Johnny Duke, 1.

Harry Matthews chilled John Thomas, 1. Lloyd Marshall dropped an eight round duke to Willie Hoepner.

Eddie Zastre defeated Marcelino Armentero, 10. Connie Rux was stopped by Heavyweight Gene Jones, 5. Tommy Yarosz won from Floyd Morris, 10.

Nick Barone decisioned Joe Taylor, 10.

Doc Williams whipped heavyweight Joe Lindsay, 10. Billy Brown drew with Larry Shaw, 10. Larry was then held to another draw by Billy Kilgore, 10.

Garnett Denny kayoed Gerry Nolan, 5. Jimmy Cerello knocked out Eddie Johnson, 1, and beat Ronnie Hopp, 6.

Eddie Harris stopped Paul Rudd, 2. Ronny Hopp knocked out Al Casey, 2. Angel Martis decisioned Wayne Eckhardt, 4.

Gerhard Hecht stopped Marcel Begeot, 6.

MIDDLEWEIGHTS

Ray Robinson, world welterweight champion and holder of the Pennsylvania version of the world middleweight title, defended his 160 pound laurels by chilling Jose Basora in 52 seconds. Robinson then toyed with Billy Brown to take a ten round non-title decision.

Joe Taylor lost to light-heavyweight Nick Barone, 10. German Champion Hans Stretz kayoed Austrian title-holder Carl Balcowitsch, 2. Art Towne tripped Bert Lytell, 10.

Henry Lee scored an upset victory over Joe Rindone, 10, and then in a return contest, Lee again won the duke. Carl Olson whipped Henry Brimm, 10.

Walter Cartier topped Jimmy Sherrer, 10. Peter Muller kayoed Streicher, 5. Tuzo Portuguez stopped Baby Zavala, 3.

Artie Diamond licked Tommy Ciarlo, 8, and Johnny Noel, 8. Joey Gambria flattened Gordon Hunt, 2. Billy Nixon knocked out Randy Ingram, 3.

Billy Kilgore outscored Tony Masciarelli, 10, the latter then dropped an 8 round duke to Ernie Durando. Armando Amanini flattened Al Hersh, 2.

Sonny Burke decisioned Jimmy Brown, 6. Joe Giardello chilled Al Berry, 1. Ralph Helms knocked out O'Neal Crocker, 6.

Roger Muriel defeated Jimmy Lee, 6. Harold Drucker won over Donald Bryant, 6. Mike Gillo knocked out Billy Kowalzki, 4.

Michel Julien won on disqualification over Jose Ferrer, 7. Ron Pudney won over Ron Cooper, 8.

Mac Begin iced Marcel Sauve, 2.

Pierre Langlois outpointed Gilbert Stock, 10. Bruno Zorzenone stopped Leonello Moretti, 4.

Roland Romano became North African champion by outpointing Claude Milazzo, 12. Jackie Wilson kayoed Bob Watson, 2. Alex Buxton stopped Wilmar Milandri, 7.

Les Allen whipped Bert Sanders, 8, and thrashed Luigi Valentini over same distance. Johnny Juliano laced Carlin Scott, 8.

South African Champion George Angelo outpointed Duggie Miller, 8. Burl Charity kayoed Hans Baumann, 5.

Ivano Fontana outfought Jean Wanes, 10. Fernando Janilli retained Italian title by whipping Giovanni Manca, 12.

Alessandro d'Ottavio edged out Jean Stock, 10. Johnny Nuttall outpointed Sammy Wilde, 8.

Tino Albanese decisioned Roger Beaumais, 10.
Joe Maseko kayoed Simon Greb, 2.
Jake LaMotta retained the title by kayoing Laurent Dauthuille, 15. Randolph Turpin kayoed Eli Elandon, 2.

WELTERWEIGHTS

Kid Gavilan knocked out Johnny Greco, 6.
Lester Felton drew with Tommy Campbell, 10, and outpointed Al Mobley, 10.
Bernard Docusen shaded Milo Savage, 10, but then Mario Trigo scored a big upset when he won a 12 round decision over Big Duke. In his bout prior to the Docusen upset, Trigo lost a ten rounder to Archie Whitewater.
Charley Salas outpointed Houston Brown, 10. Jesse Flores drew with Nick Moran, 10, and beat Tomas Lopez, 10.
Johnny Saxton trimmed Sonny Bunn, 10. European Champion Michele Palermo outpointed Jean Falescky, 10.
Fitzie Pruden stopped Carmine Fiore, 7. Gene Burton outscored Andy Anderson, 10. Scottish Champion Willie Whyte drew with Kay Kalio, 8. Ronnie Delaney whipped Charley Cotton, 10.
Otis Graham whipped Al Mobley, 12, but lost to Irvin Steen 10. Joe Miceli beat Sonny Boy West, 10. Tony Pellone bested Adrien Mogart, 10. Eddie Giosa outboxed Carmen Basilio, 10.
Bobby Dykes decisioned Chico Pacheco, 10. Roy Carter drew with Joe Sgro, 10. Al Mouzon licked Jim Dillon, 4.
Bobby Neal stopped Kid Pambele, 7. Riggi Alotti won over Werner Enge, 6. Willie Minnefield laced Joe Sebes, 4.
Henry Brown nodded Jimmy Taylor, 10. Don Williams outpointed Vic Cardell, 12. George Flores whipped Gerry LaLiberte, 6.
Jim Dillon decisioned Phil Rizzo, 6. Danie van Graan outpointed Piet van Staden, 8. Clem Sands drew with Jackie Jenkins, 10.
Paul Karam won over Mannetiie Roux, 6.
Mickey Tollis stopped Andre Famechon, 7.
Stonewall Jackson won over Kemena, 8. Bobby Rosado defeated Danny Womber, 6. Leo Starosch drew with Rudy Pepper, 8.
Rocco DeFranco iced Joe Thomas, 2. Matt Corbin took Louis Ortiz in 4. Chico Vejar knocked out Fox Williams 2.
Charley D'Arcey stopped Kenny Ray, 2. Al Marotti knocked out Larry Griffin, 3.
Emanuel (Titi) Clavel drew with Aldo Vinci, 8. Tony Cimmone whipped Manouk Markarian, 6. European Champion Michele Palermo decisioned Falesky, 8 (non-title). Jackie Daniels stopped Andre Famechon, 8. Mickey Tollis outpointed Jean Mougin, 12. Clem Sands halted Jackie Jenkins, 10. Ivano Fontana won over Jean Wanes, 8. Israel Boyle knocked out Tommy Jones, 3.
Mickey Talbot flattened Billy Clarke, 2. Unbeaten Wally Thom scored 16th straight pro victory by whipping Kay Kalio, 10.
Don Wilson knocked out Wilbur Wilson, 1.

LIGHTWEIGHTS

Freddie Dawson won on points over Charley Williams, 12.
Arthur King whipped Gaby Ferland, 10.
John L. Davis took a ten round decision from Carlos Chavez. Tommy Campbell drew with Lester Felton, 10.
European Champion Roberto Proietti won over Joergen Johansen, 12 (non-title). Archie Whitewater outpointed Mario Trigo, 10, while the latter won a 12 round decision over Bernard Docusen, 10. Archie also beat Ernesto Aguilar, 10.
Maxie Docusen knocked out Billy Gibson, 4. Paddy DeMarco laced Kid Dussart, 10.
Percy Bassett knocked out Miguel Acevedo, 3. Italian Champion Luigi Male kayoed Vittorio Fuiano, 4. Tommy Barnham stopped Jimmy Findlay, 5.
Armand Savoie drew with Jean Richard, 10. Roy Andrews outboxed Johnny Moran, 10.
George Dunn licked Proctor Heinold, 10. Peter Indaco won over Joe Corcoran, 6. Manuel Madrid flattened Jackie Weber, 10.
Scottish Champion Harry Hughes outpointed Hugh Smith, 8. Gordon Goodman held to draw by Freddie Smith, 8.
Jose Gatica kayoed Juan Gonzalez, 3, and J. MacKadon, 2. Laurie Buxton drew with Giuseppe Fusaro, 8.
Johnny Carrington outpointed Stan Parkes, 6, and drew with Harry McMurdie, 8.
Rocco Quollo decisioned Stokes Thomas, 4, and Tommy Dixon, 6. Billy Murphy licked Johnny Kamber, 8. Gerry LaLiberti stopped Dickie Wilson, 5. Al Marotti outsocked Rocky Drago, 6.
Art Suffoletta stopped Jimmy Hegeman, 2. Elmer Lakatos kayoed Herbie Jackson, 6. Basil Marie outpointed Jackie Nieves, 4.
Ivor (Kid) German stopped Maurice Mancini, 7. Bobby Gainsville nodded Jackie Nieves, 4.
Tommy Shaw decisioned Bert Hornby, 10. Stan Parkes kayoed Roy Sharples, 4. Tony Allegro outmoved Basil Mari, 6.
South African Champion Gerald Dreyer shellacked Bartolome Marti, 10. Massimo Sanna won from Jackie Blair, 6.
Italian Champion Luigi Male kayoed Vittorio Fuiano, 4. Charles Colnin drew with Kid Eugene, 6. Eugene also drew with Jean Bottelers, 6. Homicide Hank outpointed Kid Coco, 12.
South African Champion Gerald Dreyer outpointed Jimmy Towell, 10 (non-title). Percy Wilkinson won over Kista Covender, 8. Joseph Preys retained his Belgian title by outpointing Charles Odon, 15.
Enrique Bolanos whipped Terry Young, 10.

Prospects of the Month

Heavyweight—Embrell Davidson, Detroit, Mich.
Light-heavyweight—Harry Koonce, Washington, D. C.
Middleweight—Chuck Lyons, Seattle, Wash.
Welterweight—John L. Sullivan, England
Lightweight—Elmer Lakatos, Youngstown, Ohio
Featherweight—Klong Phubingo, Siam
Bantamweight—Ron Johnson, England
Flyweight—Jack Allen, England

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Sandy Saddler regained the world's featherweight championship by stopping Willie Pep in 8 rounds. Tirso del Rosario was held to a ten round draw by Bonnie Espinosa.
Fernando Gagnon stopped Lew Yonkers, 6.
Henry Davis outpointed Lou Williams, 10, and Emil Barao, 10. Harry La Sane stopped Joe Fisher, 3. Frankie Sodano halted Willie Alexander, 4.
Jimmy Cooper won a twelve round decision from Charley Titone. Fabela Chavez won from Lenny Alvarez, 10, and stopped Tom Collins, 6.
Pat Marcune broke the winning string of Bill Bossio by taking a ten round decision over the Pittsburgh boxer. John Spider Thompson knocked out Joe Leo, 4. Jimmy Rooney walloped Jose Aponte Torres, 8.
Dai Davies drew with Gene Caffrey, 8. Caffrey lost to Teddy Peckham, 8. Teddy Davis outpointed Reggie Martina, 8. Jimmy LaCassa kayoed Bill Flaherty, 2.
Spider Thomas stiffened Oliver Breton, 2. Bobby Fenty decisioned Vic Haller, 4. Johnny Molloy stopped Frankie Williams, 6. Italian Champion Ernesto Formenti edged out Aaron Joshua, 8.
Dick Howard chilled Guillermo Roberts, 1, and beat Ray Edwards, 8. Mike Tocci stopped Louis Carmona, 2.
Frank Freese whipped Max Osario, 4, and Tommy May, 4. Tommy Yamaoka lost to Jat Paniagua, 6. Panchito Uribe beat Pituka Perez, 10.
Willie Orsini won over Larry Spencer, 4, the latter was then kayoed by Rickey Versace, 1. Gene Robnett turned back Abdoul Ali, 4. Tony Spano whipped Billy Jay, 8. Abdoul Ali trounced Tommy Dickson, 4.
Bert Jackson outpointed Zeke Brown, 8. Tony Calderon whipped Des Shanley, 4. Eddie Magee kayoed Dave Lloyd, 2.
Welsh Champion Jackie Hughes retained title by stopping Len Davies, 11. Ron Cooper whipped Zeke Brown, 8. Willie Rodd lost to Maxie Brocea, 4.
Scottish Champion Jim Kelly held to draw by Tommy Bailey, 8. Maurice Coucke outpointed Daniel Cohe, 8.
Pancho Villa won over Kid Alpheus, 8. Johnny Molloy edged out Allen Tanner, 8. Jock Bonas outboxed Dai Davies, 8.

BANTAMWEIGHTS

European Champion Luis Romero stopped Sam Conforti, 9.
Luis Castillo knocked out Charro Herrera, 8.
Theo Medina stopped Maurice Sandeyron, 7.
Gianni Zuddas decisioned Pierre Massia, 10.
Jimmy Webster decisioned Jim Dwyer, 8, and repeated against Ronnie Draper over same distance.
Hans Schoemig whipped Walter Limbach for German title, 12, and was held to a draw by Hans Schiffers, 10 (non-title).
French Champion Marcel Mathieu outpointed Italian Champion Amleto Falcinelli, 10. Jackie Fairclough kayoed Ron Perry, 3.
Jorge Maniarez stopped Baby Ruiz, 4. Joe Parker flattened Billy Litwin, 5.
Joe Brennan drew with Alf Clarke, 6. Peter Fay won over Eddie McCormick, 8.
Roy Thomas repeated previous decision over Johnny Duckworth, 6. Sammy Fisher stopped Billy Birch, 6.

FLYWEIGHTS

Vic Herman stopped Norman Lewis, 10.
Stumpy Butwell regained Australian title by flattening Mickey Hill, 4. Teddy Gardner and Henry Carpenter drew, 8.
German Champion Viktor Liwowski held to draw by Florio Pancini, 10. Glynn David won Welsh title by beating George Sutton, 12.
Pulga Herrera licked Monito Flores, 12. Johnny Black won over Jimmy Roche, 6.
Fili Nava stopped Baby Cruz, 2. Joe Cairney outpointed Jackie Foster, 8.
Dennis Sale outboxed Eddie Fitzsimmons, 8.
Mickey King outslugged Freddie Orr, 6.
Jimmy Pearce outpointed Sid Charles, 8.

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IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By Billy Shaw

A DETERMINED, grim-faced fighting machine, Nick Barone, 172, Syracuse's light-heavyweight contender, blasted Joey Taylor, 162, of Binghamton, into a stunning defeat, in a ten-round star bout at MacArthur Stadium. The fight, a rubber match, showed Barone the winner of all but two rounds. Nick, primed for the scrap, kept boring in, belting with both mitts with such effectiveness, that Joey could not get his educated left working. Despite Barone's overwhelming defeat of Taylor, there was only one knockdown. Nick nailed Bingo Joe flush on the button in the fourth and dropped him for a count of nine. A crowd of 5,051 paid $13,740.75 to view the mill and then wondered what held Taylor up as Barone kept tearing in socking with both hands in a concentrated head and body drive.

Judge Ted Sheils voted nine rounds for Barone and 1 even. Judge Ritchie Fazio voted 8 rounds for Barone, 2 for Taylor. Referee Babe Risko voted 8 rounds for Barone and 2 even. Nick never looked better, but Taylor fought a game battle and took the lacing like a man. Bingo Joe, fresh from his victory over Joey DeJohn at Schenectady, deserved a better break from his handlers He should have been given a rest, then a return bout with DeJohn here in Syracuse could have sent him home with a $10,000 purse for himself. Right now there is no demand for a Taylor-DeJohn match.

Henny Andrews offered Jack Kearns, Joey Maxim's manager $25,000 to fight Nick Barone in Syracuse, but Jack isn't interested.

Pat Kelly, 143, Syracuse (formerly of Erie, Pa.), outpointed Jimmy Champagne, 142, Philadelphia, in a six-rounder, staged after the windup. Ted Calaman, 180, good looking young Philadelphia heavy, knocked out Jimmy Rouse, 183, Albany, in the fifth round of their scheduled six-round semi-final. Rollie Johns, 145, Albany, beat Eddie Reynolds, 146, Syracuse, in a one-sided sixer. Johns was too smart, too cute, and far too experienced for Reynolds. Pat Manzi, 141½, Syracuse, copped the nod over Eddie Lee Butts, 143½, Utica, in a fast four. Billy Whye, 148, Binghamton, stopped Manuel Gonzalez, 150, Rochester, in the first round of the opening bout.

The Last Bell: One of the finest men ever to be connected with boxing has passed on, a man whom fighters, promoters and fans loved. He was Peter L. (Pete) Fitzgerald, who managed boxers as a hobby and never took a manager's cut from a single one of them. In their day, Eddie Dempsey, Freddie Sallus, Mike Andrews, the late Joey Sackett, Jimmy Greb, Jack Hillenbrand, Rusty Wickes, and many others, too numerous to mention here, fought under the Fitzgerald banner. They were real fighters these boys, because Pete made them train hard and he managed each and every one of them to an important place in boxing. Only Wickes decided to quit the game early, the others wound up as main-bouters and good money-getters. Pete had a slogan: "Fitz's Fighters Fight," and they did. We were associated with Pete for 25 years. A grand man, honest and upright, one long to be remembered, his passing will make many sad, for there was only one Pete Fitzgerald.

Despite the fact that Syracuse is one of the best fight towns in the country, and the city has two fight clubs, only one show a month is staged here. It seems to be a herculean task, this arranging of fight cards. We could understand a show every other week but how the fight promoters expect to build up talent and retain fan interest with infrequent cards is beyond us. At the present time Joey DeJohn and Nick Barone are the standout drawing cards. Either of these two against a top-notch foe will draw a banner gate. In another year Syracuse will have one of the finest downtown arenas in the country. Bouts are now staged outdoors at MacArthur Stadium and indoors at the State Fair Coliseum. The Coliseum high has been a $34,000 house with DeJohn and Jake LaMotta. Graziano and DeJohn here would do better than $60,000 and Barone vs. Maxim would equal that and then some.

Left-Hooks: Jimmy Malerba tells us his North Salina Street Gym is gaining in popularity daily. . . . Jimmy is already looking for larger quarters. . . . The mail bag was so full last month with requests for photos of local fighters we again must urge those who want them to write direct to THE RING Book Shop. . . . We cannot stock the photos and never did but some fans, even some in Europe, continue to request the pictures. . . . E.L.B. wanted this one answered in this pillar: Former Syracuse promoters: Tommy Ryan, Joe Dundee Jack Lewis, Marc Buckland, Billy Ames, Jimmy Smith, Billy Shaw, Gabe Genovese, Charlie Bedell, Genovese and Archie Ajemian, Henry Andrews, Billy Shaw, again, Paul Swiderski, and now Sam and Babe Amos and Louis Leone. . . . Stanley Coper still resides in Utica. Mickey Barron in Scranton, Pa., and Morry Shulman operates a furniture store in Ithaca, N. Y.

BOXING IN VENEZUELA
By Kelvin De Freitas

SIXTO GONZALEZ, 144½, Venezuelan, lost a close decision to Puerto Rican Baby Rosado, 147. It was a dull fight. Rosado dropped his man for a no count in the third and Gonzalez returned the compliment in the eighth with a nice left hook.

Zoni Leon, popular bantamweight champ, had his toughest fight since he became champion against Galento Junior and barely scraped through with the decision. Both boys weighed 123 pounds.

Calcano II Segundo, of Panama, got the verdict over Ernest Jackson in the most fastidious affair seen here in many a moon.

Pekines Cordova knocked out his opponent El Espanolito in three rounds after chasing his man for most of the fight.

Florentino Plaza drew with Ramon Ramos in four rounds. It was a moving and exciting fight with both boys giving it the best they had.

Ismael Espana and Calcano Segundo had their fight stopped and declared a No Contest.

Busy Bill, of Trinidad, lost a close one to promising Venezuelan Eloy Pacheco. Both boys slugged it out with the local lad getting the best of the exchanges.

Jose Romero stopped his opponent Eduardo Mendoza in four rounds of fast and furious action. It was anybody's fight up to the end.

Florentino Plaza got the judges' nod over Silverio Rodriguez to win an unpopular decision, but one well earned.

Guillermo Prieto won a close decision from Malinski Venezolano.

Zoni Leon bantamweight king showed that he was tops in his class when he stopped Pekines Cordoba in six rounds. Pekines who fought Zoni for the title recently and lost also by a knockout gave his encounter all he had, but the champ who is the most promising boxer now appearing in Venezuelan rings, was master of the situation from the opening gong.

Jota Jota Ruiz, 135¼, got the T.K.O. verdict over Malinski Venezolano, 133¾, when the latter used his head on two occasions in the seventh round after being warned previously.

Angel Flores put Victor Montanez away for the final count in the fourth round. Both boys weighed 130.

Francisco Romero, 125¼, got the decision over Carlos Marin, 131¾.

Librado Luquez, 110¾, and Enio Avendano, 108¾, drew in four.

Young Braddock, Trinidadian Venezuelan, lost a close decision to Tomas Beato (the Bull from San Carlos) in eight action-packed rounds.

Jose Domingo Acosta got the decision over Segundo Castillo in a poor fight which would have been much better if the winner had done less clowning.

Guillermo Prieto lost a close one to Silverio Rodriguez.

Samuel Marquez did his best against Jose Cisneros but lost the decision.

Zurdo Mendoza and Jesus Medina thrilled the fans in their four-round mill. The verdict was a draw.

Calcano II, 148, won an easy decision over Damaso Perreira in eight rounds. The Panamanian was in full charge of the affair throughout and clearly outboxed his man.

Florentina Plaza, 138, got a well deserved decision at the expense of Ramon Ramos in their eight-round mill.

Eloy Pacheco, 129, got the decision over Francisco Romero, 123, after dropping him on two occasions for counts of five in the first and fifth rounds of their fight.

Marcelino Molina fancy southpaw, T.K.O.'ed Jesus Medina in the first round after dropping him for two counts of nine. Molina's devastating left caused the referee to stop the fight.

Pedro Morin, 128, won over Jose Romero in four.

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WEST VIRGINIA NOTES
By Mickey Davies

TURNING in one of the most sensational triumphs of his career, Dave (Sunny) Shade (Jesse Underwood) blasted Herbie (Biff) Jones into oblivion on promoter Ted Ball's fistic offering at City Auditorium, Asheville, N. C. The end came after 1:55 of the fifth round, when the West Virginia boy caught Jones with a solid right hook that dumped him for the doleful decimal. Underwood was in the lead on points when the kayo was landed. The weights: Underwood, 133½; Biff Jones, 135.

Prospect of the Month—Bill (Dummy) Kelly, Charleston heavyweight, who is being handled by Rip Windbush.

On our return trip from North Carolina following the Biff Jones skirmish, Jesse Underwood and your reporter had an auto accident on the outskirts of Bluefield, West Virginia. After doing three "flips" with the car, both Jesse and myself emerged with only a few scratches.

Radio Center, Huntington—Following in the wake of two straight kayo victories, Noel Humphreys, Charleston's crack featherweight performer, added Jimmy Reading of Cincinnati to his list of victims. However, "Little Noah" had to be satisfied with a six-round decision. Humphreys floored his adversary twice in the first and second heats, but the boy from the Queen City proved to be a real gamester and lasted the distance. Weights: Humphreys, 130; Reading, 127½. The promoter was Dick Deutsch.

Other results—Art Edmerson, 131, edged Don Keeling, six. Art Bronner, 172, stopped Billy Kelly, 203, three. Willie Green, 150, beat Clyde Martini, 141, six. Tommy Edwards, 124, kept his "undefeated" record clean by edging "Spider" Wooten, 119, six.

Jimmy (Gunboat) Davis, former light-heavy clouter from Charleston, is now living in Norwalk, Conn.

Address: 830 Seventh Avenue, Huntington, West Va. Phone 27-992.

DENVER AND VICINITY
By W. G. (Bill) Thomas, Jr.

DENVER—Luis Galvani, Cuban featherweight, knocked Denver's popular Corky Gonzales out of the ring in the ninth round of their Pier Six brawl at Denver's City Auditorium and before the Denver lad could climb back through the ropes Referee Ray Keetch had tolled the fateful ten and Gonzales had suffered the first knockout of his career. The crowd of 3000, who paid over $6000 for the privilege, definitely got their money's worth.

Gonzales started with his usual fast moving and fast boxing and took the first two rounds. In the third round Corky had trouble connecting with his left jabs and Galvani sneaked in with a few hard rights that packed plenty of power. Corky tried trading punches with Galvani in the fourth and was bounced on the canvas for his efforts. Again in the fifth the two boys traded punches with Corky taking the round with the number of punches landed, however the heavy-punching Cuban continued to weaken Gonzales and for the rest of the fight they traded punches with Corky getting the worst of the exchanges. In the sixth Corky suffered his second knockdown and in the ninth he was on the receiving end of a power bolt that knocked him out of the ring and onto the Auditorium floor. Groggy and glassy of eye, Gonzales tried to get back into the ring but was too late. Gonzales, who has won often by making his opponent fight his fight, tried the shoe on the other foot and fought Galvani's type of fight. He traded punches with a puncher and was handed a decisive beating.

Clinton Bacon, 168, TKO'ed Lewis Gray, 166, in three of the scheduled eight round semi.

In the preliminaries, Mell Nelson, 144, KO'ed Eugene Brown, 138, in three; Earl England, 135, TKO'ed Chris Donaldson, 138, in three; Jimmy McDondel, 148, won over Elisha Moore, 154, in the first with another TKO; Pete Vigil, 135, was TKO'ed by Eddie Gurule, 136, in the third round. Not one fight from curtain raiser through main event went the distance.

Denver—Five hundred people turned out to see a show of out of town fighters at Denver's City Auditorium. It was a substitution show. Corky Gonzales suffered a cracked rib and Joe Fisher, Pueblo lightweight, was signed just a couple of days before the fight to take his place. Two fighters, one a lightweight and the other a featherweight, and neither well known locally, apparently didn't appeal to the fans and they stayed home. Joe Fisher, 134, was winning easily over Harry LaSane, 126, Houston, when they butted heads in the third of their ten round main bout and the fight had to be stopped because of a bad cut over Fisher's eye.

Clinton Bacon, 168, won an easy ten round decision over Eddie Cotton, 166, in a very dull contest. In preliminaries, Eugene Brown, 139, KO'ed Jackie Wilson, 143, in one and Carmen Venuto, 133, Lowry Field, won a four round decision over Denver's Paul Smith in a good fast bout.

The writer's address is 4313 Sheridan Blvd., Denver, Colo.

THE PHOENIX BOXING PULSE
By Ken "Dawghouse" Ryan

CLINITE'S first outdoor bouts proved so successful from the point of attendance that the promoter led with a repeat of the Al. Bishop and Palomo Corrales middleweight set-to for the state title. This time a good ring was constructed, and the bout had a satisfactory and convincing ending. Palomo, who combines fair boxing skill, with plenty of mule-kick in both mitts, started well and gave Al a thorough going over. But Bishop, who could give tips to many of today's fighters in the way of conditioning, moved in, landing his awkward but powerful blows to the body as the fight progressed, which brought his Mexican rival to a standstill. A savage right and left to the head sent Corrales down and out in 1:07 of the seventh round.

In the semi-final, Red Shumway, 166, didn't have enough heavy artillery to be in the league of ancient Lonnie "Blackjack" Craft, 170, who returned to the ring for the "steenth" time and garnered a T.K.O. over his gritty foe in 2:33 of the first.

In the other six-rounder, Marcus Vasquez, 127, Los Angeles, went to a split draw with Ramon Tisconera, 126, Juarez.

The fours had Baby Mathis, 132, Tucson, outpointing Rocky Hames, 137, Phoenix, and Shamus Jones, 159, Phoenix, got inside Clyde Bremby's long reach often enough to eke out a decision over his 156-pound opponent.

Phoenix fight fans were all too familiar with the pattern of a name fighter versus mediocre opposition, so when "Little Duke" Maxie Docusen was brought in to face unknown Billy Gibson they were conspicuous by their absence. And well they might be, for the Filipino flashed none of the form which had made him famous, yet had enough to dump his foe for a T.K.O. at the end of four rounds. For the "Little Duke" it was a good workout.

Scrappy Packy McFarland, 132, erstwhile Williams Field soldier now fighting out of Tucson, did his best to salvage the card with a furious six-round draw with that good Mexican boy, Marcus Vasquez. Phoenix would like to see more of both boys.

The rest of the card, all of which went the distance, found Kid Brunner, 138, outpointing Babe Mathis, 135; Alex Fimbres, 119, and Noble Johnson, drew, and Red Shumway, 111, back in his own league, outpointed Jimmy Fareno, 174.

Solar Plexus Jolts—In response to numerous inquiries concerning Charlie Salas' nationality, we repeat that, despite Eastern correspondents to the contrary, Charlie Salas is of Mexican parentage only, not Mexican-Italian as reported back there. He originally boxed southpaw fashion, but switched to the more orthodox style of milling when it became increasingly difficult to find opponents. The Phoenix Boxing Pulse salutes his scintillating victory over the great Ike Williams. May his trail reach the top. It couldn't come to a better man.

Charlie "Dynamite" Salas trounced Houston Brown in every one of ten bristling rounds. Brown's vaunted left jab and speed afoot were more than nullified by the Phoenix star's all around perfection. From the fifth round on Salas could have K.O.'ed his determined opponent but withheld the clincher by favoring his right, which had been injured during the Ike Williams shindig.

The other ten-rounder found Petey Servin, 152, from El Paso, puncturing the Al Bishop bubble by a T.K.O. in the fifth round. Bishop is too awkward to be effective against anyone with boxing skill, and a few more shellackings like he's been taking lately, will find him headed for the "booby hatch." This column which entertains all the respect in the world for Al as a gentleman with a sound fighting heart, would like to see him put up his gloves before it is too late.

In the prelims, Jimmy Martinez, 145, of Glendale, who is excellent green material, was given too much experience to handle in the case of Frank Kid Davis, and lost to a decision to his 148-pound foe.

Noble Johnson, 118, took a split decision from Charlie Salas's protege, Alex Finlves, 116, in four and Red Shumway, 168, of Phoenix, was on the receiving end of his second K.O. in three fights when 162-pound Shamus Jones, also of Phoenix, stopped him in 1:58 of the second round.

DISLOCATION OR KIDNEY PUNCH?

(Continued from page 5)

the battles of twisting. Charges of roughness have been hurled by each in all three of their battles. Saddler contended that Willie had stuck his finger in Sandy's left eye in the first round of their latest tilt and that for two rounds he couldn't see out of that eye.

Whatever happened, the fans were the losers. Pep received the enormous sum of $93,000, his greatest since becoming a pro, and Saddler earned his largest fee, $31,000. As the contracts called for a fourth bout in the event the third was sensational or warranted another match, the International Boxing Club will stage still another contest, this time to be fought in the Garden, some time in February. The Yankee Stadium encounter certainly warrants such a return engagement, one which is likely to see a new indoor record for a title match, judging by the keen rivalry and the interest displayed by the fistically-minded public in these lads.

Once again, as in the recent Robinson-Fusari bout in New Jersey, the promoters benefited by the absence of television and radio. The record gate and record receipts proved that the fans will come out in droves for what they think will be a good battle, when they know that they cannot see the mill on television or get the progress of the contest over the radio.

As for the fight itself, it was a repetition of their previous contests, though Saddler was unable to do as much damage as he did in the first two. It was more like the second, with the exception of the third round, in which Saddler scored the knockdown. The Hartford champion, 28 years old, four more than his opponent, went into the ring with the odds against him, so certain were the bookmakers and the betting gentry that age had crept up on the champ and that, combined with his recent marriage, would spell his doom.

But they failed to take into consideration the cleverness of Wee Willie. That, he still possessed, and so far as age is concerned, he was as fast in stepping about the ring and making his rival miss the target time and again, as he ever has been. He gave an amazing performance, one that stamps him among the truly great of all time. Only Ray Robinson compares to him in general ring ability.

WILLIE had the old zip. His brain worked like a mechanism. He made no mistakes. He had planned his battle and carried out his plans in perfect order.

So perfect a fighting machine was he that he didn't give Sandy a chance, except occasionally, as in the third and seventh rounds, to strike the target effectively. And while maneuvering about the ring, side-stepping, dancing backwards, suddenly moving towards his man, he kept up a constant barrage of lefts, his most potent weapon, now and then mixing those straight blows with right crosses to the jaw or hooks to the body. There seemed to be no let-up, yet he lost his title!

Saddler, willing, strong and sturdy, was eager to mix matters with the champ. He wasn't the least afraid of Willie but he was so far outmatched in skill that at times he looked like a novice stacked up against a master mechanic.

Though Sandy didn't connect as often as he fired, he did drop his man and also slashed a cut over Willie's left eye that brought the claret flowing. From the second round to the finish, a red, ribbon-like drip covered the champ's face from that wound.

IT wasn't until after the third-round knockdown that Sandy's full confidence was noted. Following that knockdown, the challenger cut loose more frequently, took more chances and went after Willie in an effort to corner him. Especially was it so immediately after Willie got to his feet. Saddler ripped hooks to Pep's body and sent a hard right jolt to the jaw that rocked the champ's head. But in return, Saddler took several right crosses to head and body from a defending champion who had quickly regained his composure and calmly went after his prey, much to the astonishment of the Saddler adherents.

But in the fourth, fifth and sixth rounds, the defending title holder surprised all by his speedy comeback. He took each of those rounds by peppering his opponent with lefts and hooking his right to the body, besides landing effective right crosses to the jaw.

There was no stopping Willie in those sessions. He had perfect control. His aim was accurate and his shots most effective. He did a little spinning and twisting in those sessions that apparently caused Saddler to retaliate when the opportunity presented itself, and when Sandy did, he had it all over his rival.

In the three frames preceding the final round, Willie outsmarted, outpointed, outspeeded and outclassed Sandy. His blows landed with more force. He hit more solidly. He jabbed straight and true, often sending home three or four shots in rapid succession, then quickly stepped back while Saddler, the puncher, was unable to land his wallop.

At times the master boxer made a sucker out of the hard-hitting challenger, whose reputation as a knockout artist is second to none. Willie had his rival dizzy. The champ's dazzling speed and effectiveness had placed him on the road to victory and the only question in the minds of those who had picked him to win was whether he could continue the pace. Indications were that he could.

In the fifth round, Pep's brainy work was exemplified to the nth degree as he ducked under a left hook, took two steps backwards, rested against the ropes, grasped Sandy's left shoulder, twisted him about and sent his challenger sprawling almost out of the ring. Sandy was now angered at his inability to get at the will o' the wisp target and he threw punches that went wild.

He did the same in the next session, in which the champion peppered Saddler's face with left jabs, ducked under his rival's punches, then landed in vital areas with combination blows that had Sandy bewildered. He just didn't know how to cope with an opponent fighting that way.

PEP knew he was well in the lead and had full command as the seventh round got under way. He opened the session with left jabs to the face and eyes of Sandy, but suddenly the challenger lashed out with a left hook to the body that almost doubled Willie. Three more followed rapidly and it could be seen that Pep was hurt. But he came out of it as he had done previously when Saddler opened a vicious attack and continued to jab and hook with blows that found the target accurately.

But near the close of the session, Saddler caught his man again. A resounding right to the kidney made Willie gasp as he got into a clinch while against the ropes. Pep hung on while Sandy fired away with one hand and, as the bell clanged, they were grappling and twisting each other. Saddler had Willie's left arm pinned and bent it backward before Ruby Goldstein could break the boys apart.

Pep walked to his corner without any semblance of pain, slumped on his stool, placed his hand over his stomach, then suddenly came the report from Lou Viscusi to Referee Goldstein that "The fight is over. Pep has dislocated his shoulder."

Thus what had promised to be a sensational affair, a contest that drew out the greatest throng that had ever attended a world featherweight championship bout, ended abruptly.

"Dislocated shoulder," exclaimed Saddler, as he stood in his corner. "Nuts. It was my kidney punches."

"It was a solar plexus wallop," added Charley Johnston, manager of the new champ.

The X-ray examination showed no fracture, only a slight swelling, but Dr. Nardiello prescribed two months' rest for the dethroned title holder.

There you have it, folks. Take your choice.

Like the Dempsey-Tunney "Long Count," you'll never hear the end of it. The Saddler-Pep third fight will furnish ammunition for endless discussions.

Had the fight not ended as it did, and the remainder kept pace with the first seven rounds, it probably would have been designated as "The fight of the year."

LITTLE RHODY'S FISTIC HIGHLIGHTS

By Eddie Beck

RALPH ZANNELLI has signed to defend his New England middleweight title against Joe Rindone. Zannelli began his fistic career in 1932 and is still going strong. Ralphie would like return matches with Ray Robinson and Bernard (Big Duke) Docusen this year.

Promoter Sam Silverman opened the fall season in Providence, with a heavyweight battle between Rocky Marciano and Johnny Shkor. Silverman opened the Boston season on Sept. 25, at the Arena. He will also operate the Boston Garden with spot shows.

Popular Larry Martin, former editor of radio station WRIB and publicist for the Downtown A.C. left our locale for greener fields in Philadelphia. Larry is heard every Monday night on "The Fight of the Week" program.

Rhode Island Boxing Commissioners Charles Reynolds and Anthony Petronella, will attend the NBA convention at Detroit. Tony is hoping to see the Yankees and Tigers series, also the Jake LaMotta-Laurent Dauthuille title match.

Fite Hash . . . Ralph Zannelli has bought a spacious new home. Ralphie is doubling in brass by selling Hanley's ale. George Araujo, Red Dooley, Billy Andy and Irish Mickey Reynolds have been active in the gym. . . . Araujo is ready for Compo, Rooney and Tom Collins. . . . The biggest upset of the summer was scored by Henry "Kid" Lee, when he twice licked Joe Rindone at New Bedford. Lee is originally from Seattle, Wash., now boxing out of Springfield, Mass.

Gloria Thompson, winner of 22 bouts, would like to box here.

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RIGHT FROM MEXICO CITY

By Selsso Tiborro

KEEPING up with his policy of bringing talent from abroad to meet native boys, the local promoter was able to sign Jess Flores from California to fight Mexico's welterweight champion. Fights during August follow:

Aug. 2—Jorge Manjarrez, 119, stopped Baby Ruiz, 117, in four. Jorge Castro, 148, outpointed Manuel Luevano, 147, in ten.

Aug. 5—Raul Esqueda, 132, outpointed Paulino Montes, 134, in ten. Alfonso Ortiz, 131, outpointed Aurelio Cruz, 134, in ten.

Aug. 9—Pulga Herrera, 110, outpointed Monito Flores, 110, in twelve rounds for the national flyweight championship of Mexico in Herrera's hands. Raul Solis, 112, stopped Angel Iglesias, 112, in four.

Aug. 12—Luis Castillo, 122, stopped Cachorro Herrera, 123, in eight. The match was for the Mexican bantamweight belt in Castillo's hands. Papelero Sanchez, 132, stopped Beto Carbajal, 132, in four.

Aug. 16—Fili Nava, 116, stopped Babe Cruz, 115, in three. Lupe Diaz, 121, outpointed Pancho Velasco, 127, in ten.

Aug. 23—Memo Garmendia, 146, stopped Tomas Vargas, 141, in nine. Gabriel Diaz, 127, stopped Indio Garcia, 125, in five.

Aug. 26—Panchito Uribe, 125, outpointed Pituka Perez, 127, in ten. Bombin Padilla, 132, outpointed Mario Terry, 136, in ten.

Aug. 30—Gabriel Barragan, 144, outpointed Jorge Castro, 146, in ten. Gabriel Diaz, 124, outpointed Pancho Velasco, 128, in ten.

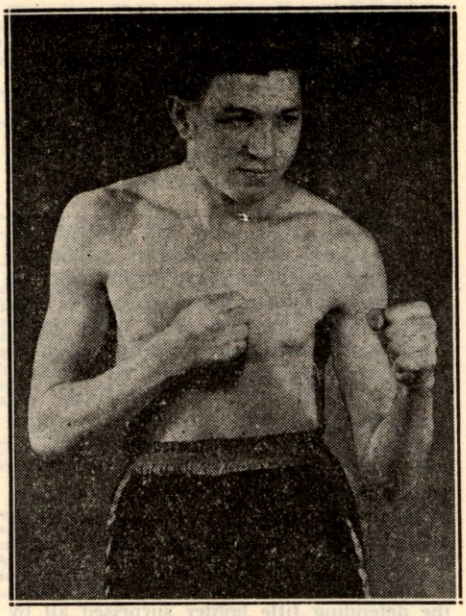
RENO, NEVADA, BOXING NEWS

By R. C. Taylor

AFTER two financially successful shows, the Reno Boosters Club are tabling plans for further promotions until University officials can assure definite dates in the big University of Nevada Gymnasium. Boxing has proven itself as a good risk in Reno with the development of local talent, but without the guarantee of an adequate auditorium promotion is a gamble.

While Reno shows are temporarily curtailed local boxers are seeking action elsewhere. Nick Mistovich has returned to the East Coast. Mario Macias, rapidly developing into a top notch bantamweight, recently defeated Baby Face Zamora in Sacramento and is currently seeking a match with Johnny Ortega. Buster Chikami, another local favorite, has shown in San Jose. Phe'an Sampson is continuing his winning ways in Kalamath Falls.

A Labor Day card sponsored by the Reno-Sparks City officials drew an outdoor attendance of 3,000 in the Rail City. The bouts were all no decision exhibitions featuring Dean Hubbard, former Nevada middleweight champion, and Al Sorenson. Mario Macias, Nevada bantam champion, and Joe Dunbar. Tony Bugerello vs. Stan Drachlich. Floyd Sampson vs. Bob Guerra. Well received by the fans were the Reno YMCA Junior Boxers who always put on interesting shows.



EDDIE THOMAS

WITH the passing of Freddie Mills and Bruce Woodcock as world championship entries, Britain's best bet in international competition now is Eddie Thomas, 24-year-old Welshman, who holds the British welterweight title.

In a professional career that is now in its fifth year, Thomas has suffered only two defeats in 33 starts.

An exceptionally clever boxer, Thomas has done a thorough job of cleaning up British opposition. He won the championship by beating Henry Hall, and other native victims have included Billy Exley, Stan Hawthorne, Jack Phillips, Willie Whyte and the former champion, Ernie Roderick.

Eddie also has put together a fine record in international competition, scoring victories over such strong opposition as Billy Graham of America, Willie Wimms of Holland, Kid Marcel, Jean Wanes, Henri Hecquart and Gilbert Ussin of France, and Stan Reypens and Elmine Delmine of Belgium.

In his most recent start, Thomas successfully defended his British laurels by whipping a Welsh rival, Cliff Curvis, in 15 rounds in the latter's home town of Swansea.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Louis J. Ulysse

GERARD FRANCOIS, 160, won over Gros Christian, 168, by a TKO in the fifth.

Max Jn. Baptiste, 125, won over Rodrigue Coupet, 123, in six.

Saintelus, 140, won over Robert Moreau, 140, by a close decision, in six.

Oswald Lubin, 127, outpointed Snow Ball, 130, in a terrific encounter of six rounds.

Saintelus, 140, won over Geffrard, 143, in eight.

Quintana, 125, lost to Guerrier, 126, in a close decision.

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LA MOTTA LIKELY LOSER

(Continued from page 9)

almost wholly to boxing and did a good job.

He made the Frenchman miss often by sticking out the left and stabbing it in Dauthuille's face. Once he almost upset the challenger with a straight left that landed with force while the Frenchman was off balance. But it wasn't until pretty late in the fight that Jake opened up with real fireworks, then he found in his rival a willing taker and a courageous opponent who could give as well as he took until the sudden ending.

Referee Lou Handler tabbed the fight eight rounds to six for Dauthuille prior to the knockout and had a point tally of 72 to 68. Judge Joe Linehan favored Dauthuille, seven rounds to three and four even and his point score showed Dauthuille in the lead, 74 to 66. Judge Jack Asprey gave seven rounds to Dauthuille, six to LaMotta and one even and had a point tally of 71 to 69 for the Frenchman. I gave Jake only four rounds, Dauthuille nine and called one even, and my point score had Dauthuille leading by 79 to 61.

NEW FACES

(Continued from page 44)

amateur title from the 70-pound class to Golden Gloves welterweight distinction and is thus far undefeated in five professional fights.

He is a handsome youngster, possessing poise and imbued with a fighting spirit.

In 150 amateur bouts he suffered but four losses. He has beaten Bob Ranes, Milwaukee; Leonard Neal, Topeka; George Warren, Indianapolis; Claude Sullard, Wichita and Howard Billings, Chicago in the pro ring to date.

Jules Schneider, associated with Frank Gatto in the management of Lee, Jones and others, has had young Lee as a personal protege since the 19-year-old scrapper first laced on ring gloves.

JEFF FOUND SHARKEY TOUGH

JAMES J. JEFFRIES and Tom Sharkey met in the ring for the first time in May of 1898 with the boilermaker coming out on top in a 20-round slugfest.

The following June Jeff kayoed Fitzsimmons at Coney Island, winning the heavyweight crown in 11 heats.

A few months later in his first defense of his title, Jeffries once again faced Sharkey.

The scene for the tussle was the arena at Coney Island, where Jeff had won his crown a year before. He was unable to do away with Sharkey as he had with Fitz, however.

In the early rounds Sharkey had the better of the milling but as the fight progressed Jeff came on strong to win in 25 rounds.

This was one of Jeff's toughest fights and although he had dealt out terrific punishment to Sharkey and the Irishman was groggy at the finish, he was still on his feet.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By Tom Ephrem

BOBBY DYKES, 150, the lanky Southern welterweight, who became Miami's fistic darling in short time, returned to familiar haunts after a successful jaunt outside Florida and met Chico Pacheco, 154½, at Coral Gables, before a gathering of 3,404. Favored 2 to 1 over the tough and aggressive Brazilian, young Dykes didn't disappoint but he had to fight hard to earn the unanimous ten round decision. Pacheco gave the crowd some excitement in the first chapter when he placed a left hook on Bobby's left eye sending the transplanted Miamian to the ropes. However Chico s lead in the early part of the fight faded as Dykes spurted and finished strong to gain every official's award. Major W. H. Peeples Jr. promoted.

On the Dykes-Pacheco undercard, Billy Lima, 122, won by disqualification in the eighth and final round of the semi-spot from Bobby Brooks, 129½. Lima was ahead at the time.

Hal Boylston, 169, Jacksonville, added another triumph by stopping Johnny Wilder, 176, of Macon, Ga., with a left to the tummy and a right to the head in the fourth round. Hal dropped Johnny twice previously in the second. Skippy Yoham, 146, knocked out Jimmy Matthews, 141, in the second round of his professional debut. Gordon Pouliot, 172, bested Leonard Johns (Billy Leonard, of Jacksonville), 163, in a slugging sixer.

Billy Scholes, youthful local lightweight, scored a technical knockout over Snooks Howard in the eighth round of a main event at Tampa.

Art Montana, another young Tampan showing good form, trimmed Ray Miranda, of Tampa, in a six round bout. Montana made it his second victory over Ray within the month. Danny Nardico, a Californian, remained undefeated in the Cigar City by TKOing Roy White in the third. Referee Young Raymond stopped it when White appeared dazed. Jerry Rhodes, 133, local, TKO'ed Johnny Phifer, 135, Lutz, when the latter suffered a cut on his right cheek. Roy White subbed for Gordon Pouliot (Poulliott), who failed to put in an appearance for his bout.

Pete Andrews sent in the following report from Tampa. . . . Ray Delgado won a split verdict over Bobby Brooks in ten rounds at Tampa. Joey Brunwasser won the semi-sixer from Billy Morgan. Ray Miranda TKO'ed Kid Cyclone in five. Ray Gonzales TKO'ed Billy Jackson in one.

Chris Dundee, well known New York fight manager, flew to Miami Beach to bid for promoting rights in the $1,800,000 auditorium. In a letter to this corner Dundee stated he would like to move to Florida for permanent residence. Chris has an able helper in his brother Angelo.

Billy Scholes and Bobby Brooks continued their feud at Tampa, with Scholes taking the New Yorker in a ten round main event. They fought hard the entire distance but Scholes, 130, of this city, hit oftener and was more sharp than in their two previous contests. Joey Brunwasser, 152, won an easy sixer from Slim Harmon, 155, Tampa. Tex Sullivan, 160, KO'ed Cotton Harris, 155. Frank Leach, 130, defeated Art Montana, 126, in six. Chuck McCullers, 145, beat Lou Valles, 145, Havana, in six.

This time Jackie O'Brien, 140, saw to it that there would be no need of any argumentative controversy in his return match with Jimmy Wright, 138, of Jacksonville. The pair met again on the top in Tampa and Jackie clearly demonstrated superiority over the Gate City lad by a technical knockout with but 14 seconds remaining in the tenth round.

Wright suffered a fractured jaw and had paid the canvas a visit several times during the melee. He proved a dead-game warrior. Wright's injured jaw was not known until after the fight. As for Referee Raymond, we believe he stopped the bout sincerely.

Billy Scholes, 130, copped a ten rounder from Eddie Webb, 133, Jacksonville. Hal Boylston, 165, Jacksonville, defeated Joey Brunwasser, 160, Pittsburgh gamester, in six. Ray Miranda, 120, beat Jackie Luke, 124, Jacksonville, in six. Bob Pruitt, 145, trounced Chuck McCullers, 145, in the opener.

One of the finest moves to give the boxing game a break in this wonderful State was the organizing of the Florida Boxing Managers Guild, Inc. When you see the good the New York Guild and the others have done for the sport as well as the figures in it, one can't but feel that an accomplishment has been made. The Florida Guild, created in Miami, has as its officers: Allie Ridgeway, President; Ben Finkle, Vice-President; Joe Barber, Treasurer, and Harry N. Davies, Secretary. The FBMG has a working agreement with the New York body and would like to co-operate with all others, as well as with boxing commissions over the country. Good luck, fellows.

One more win was placed on the record of Jackie O'Brien as the Tampa welterweight defeated Jimmy Leach, 146, at Daytona Beach, in the ten-round headliner at Tampa. Tipping 140, Jackie had to show his best to gain the verdict and that he did in the final stanza.

Hal Boylston, the Jacksonville light-heavyweight, came through with a knockout in the first round over Jack Croley, of Roanoke, in what was to have been a companion tenner. Boylston never gave Croley a chance as he fired a left to the jaw, doubled him with one to the body and then a right to the same spot to end it. Hal tipped 170, and Croley, 180.

Danny Nardico, another light-heavy who is setting Tampans to talking, knocked out Irwin Schultz, of Jacksonville, in two. Both weighed 165. Frank Leach, 135, TKO'ed Bob Murray, 143, of Lakeland, in five, and Sonny Hoyt, 130, Jacksonville, trimmed Bob Burgio, 132, in the curtain-raiser.

Jesse Underwood, 133, Huntington W. Va., astounded boxing fans with a five round knockout over the highly regarded Herbie "Biff" Jones, of Washington, D. C., in the top bout at Asheville, N. C. Underwood took the offensive at the very start and kept after the Capital City lightweight until he nailed him for good. The loser gave a good account, despite the ending. Biff weighed 135.

A heavyweight bout saw Ely Hunter making his pro debut a success by knocking out Chalky Wright in the sixth round. Both were willing to mix it and gave everything they had until Hunter whammed over a hard right hander to the jaw for the ten count.

In a four rounder, Noel Calloway, of Asheville, and Ray Cline, of Bryson City, went to a draw. Ted Ball promoted.

George Rushmer, Brooklyn boxing manager, has "Wild Bill" Carswell, a North Carolina light-heavyweight, ready to be handled in Southern rings by Bill Haydorn, who formerly promoted boxing in New York. Heydorn is making Florida his home.

Going by the newspaper clipping sent on the Art Davis-Ralph Pearson "main event" at Coral Gables, we'd say the referee probably enjoyed the "fight" more than anyone present. The bout turned out to be a mismatch, but the bad part was Pearson absorbed much punishment. It could have been stopped since it was so one-sided. Out of the possible 300 points, Davis secured them all from Judges Bud Elliott and Mark Erwin, and Referee Frank Pettit, not a single one for the game Macon boy who at 141, was outweighed by ten pounds. Ralph's features were swollen in the second round, and in the third a lump showed over his left eye. One thousand eighty-five fans attended.

On the Davis-Pearson card, Hal Boylston, 169, Jacksonville, shortened the semi by kayoing Rudy White, 167, of Lakeland, in the second round. Boylston remains in the undefeated class. Joe McLaughlin and Al Graves put on the best fight of the show. Joe 150, decisioned Al, 159½, same city, in a sixer. Honeychile Whipple, 155, won a sixer from Bobo Haynes, 159. Bob Pruitt, 137, kayoed Snooks Howard, 137, in four.

Jacksonville results—Tony Masciarelli beat Billy Brown, ten; Narty O'Keefe, TKO'ed Frank Leach, seven; Billy Mullis beat Jack Sellers, Lamar Tate beat Sonny Hoyt and James Rocker beat Jack Oakie, all fours.

Billy Kilgore beat Tony Masciarelli, ten; Joey Gordon beat Jimmy Leach, six; Frank Leach beat Sonny Hoyt; Bob Pruitt beat Billy Sellers; Tex McAllister beat Buster Dalton; Tony Skee and Lamar Tate drew, all fours.

Larry Shaw and Billy Brown drew, ten; Eddie Webb beat Jimmy Leach, six; Frank Leach beat Billy Mullis, four; Bob Pruitt and Tommy Peavy drew, four; James Rocker stopped Isaac Simpson, two, and Tony Skee stopped Lewin Williams, three.

Larry Shaw and Billy Kilgore drew, ten; Joey Gordon beat Irwin Schultz, six; Bob Pruitt beat Tommy Peavy; Frank Leach beat Billy Sellers; Ray Brown beat T. J Bevel (all fours), and Jimmy Leach TKO'ed Buster Dalton, one.

Roy Evans, former Tampa light-heavyweight boxer, is now Reverend Roy Evans Wasdin, and extra good news from Miss Irma Halboth, of Sarasota states Roy and Miss Sara Frances Carver, of Tampa, were united in marriage recently. Congratulations and life's happiness to them.

The best looking prospect in any division in this part of the South is a Jacksonville boy, Hal Boylston, who competes in the light-heavyweight circle.

Please send in all boxing notes and results before the fifth of each month—for publication in this column. All Southern news is welcome. Will deeply appreciate boxing news and information for use in our Jacksonville Journal boxing column, "Ringside News." Fighters without managers, wishing to show in Florida or where we have contacts, can do so by writing Tom Ephrem, Sports Department, Jacksonville Journal, Jacksonville, Florida, or 403 West Ninth Street, Jacksonville, Florida. Phone 6-0182.

IOWA-SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By Bill Hawkins

EARL CADDOCK, 62, former world heavyweight wrestling champion, is dead. Caddock, one of Iowa's best known sports figures, won the wrestling title from Joe Stecher in Omaha, Nebr., in 1917 and later lost the title to Stecher in New York. He had been ill several months and died at his home in Walnut, Ia. You'll find a story about him on Stanley's wrestling pages in this issue.

"He was a champion, not only in wrestling but in every other way. Modest, honest, reliable, loyal, a Bible student, and religious; square-jawed, handsome with a vibrating, contagious personality; home loving and at heart a small town farm boy, he appealed to his Iowa friends and his Iowa followers who idolized and loved him, as no other professional athlete has." These are the words of Sec Taylor—a just tribute to a great athlete.

We would like to repeat again that failure to see results of your bouts or boxing cards in this department can be charged up to the following: Incomplete names and weights and date of boxing card; incorrect results coming to this department has reached the drastic stage; failure of promoter to send in results; failure to get your news into our hands by the fifth of each month. Mail your news to Bill Hawkins, 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Iowa. If you wish to phone your news, our phone number is 8-6849.

With the amateur boxing season just around the corner, E. Q. Hoberg, A. A. U. commissioner for this area, announced: In South Dakota, three permits must be obtained before amateurs are permitted to compete on a card. First the sponsoring organization must have a license from the South Dakota Amateur Boxing Association and a sanction from the Middlewest Association of the Amateur Athletic Union. These licenses and the sanction must be applied for at least 15 days in advance of show date.

W. L. C. Ryberg of Mitchell, South Dakota, president of the amateur association, and Barney Boos of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, state boxing commissioner, are the persons from whom licenses may be obtained. The A.A.U. sanction may be obtained either through Mr. Hoberg in Sioux City, or from Ed Downs at Watertown, South Dakota, deputy commissioner. In Iowa only an A.A.U. sanction is necessary. Mr. Hoberg, further stated that the A.A.U. and the state licensing bodies are trying to discourage mixed pro and amateur boxing cards.

Our Question Box: Our mail bag for this department is heavy and we regret our space is limited. To. Frank K. at Pittsburgh, Pa.: Muriel Lee, girl wrestler, hails from Minneapolis, a former stenographer, age 20, blond, 5 feet 8 inches tall and scales in at 145.

K.K.J., at Sioux Falls, S. D.: Get THE RING Record Book. To P.T.D. at Omaha, Nebr.: I have no record of this fighter, suggest you get a manager.

H.L. at Topeka, Kans.: Suggest you write THE RING for pictures.

Jack D. at Wayne, Nebr.: Thanks for your letter.

L.H. at Tampa, Fla.: Your fistic record is fair, and with a good manager you should be on top.

L.K. at St. Paul, Minn.: Do not have the space to list records as I have mentioned before. THE RING Record Book has all the records you mention.

John J. at Rock Island, Ill.: I am not manager of girl boxers. Yes, Lee Savold was around Sioux City.

J.W. at Rapid City, S.D.: I am mailing you a list of dependable managers.

T.L. at Des Moines, Ia.: The promoter you mention was unable to pay off, and he is not from Iowa.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—A municipal auditorium, first advocated in 1901 is ready to open in Sioux City. . . The beautiful $3,000,000 structure will certainly be a big enticement for out of town boxing promoters and a fine spot for some "big time" fistic cards. . . The building provides two stories for activities, an exhibition hall on the ground floor level and a stage and arena on the main floor. . . To acquaint interested promoters—the arena itself is 81 to 170 feet with a ceiling height of 46 feet. A portable portion of the stage can be retracted 14 feet, making the arena 184 feet long. . . . At boxing and wrestling shows with the ring in the center of the arena, the total seating capacity, including stage seats, will be about 6,400. . . A nonprofit corporation has been set up in Sioux City for the specific purpose of promoting the use of the new auditorium.

Boxers, amateurs or pros, who are entering the armed forces for the Korean war, are again urged to list this information with THE RING. Any information on any casualties to boxers in the service is wanted. . . . We are in constant contact with promoters seeking talent and these names will be turned over to you managers and boxers—so list your mailing address with us—no charge for this service. . . See you next month.

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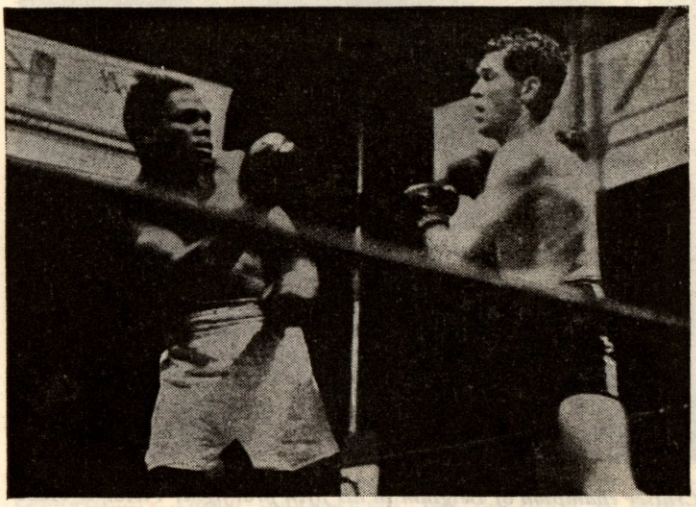
CONTINENTAL CLOSE-UP

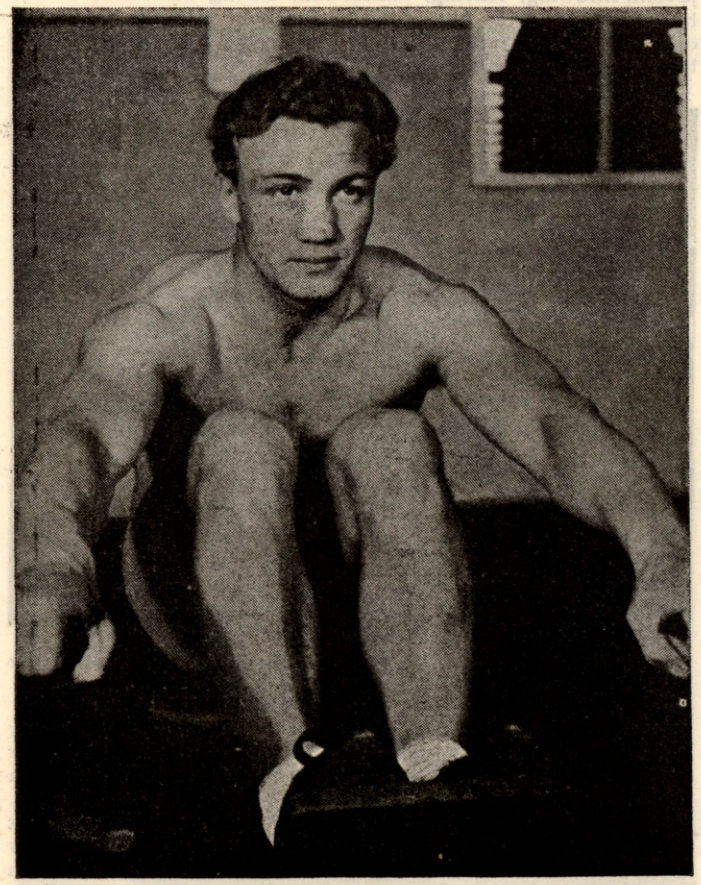
By CHARLIE PARISH

Cruiser Chaos in Germany—New French Bantam Star—Belgian Situation—Open-air Show Goes Big in Denmark—Jo Weidin and the Star of David—Russian Boxers Blast Finns.

IT is seldom that the light-heavyweight division finds itself the centre of interest, in any country, particularly since the war. In Germany, however, several fighters have become outstanding men in this division, and the current set-up over there is causing many headaches in fight circles. Briefly, the new German Bomber, Conny Rux, deprived Richard Vogt of the title last December by knocking out the Hamburger in five rounds, a defeat which caused the erstwhile champ to hang up the gloves. Rux had been champion but a couple of months when his manager, Bruno Mueller, announced to the authorities that his boy would in future campaign as a heavyweight, and that the cruiser title could thus be considered vacant, this despite the fact that Rux's fighting weight is well within cruiser limits. As a result Gerhard Hecht and Herbert Kleinwaechter met for the vacant title, but fought a draw. Later, Richard Vogt declared his intention of returning to ring-warfare, and was selected to meet Kleinwaechter for the championship; Vogt won in double-quick time. Rux, however, has suffered a bad setback in the heavy ranks at the hands of Tiger Jones, and his manager has decided that the blond Conny would be better suited to fight men his own weight. Although he can be considered still as the best German cruiser he must wait two years before fighting again for the title, as the Commission's rulings lay down that a challenger or champion who disregards his right to fight for the title must wait for that period before obtaining another tilt at the throne. The ruling is unfortunate, particularly as Rux has had a very troubled time this year. His marriage to the attractive actress, Ada Tschechowa, alienated him from his manager for a period, and the resultant lack of concord was noticeable in his corner during the ill-starred fight with Jones. All this has now been overcome, and Mueller and his charge are now once more on the best of terms, which augurs well for the Berlin fighter's future.



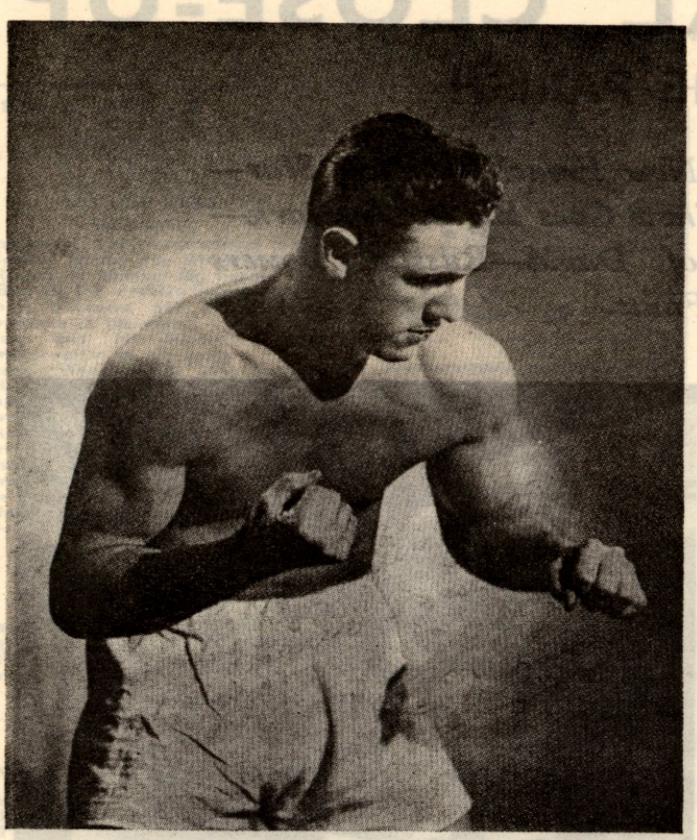
Lloyd Marshall and Willi Hoepner seen in their recent clash at Hamburg, in which the German emerged victorious.



Germany's most-discussed fighter, Conny Rux, looks thoughtful during a training session.

Also in the German cruiser picture is another Hamburger, Willi Hoepner, who has crashed the headlines recently with a clear victory over Lloyd Marshall. Like Rux, Hoepner is also figured to beat the current champion, Vogt, but probably will not have to wait as long as the Berliner before getting his chance. There was no question regarding Marshall's defeat, although it should be stated that the coloured fighter did not appear on his best form and entered the ring looking haggard. For Hoepner this is the climax to a highly successful year. Since January he has stopped Willie Schier, Kurt Jagals, Hans Baumann, Otto Bastian, and Rudi Pepper, lost on a foul to Heinz Titze, won over Titze in a return clash, and finally gained the nod over the experienced star of the Fred Kirsch stable, Lloyd Marshall. Questioned after the fight, Kirsch admitted that the Hamburger had won by a clear margin of points and blamed his fighter's defeat on Hoepner's southpaw stance, which set an insoluble problem for the American. Whether Richard Vogt can solve it remains to be seen, but the German champion should not be lightly disregarded, despite his 37 years. He gained second place in the Berlin Olympics in 1936, turned professional two years later, and has accumulated an impressive list of wins before the limit. His damaging right still carries dynamite, and his lengthy experience makes him a tough customer, however brilliant his opponent may be. Remember, he was the man who put the quietus on Max Schmeling's comeback attempt.

From Germany to France is not far in these days of speed, so let us consider a dark-skinned battler who has sprung into the limelight almost overnight, as it were. The gent in ques-

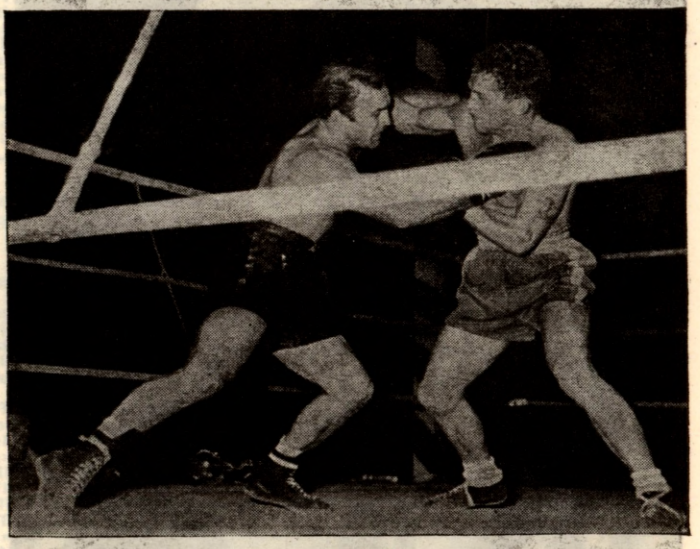


Cruiser champion of Belgium in his fifth pro. fight. Victor D'Haes looms as a threat on the Continental scene.

tion is one Emile Chemama, who has celebrated his tenth professional fight by defeating none other than Theo Medina, who, until a couple of months ago, was the official challenger for the European bantam title. Chemama's rise to fame has been meteoric. He won his first six fights before the limit over men of mediocre calibre, gained his first good win against Dante Bini, whom he whipped very handily at Marseilles. Then followed the turn of Arturo Paoletti, who was stopped in two in Avignon, Chemama's adopted home (he was born twenty-four years ago in North Africa), the Italian ex-champion having little defence against the other's whirlwind attacks. Opponent No. 9 was the French flyweight king-pin, Honore Pratesi, who was likewise overcome by the ardent North African and retired in the eighth round with a broken nose and sorely injured prestige. Cynics still held out that young Emile had hit a lucky streak, until the Medina bout, in which Chemama received a thorough testing of his capabilities, being dropped for two counts in the eighth by the gypsy's wicked hook to the liver. The North African got off the canvas to carry the fight right back to his more experienced opponent, who remained dangerous up to the final bell. By the time these lines appear in print Chemama will have tangled with another great young bantam prospect, the Italian, Gianni Zuddas; the outcome of this duel is eagerly awaited by French and Italian fight fans.

Belgian promoters have announced their several plans whereby they hope to place boxing in Belgium on its old plane, and have begun the season in good style. Several new stars are already climbing the fistic ladder, such as Jean Sneyers and Edgar Delannoit, for example, but what is really needed is a few boxers of the Cyrille Delannoit stamp, men who belong to the heavier divisions and have plenty of colour. Cyrille Delannoit made supurb progress in the professional ranks just after the war, but was burned out by the numerous hard fights he was expected to fulfil in a year. Wherever the Belgian Tarzan appeared so the gate receipts soared, which was a temptation his old manager, Fernand Prémont, could not resist. After his two hard bouts with Cerdan, Delannoit hit the downgrade, and following his defeat at the hands of Jean Stock last November, laid off for a few months. He is now under the banner of Felix Deconninck, the young Brussels manager who took under his wing the Prémont stable when the latter decided to give up his connections with the fight game. Deconninck also runs the affairs of young Frank Etienne, son of old-time middleweight Jack Etienne, the other Delannoits, Edgard and Etienne, also Vital Lhost, a cruiserweight, and Piet Wilde, the heavyweight champion, well known in British rings. At the moment young Jean Sneyers, the flyweight champion, is the safest bet for ring stardom. Raoul Baudoux, who organizes most of the big competitions in Brussels, and who was responsible for the great "Marcel Cerdan Belt" fiasco, still has a call on the services of Joseph Preys and Kid Dussart, two veterans who continue to be first-class performers. Dussart is at present in America, where he has yet to win a fight, but the Kid is a very erratic gent who often chooses to train at night clubs but reaches the heights when he decides to get down to business. Frans Reis and Leon Pascal have formed a partnership and will operate chiefly in the provinces with lightweight Joseph Vissers and cruiserweight Eli Elandon as their chief attractions, both of whom have appeared in Britain.

As previously noted Belgium is short of attractive fighters in the heavier classes, but Victor D'Haes, the young light-heavy king, deserves a word here. D'Haes turned professional late in 1949 and won his first fight by beating Jean Declercq, who was then contender for the title. He then went on to defeat Blampain, Jean Pierre, and Stanislas, and fought a no-decision with Van Damme before being selected by the authorities to meet Jean Declercq for the title, which became vacant on the retirement of Pol Goffaux. D'Haes went to town against the powerful Declercq and finally forced the latter to throw in the sponge in the fourth round. Victor thus became national champion in his sixth fight. Since then he has had but two bouts, knocking out Al Gerard in seven, and beating De Kegel in eight. Although his record as a paid fighter is short, Victor tells me that he is ready to meet any other champion, and is anxious to gain some more international experience. As an amateur he disputed sixty contests, of which he lost but four, and held numerous titles, including that of Belgium champion and winner (twice) in the Britannia Shield competitions. Sport in general appeals to D'Haes, who is proficient at such diverse branches of athletics as swimming, javelin-throwing, fencing, basket-ball, among others. However, he decided that his future lay in the more difficult profession of glove-slinging, and can flatter himself that so far he has little reason to regret his choice.

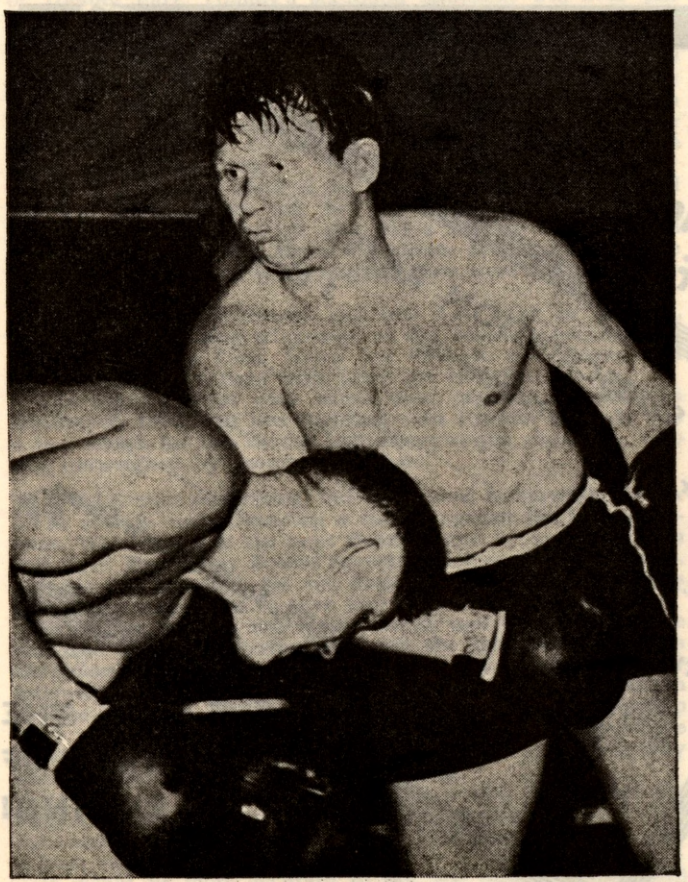


Roberto Proietti and Jorgen Johansen slugging it out in their recent bout in Copenhagen, won by the Italian.

Highly pleased with his latest venture is Danish promoter Bernhard Madsen, who organised Copenhagen's first open-air show for many years on August 31st, with the match between Roberto Proietti and Jorgen Johansen as the main attraction. The Danish boxing-journalist, Jack Christmas, tells me that the first open-air programme in Denmark took place as early as 1909, when Fighting Dick Nelson celebrated his return from America with a five-round kayo over Waldemar Holberg. During the latter 'twenties, fights took place at the Stadion,

including the programme featuring world champion Al Brown and the Dane, Knud Larsen. Larsen was defeated on points, he had passed his peak at this period, and a year later was knocked out by the Frenchman, Robert Tassin, in what was the last programme to be held in the open air of the Stadion. Bernhard Madsen is a promoter who likes to take a chance, and has had a rather uphill fight since he started promoting three years ago. The gate of 17,000 for the Proietti fight does not constitute a record for Danish boxing, but it is certainly the highest attendance since the beginning of the 1930s. Despite Johansen's defeat, his manager is well satisfied with his fighter's performance and hopes that his charge will be ready for a title-shot within a year or so. Francesco Sisalli, an Italian featherweight, had his first fight as a professional outside of Spain when he met Asger Warburg on the same bill. Sisalli had had considerable success in Spain, but showed little skill against the mobile and hard-hitting Dane, who more or less had the Spanish-Italian helpless on many occasions. The latter was not yet ripe for such a contest.

Finally the mystery of Jo Weidin's ancestry has been solved. Weidin appeared in British rings wearing the Star of David on his trunks, and later claimed that he had spent part of the war in a concentration camp in Germany, while his father met his death in one of the horror camps. These statements and others of a similar description gained the Austrian no little sympathy in Britain and America, but brought a strenuous denial from German fight circles. Viennese dailies made a splash with this material and confirmed that Weidin had indeed commenced his boxing career under the Nazi régime, had fought often in German rings during the war years, and had held the rank of Sergeant in the Luftwaffe. To top it all Weidin's father had never been interned and was today alive and well. Possibly it had never occurred to the Viennese heavyweight that the matter would go so far, and he now admits that it was at the suggestion of a well-known London promoter that he adopted the Jewish insignia on his boxing trunks. Judging by the attacks which have lately been launched in the British press against the reappearance of Weidin in Britain, this error will cost the Austrian dear. It would be criminal, however, if this fighter were now to be persecuted for the mere fact that he fought on the wrong side during the recent war. A man should be proud of his nationality and willing to fight for his country if need be; boxers belong to the entertainment world as much as to the athletic, and should be accepted as artists.



French heavyweight Emile Bentz ducks to avoid an attack by Heinz Newhaus of Germany, who ran out points winner.

Tommy Farr's return to active competition has aroused considerable interest among his old supporters, which means anybody old enough to remember his gallant fight against Jolting Joe. Best of luck from this column to a great performer, whose return means added interest in the heavyweight section. Tommy's first opponent, Jan Klein, was hardly of the calibre to test the Tonypandy fighter, but all Farr's old zest and colour were displayed in his contest with the Dutch champion. Others have stowed Klein away in more peremptory fashion, but it seemed to this drenched supporter of Tommy Bach that Farr was exercising his various punches to give himself a good workout. A Farr-Savold clash has already been suggested for next summer, a bout which would prove a certain winner, despite the comparative antiquity of the antagonists.

Just how good are the fighters behind the Iron Curtain is a question often debated, particularly as Russian boxers have been invited to participate in the next Olympic Games. Recently a Russian amateur team was highly successful in Helsinki, where the Finns were unable to score a single win. Biggest upset of the match was the defeat before the limit of flyweight Pentti Hamaelainen, who was a member of the European Golden Gloves team this year, and won both his fights in America. Hamaelainen had announced his intention of turning professional this season.

In Passing.—French scribes attribute Dauthuille's last-minute defeat by Jake LaMotta to the conflicting advice hurled at him from his corner, particularly that offered by his American trainer, Hermie Blaustein, who ordered the Frenchman to go in and fight in the last round . . . Nat Fleischer is currently writing for "The People," wherein the World's No. I Fight Expert publishes some interesting material on the inside picture of great bouts of the past . . . Felix Wouters, the old Belgian welter wizard, now attends to his hens at his native Lembecq . . . Dutch middleweight Jan de Bruin is experiencing weight difficulties and is considering moving up to the cruiser division . . . Austrian manager Alfred Pauser writes that he is keen to start his charges, Kurt Schiegl (heavy) and Leo Starosch (welter), in Britain, preferably in the provinces . . . Joey Maxim may soon be campaigning in Germany, and contemplates boxing several exhibitions with Olle Tandberg in Sweden. Tandberg has no intention of returning to active competition . . . Heinz Neuhaus, the excellent German heavy prospect, is now training with the coloured Americans, Gene "Tiger" Jones and Lloyd Marshall. . . . Another American Negro, lanky Al Hoosman, has complained of the very rough treatment given him by Wilson Kohlbrecher in their recent bout, won by the German. According to our Berlin correspondent, Kohlbrecher still rates as best German heavy after the champion, despite his defeat in two rounds at the hands of Ten Hoff . . . Swedish heavyweight Gunnar Nilsson showed great bravery in rescuing distressed families from their collapsing homes when his home-town of Surte was buried in a landslide. Nilsson was silver medal winner in the last Olympics, and joined the paid ranks last November, since when he has contested four bouts. In view of the latest outbursts against boxing which have appeared in the press it is encouraging to witness further proof of the average boxer's quick thinking and coolness in danger, necessary attributes developed in the ring.

We shall be pleased to receive items of news, especially the making of matches for boxers on their list, from all licensed managers in the United Kingdom. We are also interested in publishing a Managers' Directory similar to those of American and Honolulu managers which appear in both the American and British editions of THE RING. All communications to:—

SYDNEY R. SMITH,
28/29, Southampton Street,
London, W.C.2.

BUENOS AIRES
By Alfredo Porzio

BOXING is getting better and better every day. New stadiums have opened their gates in different parts of the country. We are expecting Chilean boxers here, which we hope will increase attendance to the fights. Here are results of the month:

In Rio Cuarto on August 4, Jose M. Gatica, 138, kayoed Juan C. Gonzalez, 134, in the third round. A large crowd turned out for the fight.

At Luna Park on August 5, A. Disanti, 142, beat Santiago Ochiuzzi, 146, on points in six rounds. Lucas Pellegrino, 139, drew with Guillermo Pizarro, 141. Hugo Villa, 135, beat Emilio Pellegrino, 138, in ten rounds. It was a hard-earned victory. Villa was credited with this even fight due to having more "push." Angel Olivieri, 137, beat the Peruvian "debutante," Rodolfo Lazo, 140, on points. Olivieri's appearance brought out a fine gathering. The fighters started out with caution, but in the second round Olivieri forced his rival to the ropes, where the pair engaged in a hot exchange. After one minute of the third round had elapsed, Olivieri caught Lazo with a short jab which put him down for four seconds.

The last round found both fighters in a terrific exchange. Olivieri was cheered for his excellent triumph.

In Mar del Plata on August 5, Antonio Cuevas, 154, beat A. Giglio, 159, in a hard-fought fight.

In Tandil on August 5, A. Doher, 162, beat the Chilean, G. Torres, 161, on points in ten rounds.

In Corrientes, August 11—Though there was a difference in pounds, Jose M. Gatica, 140, the great Argentine lightweight, beat J. MacKadon, 162, by K.O. in the second round.

At Luna Park on August 12, Luis Sanchez, 137, threw in the sponge and lost to Martin Perez, 137½, in the fourth round. Arturo Miranda, 139, drew with Roque Romano, 137, in 12 rounds. This was a sensational fight, and the spectators' enthusiasm reached high pitch. Neither of the fighters gave an inch. By the time the last round started, both men were very tired, but they continued in the same form as the previous rounds, and at the end both were covered with blood, bleeding from wounds on eyebrows and ears. The decision was a draw.

Oscar Flores, 139, beat Gabriel Ulloa, 141, on points in a slow fight. They are Chileans.

In San Juan, August 12—In a ten-round match, A. Lagoy, 205, beat Americo Capitanelli, 204, by K.O. in the ninth round.

In Posadas on August 12, Atilio Carahune, 168, beat Luis Lomar, 162, by K.O. in the third round.

At Luna Park on August 16, L. Pellegrino, 139, beat Eduardo Moyano, 140, on points. Moyano was down for three seconds in the third round. Jose Lisanti, 135, beat Luis Bordon, 133, by K.O. in the fourth round. H. Salvarezza, 138, beat Pascual Soriano, 137, by K.O. in the fourth round. Salvarezza is still unbeaten. It was a great fight, and the victory was cheered by the spectators. Julio Salcedo, 146, beat Juan Strano, 145. After four even rounds, Salcedo showed better form, and Strano's seconds threw in the sponge in the ninth round.

In Bahia Blanca on August 16, G. Torres, 150, Chilean, beat Segio Imperatori, 152, Italian, on points. This was one of the best fights ever to take place in this stadium. A. Casanova, 125, drew with H. Pineyro, 127.

At the A.B.F. Stadium on August 18, Pablo Veneziano, 162, beat Jose A. Martinez on points. Oscar Velazquez, 138, drew with Ernesto De Luca in eight rounds. A. Lorente, 158, beat Omar Guarch, 156, on points in a ten-rounder. Guarch put up a good show in the last rounds.

In Rosario on August 19, Roberto Gimenez, 138, beat Rosario Bravo, 140, in a most brilliant fight. Vicente Acosta, 136, beat Emilio de los Rios by K.O. in the fifth of a scheduled eight.

In Mar del Plata on August 19, Arturo Miranda, 140, Chilean, beat J. E. Gonzalez, 136, by K.O. in the fourth round. Miranda gave a fine showing.

At Luna Park on August 19, the President of the Republic and 30,000 spectators turned up for a special show which grossed $16,500. In the feature, J. M. Gatica, 139, beat "Cloroformo" Jose Valenzuela, 141, Chilean, by K.O. in the eighth round. Gatica put up his usual good performance. The fight was raw at times, but the blows to Cloroformo's middle section beat Jose. He went down for the count of nine in the eighth, and in the same round took the count. Anibal de Santi, 143, beat Martin Antunez, 146, on points in eight rounds. Carlos Martini, 146, beat Jesus Ortiz, 149, on points in six rounds. Martin Perez, 135½, beat Jose Martinez, 139, by K.O. in the first round.

At Luna Park on August 23, Luis Lorman, 162, drew with Jorge Peralta, 164, in six rounds. It was a hard fight, both men being down in the third. Guillermo Pizarro, 138, Chilean, beat Luis Sanchez, 137, on points. Dante Nolasco, 148, unbeaten, drew with Dante Pereyra, 152. In the first six rounds Pereyra gained the advantage, due to good boxing and speed, but was then overtaken in the final rounds. The public applauded the draw decision. Enrique Jover, 162, beat T. Paez, 160, on points.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. Jimmie Amann

EZZARD CHARLES, N.B.A. heavyweight champion from Cincinnati, boxed a four-round exhibition with Joe Modzele at Arnold, Pa., on August 3, and on August 15 at Buffalo, Ezz scored a K.O. in 14 rounds over Freddie Beshore in defense of his title.

Charlie Earley, who hails from Reading, Pa., is out to gain recognition as the world's junior welterweight champion.

Old-time managers and promoters will recall Jack P. Dear, former Lancaster (Ohio) promoter and manager. Jack is back in the running with boxing and wrestling shows in and around his new quarters, Paden City, W. Va.

Proctor Heinold of the Joe Basco stable made Willie Pep, featherweight champion, go the hard way at Scranton, Pa., on August 2 to win.

Around Fountain Square With the Punchers and Their Pilots—Mike Sokoloff's fine Philly featherweight, Percy Bassett, deserves a shot at the winner of the Pep-Saddler fight. . . Percy has a terrific record. He recently kayoed Terry Young. . . . My address is 6716 Palmetto Street, Cincinnati 27, Ohio . . . for those interested in my weekly boxing letter at ten dollars per year, or my monthly sheet fight flashes at one dollar per 12 months.

Louisville promoter Joe Walling plans to promote in the spacious Franklin County Armory during the indoor season. . . . Joe is also planning many new innovations for Falls City fight fans. . . . Tony Warndorf, Cincinnati referee, does an admirable job as third man at local fights. . . . Art Liebert, St. Louis manager, is trying to get the Iacobucci-Burgin winner for his good featherweight, Jimmy Thomas. . . Joe Discepoli is planning a ring comeback. . . . Amateur boxers took over a one-night show at the Cincinnati Race Bowl. . . . I have only a few copies remaining of the 1950 boxing promoters and managers guide in which are listed names and addresses of 1001 folks . . . one buck per copy.

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IT'S THE BIBLE OF BOXING!

Britain Facing Biggest Heavyweight Boom

By JAMES BUTLER

Joe Baksi seeks fame and fortune in England again—Joey Maxim and Lee Savold also in queue for Britain—Jack Solomons prepares to step-up battle against Television—Danny O'Sullivan gets crack at world bantam title in South Africa, but Spanish champion is passed over—Bill Daly has high hopes of Ray Wilding.

THE strange outcome of the touching defeat of Joe Louis at the hands of 29-year-old Ezzard Charles at Yankee Stadium in September is that while heavyweight boxing looks like slumping in New York it will have a boom season in London this winter.

Americans reckon the defeat of Louis has knocked much of the box-office attraction out of the fight game, particularly because his conqueror has never drawn big gates, and although a first-class performer, lacks the essential quality of all great heavyweight champions—a knockout punch.

But America's loss seems to be England's gain as far as the heavyweights are concerned. Top-notchers like Lee Savold, regarded as world champion by the British Boxing Board of Control and the European Boxing Union, Joey Maxim, and Joe Baksi, are already on the shopping list of Promotor Jack Solomons, who will present them in London in the coming months.

Furthermore, Ezzard Charles would like to come to England according to his managers Tom Tannas and Jake Mintz. Freddie Bershore, who went fourteen rounds with Ezzard shortly before Charles beat Louis, is also looking for an invitation. And to this list you can add Jersey Joe Walcott, the coloured heavyweight (who twice fought Louis, and more recently was successful against Hein Ten Hoff in Germany and Olle Tandberg in Sweden), and Rocky Marciano, reckoned to be one of the best of the younger American heavyweights.

JACK SOLOMONS realises Louis's defeat has put him in clover, and he is in the happy position of having available more top-name heavyweights than he can use for his promotions at the large Earls Court Exhibition Hall and Harringay.

In addition to the American big fellows seeking fights this side of the Atlantic, Solomons has also another attraction to get to work on with the so-far successful return to the ring of Tommy Farr. Tommy's six-round knockout win over Jan Klein, of Holland, at Pontypridd on the same night that Charles beat Louis, revealed that the former British heavyweight champion is still a big drawing card. More than 30,000 Welshmen sat and stood in pouring rain to watch Tonypandy Tommy's first fight in ten years against an almost unknown Dutchman. Whereas only 22,000 sat down in good weather to watch Louis and Charles in New York battling for the world heavyweight title.

One of Solomons' ideas is for a meeting between Farr and Big Joe Baksi. Baksi will be well remembered by British boxing fans as the pugilist who put a stop to the march of both Freddie Mills and Bruce Woodcock in the golden boom at the end of the war, when ringside seats were costing twenty guineas a time.

Baksi lost to Lee Savold and beat Lee twice in America, but instead of taking advantage of the situation became lazy and losing to Lee Oma, Jersey Joe Walcott, and Jimmy Bell lost a chance of a fight with Louis for the title.

The big American coal miner then came to England in November, 1946, and was matched with Freddie Mills. It was a bad match for the British light-heavyweight champion, who was outweighed by around two stone.

MILLS tried everything, but was forced to surrender in six rounds, never standing a chance against his large opponent. Woodcock was the next Baksi victim in April, 1947. In this fight Bruce was floored several times in the first round, had his jaw smashed, his eye damaged, and in seven rounds the referee stepped in to save him from being knocked out.

Baksi was now on top of the world, and took on what he reckoned to be a pushover fight with the light-hitting Swedish champion, Olle Tandberg. Mike Jacobs had become suddenly interested in Baksi, and sent Lew Burston by air to Stockholm to sign Battling Joe for a world heavyweight championship clash with Louis. Baksi's manager, Natie Wolfson, signed the contract before the Tandberg fight in Sweden. There was only one condition. Joe had to beat Tandberg.

It seemed a million to one that he would, but one of the biggest shocks of recent heavyweight boxing occurred. The light-hitting Swede outboxed Baksi and so robbed Joe of a million dollars.

It would be more accurate to say Joe robbed himself. All he had to do to beat Tandberg was get himself in first-class condition. But whereas the Swede tucked himself away in the mountains and toughened his body felling trees, Joe was more interested in the bright lights of London and Stockholm.

Tandberg went to America, lost to Joey Maxim, and returned unheralded to Sweden. Baksi went to seed. I visited him at his home at Greenwood Lakes in the summer of 1948. He was fat and lazy and didn't want to fight.

He tried a come-back in 1948, but through lack of condition was beaten by Ezzard Charles in 11 rounds. Now he needs the cash and is trying to make up for his 1947 folly by coming back to England for a second chance.

I HAVE always maintained that if Baksi took the fight game more seriously he could be the best heavyweight around. In condition there are few present-day fighters who could beat him. He is not too old at 29 to come back, but if he hopes to get to the top again he must cut out his natural laziness and follow the example of Lee Savold, who at one time was also lazy and corpulent. At 36 Savold has cut out cigar smoking and beer guzzling. He is one of the fittest fighters in the world today.

Would Baksi beat Tommy Farr? That depends entirely on Baksi's behaviour. If fit and well I think he would be too strong for the 36-year-old Welshman, but Baksi would have to be in condition, because Farr knows every move there is to know in boxing.

Lee Savold is anxious to defend the British and European version of the world heavyweight title in London next summer. The defeat of Louis was quite a financial set-back for Savold and his manager, Bill Daly. Had Louis beaten Charles, Daly was convinced that a Louis-Savold title fight would have drawn a million dollars in New York next summer, or nearly the equivalent in London during the Festival of Britain.

Now Lee is waiting to see what the outcome will be. He is willing to meet Farr, Baksi, Maxim, or anybody else, but he realises that with Louis out of the picture the purse has been cut by 50 per cent.

NOW that Jack Solomons is back from the Louis-Charles fight I am convinced the boxing war against television will be stepped up. The British promoter was always of the opinion that T.V. would be the ruin of boxing from a commercial point of view. Since his American trip he is doubly certain that television is a natural enemy of boxing promoters, boxers, and their managers.

"In America the promoter, boxers, and managers are more than compensated by huge payments from firms wishing to advertise their goods," Solomons explained to me, and added, "A beer firm paid £70,000 for the exclusive televising of the Louis-Charles fight; 25,000,000 viewers saw the fight, but only 22,000-odd paid to go in the Yankee Stadium.

"In England the position is hopeless. The B.B.C. won't pay anything but chicken-feed for television. In fact, by the time the promoters, managers, and boxers have split up £500, or even £1,000, it is not worth having."

So it looks as though the really big fights will be kept off T.V. until the day arrives that some advertising firm is allowed to bid £5,000, £10,000, or even £20,000. That day may never come in England, but I am convinced that television will not break down promoters like Solomons under existing B.B.C. conditions.

WHILE I am wishing all the luck in the world to Danny O'Sullivan, the British bantamweight champion, on his bid to lift the world title off Vic Toweel in Johannesburg on November 25th, I am sympathetic towards Luis Romero, the Spanish southpaw champion, who gave Danny Boy such a battering when fighting for the European title at Harringay.

No doubt it suits Toweel and the South African promoter to stage the O'Sullivan fight, but in my opinion the Spaniard is the best bantamweight in the world right now.

Bill Daly is already getting plans going for Ray Wilding, of Cheshire. Bill is convinced Wilding will be the next British heavyweight champion after he has had a toughening up course in America.

In a letter Daly writes me: "The great thing about Wilding is he has brains and is willing to learn. He has got to learn to fight. Most of the youngsters I have handled think they know it all. Believe me, we are going to teach Ray how to fight, and build him up with steaks and cream. He'll be ready for any British heavyweight inside two years." I'll add to that. Wilding will be good enough for the remaining English big fellows inside twelve months.

DETROIT AND VICINITY FISTIC HEADLINES
By Jack Waina

PROMOTER Don Michel's debut at the Motor City Speedway was an action-packed card with Harold (Baby Face) Jones at 138, Detroit, gaining a close verdict over ranking John L. Davis, 133¼, Oakland, Calif., in a rugged ten. Davis staggered Jones several times in the early rounds, but Harold s efforts in the final frames convinced the officials that he was deserving of his first nod in three attempts against John L.

Sammy Angott, 145½, Washington, Pa., failed in his efforts to pin a defeat on Sonny Boy West, 139½, Washington, D. C., in another ten. West was ahead all the way in this their third meeting. Angott immediately announced his retirement once more.

Allie (Go Get 'Em) Gronik, 143¾, Lincoln Park, continued his successful ways against Joe Kelly, 139½, Chicago, in a five; another five had Don Jones, 149, Detroit, decisioning Henry Hureta, 142, Chicago, and two promising youngsters, Red Elby, 160½, Toledo, and Tony Lamonaco, 167, Grand Rapids, hooked up in the opener with the former gaining the nod after four.

Artie Towne, 158, New York City, was awarded a split decision over cagey Bert Lytell, 166, at the Toledo Sports Arena on a show sponsored by Sid Goldberg.

The first four rounds provided the majority of the action. Towne dropped Lytell for a count of eight in the opening issue and then after a close second, Artie put a mouse over Lytell's right eye in the third, having it bleeding freely.

Jim (Red) Elby, 160, Toledo, decisioned Rocky Edgan, 161, Lorain, Ohio, in a six, and Bobby Richardson, 156, Cleveland, making a comeback, stopped Tony Gallo, 168, Dearborn, at 1:49 of the fifth.

In fours, Stanley Kursa, Detroit lightweight, added an easy win against Tony Piggs, when he K.O.'ed him in 2:48 of the first. Farrell Reid, 138, Toledo, outpointed Ernie Jackson, 146, Toledo. Ray Ulis, 137, Toledo, beat Sam Kafelos, 145, Detroit, and Jimmy Howard, 126, Toledo, won over Al Green, 126, Detroit.

Frank Brown promoted Alfred "Big Boy" Brown and Vern Mitchell, Detroit heavyweights, in the headline ten-round match at an ideal indoor spot, the Music Hall. With a 68½-pound weight advantage at 256½, Brown was easily outpointed in his first start in 19 months by Mitchell.

Tough Floyd Felder, Flint welterweight, dealt Tommy Matthews, Detroit, one of his few defeats in the six-frame semi-final. Israel "Izzy" Leyton, 129¾, Detroit, for the third time defeated Walter Davkers, 129¾, Detroit, in a special five.

In four-round heavyweight matches, George McDonald, Grand Rapids, won over Bob Finley, Detroit, and Harvey Mack stopped his fellow-Detroiter, Lloyd Michigan, in the third.

Hap Tucker, a native Windsorite, promoted at the Music Hall with Lou Woods, 165, winning his fourth straight bout of his current comeback when Referee Lou Jallos awarded him a T.K.O. win over George Wilson, 164, Indianapolis, in the fourth.

Heavy-socking Embrell Davidson, 205, flattened Les Irwin of Toronto for the count at 1:45 of the third with a solid right, after having him dazed repeatedly.

Jorge Ortiz, Mexican featherweight, was stopped by the seasoned Luther Burgess at 2:32 of the first after having been dropped once previously.

Johnny Summerlin, 189, Detroit, made his pro debut a notable one as he decisioned big Harvey Mack, 190, Detroit in the only bout to go the distance, four rounds.

Sam Kafelos, 150, Detroit, was awarded a knockout over Jackie Thompson, 149, Indianapolis, in 59 seconds.

Prospect of the month: Floyd Felder, Flint 150-pounder, who has defeated Tommy Matthews, Ted Bussey, Bobby Roberts, Buster Mills, Ted Murray, Roselle Jackson and Bobby Brown, losing only to Charley Cotton since turning pro two years ago.

Here and There—Windsor's Gerry Robinson has started a boxing and wrestling club and has a large number of grapplers who are reported as learning fast. . . . One of boxing's most able supporters is Dave Froh, sportscaster for Station WILS in Lansing, doing a bang-up job. . . . Mrs. Floyd Hayes, wife of the Nebraska reporter, is recovering from an operation and here is hoping that it will be real soon!

Readers of THE RING are urged to get in touch with this magazine's headquarters or this correspondent should they have any information on any boxers who get into the armed forces for the Korean war and on any casualties whether they be pro or amateur. . . . Sandy Calvo, Flint promoter, is currently vacationing in Cuba. . . . Michigan's ace matchmaker Willie Domingues, is setting up plans for an action-packed fall season throughout the state.

Hickey Warner, Bill Swinhoe's featherweight, is shaping up better with each fight and may develop into Windsor's number one threat. . . . Veteran Harry Harris has been spending the summer months at his Baltimore, Md., home.

Local 130-pounder Luther Burgess has been drafted into the U. S. Army. . . . Bob Gachwind of Rochester is active with Ossie Sussman in the training of their prospect, Larry Allen. . . . Billy Borne, who went through 25 straight bouts before losing to Ross Virgo and retired from the ring since getting married, is looking very fit. . . . Mike Getz has his Cleveland featherweight, Pete Megas, working out again.

Remember, Jack Waina can be reached at 8799 Homer Avenue, Detroit 9, Michigan, or phone VInewood 22025.

IN AND AROUND CHICAGO
With Lenny Myers

THE Illinois Boxing Commission, consisting of Joe Triner, Ralph Metcalf and Lou Radzienda, is the fairest and squarest the state ever had. Metcalf is remembered as an all-time great track star whose records still stand out. Art Winch, veteran fight manager, is the chief inspector. Chicago will be as active in boxing as ever, as the 1950-51 boxing season swings into operation. The Chicago Stadium opens with major fights by the I.B.C. semi-monthly. The Coliseum Arena will run weekly shows and the Marigold Gardens continues with its regular routine Monday night cards.

Danny Spunt, matchmaker at Marigold Gardens, has met with one financial success after another since taking over the arena. Spunt has brought in from the East such fistic stars as Archie Moore, Walter Cartier and others. Bernard Glickman is the promoter.

Tony Spano, 128, Chicago, won a sparkling eight-round decision over Billy Jay, 126, Norfolk, Nebr., at the Marigold Gardens. The gate was $2,282. Spano looked very good and clearly outboxed his taller opponent. In the fifth round he almost finished him with heavy sledges to the body.

In another eight, Tommy Baker, 128, veteran from Cliffside, N. J., was given the duke over Cutie Al Roberts, 128, from the South Side. It seemed as if the eight rounds was a little too much for Roberts, who usually shows better. In the fours, Eddie Zaker, 140, iced Bobbo Guerrero, 140, in one; Doug Lang, 170, beat Jack Fox, 165, and Eddie Gonzalez, 128, stopped Mike Giannia in one.

Al DeRose, former lightweight, who has fought about 300 fights in his ring career, is now piloting Chico Pacheco, Brazilian welterweight, who recently dropped a close ten-rounder to Tony Janiro. Pacheco will be seen here in action shortly. A natural would be Rocky Graziano vs. Chico Pacheco.

Ralph Schneider, Chicago heavyweight, who is boxing in the East, knocked out Hank Saxon, 215, of New York, in the second round at the Ridgewood A. C. in Brooklyn. He finished Saxon with a terrific left hook to the jaw. It was Schneider's 15th in a row.

At Marigold Gardens before 1,000 fans who paid $2,200, Oliver Breton of Montreal upset diminutive Spider Thomas of Louisville in an eight-round affair. They are featherweights. It was a nip-and-tuck bout all the way, with Breton getting a split decision.

Gene Bolden, 160, Chicago, beat Andy (Candy) Anderson in another eight-rounder, which was a dull bout.

Sammy Spunt, matchmaker at Rainbow Arena, is drawing well with his amateur bouts. These shows are televised, still they draw more and more each week. Here are the Rainbow's main event results: Len Salvo, 140, Duncan Y.M.C.A., lost to Paul Hernandez, 141, Gary C.Y.O., in four rounds. This was Salvo's first defeat in 46 bouts. Elmer Jackson, 135, of Gary C.Y.O., K.O.'ed Johnny Cox, 136, Dexter C.Y.O., in the fourth round.

Walter Spritz, president of Bond Television, Inc., who manages Earl Stone, up-and-coming light-heavyweight, is doing a bang-up job to help put boxing over in Chicago. His cooperation with promoters and matchmakers here is outstanding.

In a scheduled eight-round bout headlining the Marigold outdoor arena, Spider Thomas, 120, Louisville, went to town in a big way when he slambanged his way to a K.O. victory over Oliver Breton, 125, Montreal. The end came after 2:32 of the second round. Spider went to work on the Canadian with both hands and then put the lights out for Breton with an overhand right to the jaw. The bout was an encore with the Frenchman winning a split decision early this summer.

In a secondary eight-rounder, Jimmy LaCassa, 126, West Side, iced Bill Flaherty, 128, St. Paul, in 1:22 of the second round. LaCassa, a very much improved fighter, belonging to Jack Begun, showed terrific punching ability. He knocked the St. Paul boy clean out of the ring, where he took the customary count of 20. Dr. J. M. Houston, commission M.D., administered first aid to Flaherty after the bout in the dressing room.

LaCassa shows a lot of promise. Tnis was his eighth knockout in a row and his 11th straight win.

The preliminaries also met with approval. Lee Thompson, 148, St. Paul, lost a close four-rounder to Ernest Wheaton, 147, Chicago. Russell Tague, 126, Eldridge, Ia., outboxed rugged Don Ward, South Side, in four rounds. Tague showed a lot of class. Bob Yore, 170, Chicago, and Chuck Henzel, St. Paul, boxed a four-round draw in a slambang affair.

Morry Lew, popular fight manager and sportsman, who manages the Bond Auto Mart, is one of Chicago's largest automobile dealers.

Outstanding Fighter of the Month — Ralph Schneider, local heavyweight, traveled to New York and won his 16th consecutive fight by beating the more experienced Earl Haines, New York heavyweight, on the LaMotta-Mitri card in Madison Square Garden. Schneider, who is 22 years old, stands six feet four, weighs 217 and has yet to meet defeat. He is a rough, tough boy and has shown his ability to take it and packs dynamite in both hands. He is managed by Nessie Blumenthal, veteran fight manager, who handled such ring greats as Mike Dundee, Joey Kaufman, Art (The Great) Shires and Patsy Rocco. This corner looks for Schneider to be beating the best in the country in less than a year.

David Cohen, who has a dental laboratory at 145 North Clark Street, donated a made-to-order mouthpiece to the outstanding fighter at Marigold Arena, and it was won by Doug Lang, Muskegon middleweight, belonging to Pete Petrosky. Lang fought an uphill battle to the delight of the fans by beating punching Jack Fox, rugged Chicago middleweight, in four rounds.

Boxers wishing to show around Chicago would do well to contact Nessie Blumenthal, 4513 N. Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Ill. Phone: Edgewater 4-0123.

Eddie Nichols' Gym is a beehive of activity. The fans flock there daily to watch from 40 to 50 fighters train. Eddie himself at one time was in a class with Barney Ross in the late thirties. Chief boxing instructor there is Larry Amadee, who has trained seven world's champions, including our great Brown Bomber, Joe Louis.

Harry Fine of Oakland, Calif., stopped off here while en route back to California, to visit with his old school chum, Nessie Blumenthal. Fine manages John L. Davies, ranking lightweight from the West Coast. Harry also owns a first rate gym, where the fight crowd gathers in Oakland.

Geo. Sherman, local welterweight, who hasn't lost a bout in two years, will travel to the West Coast to box two main events.

Remember, get all Illinois news in my hands by the first of each month. Boxers and managers are urged to list their addresses in my files. Address all mail to the writer at 845 Eastwood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill. Buy your RING Magazine and I will see you in print next month.

TUCSON TALKS
By Howdy Myers

PROMOTER BILL SANTOS presented three boxing shows to the Sunshine City fans during the month of August.

One forward step was made when Promoter Santos signed up with the Arizona Boxing Association, which provides funds for injuries suffered by boxers during performances. One percent of the total gate and yearly dues of the participants go into the fund.

Billy Zaduck, Montreal, Canada, middleweight, knocked out Chebo Hernendez, Juarez, in the first round. Marcus Vasquez, Los Angeles, lightweight, and Bobby Roma, Juarez, staged a terrific brawl in the semi-final which ended in a well-deserved draw.

Lou Williams, 132, Los Angeles, stopped Pepe Alverez, 131, Monterrey, Mexico, in the fifth heat, Alverez, though willing and game, was in trouble from the start and Referee Lou Ambers showed good judgment in stopping the contest. Local welterweight Eddie Williams and Cisco Saenz, Phoenix welterweight, in the roughest match seen here for some, with neither boy asking or giving quarter from bell to bell, fought a draw.

Houston Brown, 132, Los Angeles, and Ernesto Aguilar, 132, Mexico City, fought a ten-round draw. Brown, left jab artist, had his hands full trying to catch the elusive Aguilar.

Eddie Williams scored a two-round knockout over Pedro Alvarez, Juarez, welterweight. Williams, after being down in the first, made a flashy comeback.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP
By Charley Parrish

MARCEL MATHIEU, France's new bantam king, continued his winning streak by stepping out a decision over Amleto Falcinelli, his Italian opposite number, at Nancy on July 29.

Hein ten Hoff had little trouble in proving his title of No. 1 heavy in Germany, when he stopped challenger Wilson Kohlbrecher in two rounds at the Berlin Waldbuehne on the 30th. This was Ten Hoff's sixth title defense. On the same card, Dieter Hucks impressed by fighting out a win over Charles Henry of Britain, heavyweight, and Karl Peyler shared honors with Don Mogard, the Canadian heavy.

Austrian middles king, Carl Balcowitsch, was stowed away in two by the German champ, Hans Stretz, while young Gus Scholz whipped Amandus Spitzkopf, welters, on July 29.

At Schweinfurt, Hans Schoemig successfully defended his bantam crown against Walter Limbach, whom he whipped on points.

A disagreeable scene arose in Cologne when the local middles ace, Peter Mueller, was declared winner by a kayo over Ken Stribling in the third. Stribling took a count from a light blow but appeared to rise in time to continue, but the referee declared the Negro boy unfit to box on. In two other middleweight contests on the program, veteran Jupp Besselmann shared honors with Michel Lapourielle, France, and Heinz Saenger likewise drew with another Frenchman, Gaston Chambraud. The bout took place on July 30.

At Halle, Carl Schmidt stopped Hubert Kohli in seven, light-heavies, and lightweight Herbert Nuernberg drew with Herbert Tauber, on July 30.

In Madrid, fight-hungry Spaniards were treated to the picture of their two top men being stopped on the same programme, July 29. Ray Famechon, the European feathers king, defended his crown by chilling Luis de Santiago in the third round. Luis Romero, entering the ring with a fever, was caught by a savage blow from Ray Ankarah during the sixth round. The African boy pursued his advantage and soon had the Spaniard in a helpless condition, which led Referee Andy Smythe to stop the slaughter and declare Ankarah the winner.

Antonio Monzon, Spanish welter king, won the sole Spanish victory by stopping Eric McQuade, Britain, in the ninth round. Seventy thousand fans attended.

At the Vigorelli in Milan, on August 3, British promoter Jimmy Gough staged his first Anglo-Italian show in conjunction with the Milano-Ring people. Valde Fusaro and Laurie Buxton fought a rousing draw, lightweights, and Alex Buxton impressed by stopping Widmer Milandri in the seventh, when the Italian retired. Les Allen also did well in defeating the more experienced Luigi Valentini (welters), while Aaron Joshua of India was narrowly outpointed by Ernesto Formenti (feathers). Carlo Mola whipped Pino Facchi over eight (welters).

Michel Julien, the progressing Spanish middle, headlined a show at Igualada, his hometown, on August 5. He defeated the veteran Jose Ferrer for the Catalonian title, Ferrer being disqualified in the seventh. Francesco Sisalli, promising Italian feather, whipped Rodriguez.

Four days later, August 9th, Sisalli was a winner over Anselmo Pons, at Barcelona.

Pierre Langlois made his reappearance in the ring against Gilbert Stock, at Pont-Audemer. Langlois had not fought since his defeat by Humetz in April for the French welter title. Stock was beaten decisively over ten, on August 6.

At La Baule, on August 11, Theo Medina rehabilitated himself by stopping Maurice Sandeyron, who retired in the seventh, bantams.

Heinz Neuhans proved that he is an outstanding prospect by outpointing Heinz Seelisch in a rugged, fast ten-rounder at Dortmund, on August 6. The bout was an eliminator for the right to challenge Ten Hoff.

Peter Mueller stopped Streicher in five, middles, and welter Leo Starosch did well to draw with the ten-pound heavier Rudi Pepper. American Negro Stonewall Jackson won against young Horst Kemena, welters.

In Dusseldorf, on August 11, Al Hoosman chalked up his first win in Germany when he chilled Oscar Biesold in six rounds. Another American middleweight, Burl Charity, won convincingly, stopping tough Hans Baumann in five. Both Germans were hopelessly outmatched.

Heinz Buttermann had it easier than his compatriots and used his weight advantage to beat the Luxembourg welter, Leon Roller, who retired with cut eyes in the fifth.

At Munich, on August 6, a first-class German-Italian show was staged, with the following results: Hans Haefner whipped Virgilio Andressi over eight, after a fierce lightweight duel, while veteran Viktor Liwowski had to be satisfied with a draw with Florio Pancani, flyweights. Bantam challenger Willibald Koch was edged by Arturo Paoletti, and finally, Jan Kruechten lost to Hans Schmitz, welters. Schmitz had his man in difficulties when the lights went out for half an hour, which gave the other time to recuperate.

The North African middles title changed hands at Philippeville, Tunisia, on August 5, when Roland Romano defeated the holder, Claude Milazzo, over 12 rounds.

Ivano Fontana, the promising Italian middle, carried too many guns for trial-horse Jean Wanes, the Franco-Pole, on August 8, and ran off with a neat ten-round win at Cagliari. Lightweights Umberto Del Carlo and Efisio Melis drew over eight.

One of the biggest "needle" fights seen for some time in the Eternal City was the return between Giovanni Manca and Fernando Jannilli for the national middles title, on August 10. After twelve hard-fought rounds it was once again the blond Fernando who took the honors. Alessandro D'Ottavio, ex-Olympic star, was lucky to get a win over Jean Stock, who did not resemble the battler who slugged it out with Belloise.

Aldo Vinci, welterweight newcomer, split the verdict with Emmanuel Clavel, of France, while in what was voted best bout of the program, Mario Crisostimi beat Milos Lazarevics, Yugoslavia, in the latter's pro debut.

At San Sebastian, in the Spanish Basque country, on August 13, Luis Romero stopped the Frenchman, Sam Conforti, in nine rounds, nontitle.

In Barcelona, on August 16, Paco Edo, Catalonian lightweight king, flattened Estanyol, of Majorca, in two rounds. The Italian, Franco Sisalli, was unlucky not getting more than a draw with Cahuet, feathers.

Otello Belardinelli won over Salvatore, flyweights, at Anzio, Italy, on August 12.

At Ancona, on August 12, Scortichini whipped Coluzzi, welters, and Baldoni won over Gaboardi, also welters.

German boxing suffered a heavy blow in Berlin when Conny Rux succumbed to the decisive and murderous punching of Gene "Tiger" Jones, the Camden (N. J.) heavyweight, on August 20. Rux made a great fight of it, but it was apparent that he must gain more experience against European talent before tackling men of Jones' class. Rux was counted out in the fifth.

Stonewall Jackson stepped out a very clear victory over Freddi Teichmann, welters, and Gerhard Hecht had little trouble in stopping French cruiserweight Marcel Begeot in the sixth.

The French lightweight Auguste Caulet and German's Walter Demke thrilled the crowd, the verdict was a very popular draw.

In Trier, on August 20, several Luxembourgers gave the program an international flavor. Werner Wiegand, the big blond, showed he still has much to learn when pitted against Herbert Wiese. Wiegand won on points, his compatriots were less fortunate. Ettore Santella was outpointed by Jimmy Lyggett, the Berlin Negro welter, and Franz Ehringer made the mistake of exchanging body punches with Fritz Garmeister, who had a nine-pound pull in weight. Ehringer gave up the unequal contest in the sixth.

At the small town of Eggenfelden, on August 19, Hans Schoemig, the bantam champ, was held to a draw by Hans Schiffers, while the globe-trotting Persian, Georges Vartanian, fought an eight-round draw with Fred Lahn, light-heavies.

Showing once more in his beloved Naples, Michele Palermo had little trouble in outpointing the Rumanian, Jean Falescky.

In Viterbo, on August 19, the Italian lightweight champ, Luigi Male, knocked out Vittorio Fuiano in four rounds. Male's title was not at stake.

Before closing, just a correction. We stated in the July number that the Italian middle, Luigi Di Mauro, beat Grispos over ten, in Egypt. The reverse was true according to Omar Sabry, a reader of THE RING in Cairo. Apologies! Lastly, will Benito Dy, of Manila, send return postage for a reply.

Through incorrect information Caulet was credited with a K.O. win over Ben Miloud. It has since developed that his opponent was Ben Akoud, instead.

Our continental ratings follow:

Heavies—Hein ten Hoff, Jo Weidin, Stef Olek, Heinz Neuhaus, Conny Rux, Heinz Seelisch, Piet Wilde, Gino Buonvino, Emile Bentz, Werner Wiegand.

Cruisers—Albert Yvel, Renato Tontini, Willy Schagen, Hein Wiesner, Carl Schmidt, Jacques Hairabedian, Victor D'Haes, Dieter Hucks, Lucien Corenthin, Gerhard Hecht.

Middles—Laurent Dauthuille, Tiberio Mitri, Robert Villemain, Fernando Jannilli, Cyrille Delannoit, Claude Ritter, Luc Van Dam, Kid Marcel, Jacques Royer-Crecy, Peter Mueller.

Welters—Charles Humetz, Jean Walzach, Michele Palermo, Livio Minelli, Gilbert Lavoine, Pierre Langlois, Henri Hecquard, Bruno Marostegan, Raphael Da Sylva, Emile Delmine.

Lightweights—Roberto Proietti, Pierre Montane, Jos Preys, Jorgen Johansen, Gus Perrot, Ben Miloud, Elis Ask, Luigi Male, Diulio Loi, Auguste Caulet.

Feathers—Ray Famechon, Francis Bonnardel, Alex Sinnaeve, Luis De Santiago, Asger Warburg, Ernesto Formenti, Massa Sanna, Walter Demke, Jean Machterlinck, Marcel Lesage.

Bantams—Luis Romero, Hadi Tijani, Alvaro Nuveloni, Marcel Mathieu, Theo Medina, Maurice Sandeyron, Gianni Zuddas, Amleto Falcinelli, Gaetano, Annaloro, Emile Chemama.

Flyweights—Jean Sneyers, Louis Skena, Bob Scrivano, Honore Pratesi, Otello Belardinelli, Charlie Bohbot, Jacques Louni, Viktor Liwowski, Jackie Boizel, Jose Arias.

Comment—Wiegand has suffered one defeat—by Riva, but should easily reverse this next time.

Three Germans have now reached the light-heavy listing, since their performances against other Continentals. Willy Schagen, third down, has done well this year, but lost to Erik Jensen, who has only had about seven fights.

Delannoit moves up in the middles class after his draw with Finch. Janilli will meet Ritter end of this month. Mueller rates placing due to his great activity and his K.O. wallop, which puts him higher than the champ in Germany, Hans Stretz. Jean Stock does not rate at this moment, but will doubtless go into training more seriously after his bad fights this summer.

Marostegan is challenger for the French title. Saw him fight Eddie Thomas, which was not a great fight.

Bonnardel, in the feathers, drew with De Santiago; nearly stopped him, but has lost to Warburg

Demke remains in the feathers, but often fights as lightie. Holds both German titles.

Chemama rates tenth place in bantams after stopping Pratesi.

Zuddas progresses, but has yet to meet dangerous hitters like Medina or Mathieu. Annaloro has not fought since his losing bout with Skena, but probably rates higher than ninth.

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HALIFAX FISTIC NEWS
By Colin Faulkner

COBEY McCLUSKEY, 165, Dartmouth, N. S., boxing from a crouch, earned a ten-round decision over Yvon Durelle, 160¼, Baie Ste. Anne, N. B., the Maritime Middleweight Champion, in an non-title bout at the Arena here on August 14.

Ace McCluskey, 167, Dartmouth, N. S., an older brother of Cobey, gained a unanimous ten-round decision over Roger Whynott, 158, Mahone Bay, N. S.

In the two prelims, Tucker Boy Collins, 117, Truro, N. S., T.K.O.'ed Robert Murphy, 117, Halifax, at the start of the fourth canto; Dexter Connors, 129, got the nod over James McKenzie, 128½, both of this city.

The bout was sponsored by Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of Canada, Local No. 1.

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TIMELY CHATTER *in* GREAT BRITAIN

By BOB SHARPE
(Pinch-Hitting for JOHNNY SHARPE)

JACK Gardner (Market Harborough), 204¾, and Johnny Williams (Rugby), 188¾, stood toe-to-toe and slugged twelve fast rounds with no quarter asked or given in a bout staged by Joe Jacobs at the Granby Halls, Leicester. It was recognized as a final eliminator for Bruce Woodcock's British heavyweight title. Williams, a pre-fight favorite because of his speedier boxing ability, attempted to dictate the fashion of the contest, but Gardner obviously realizing that this was the big chance he had been waiting for, tore in, hoping that his heavier punch would swing the bout his way. In the second round, a tremendous scar under Williams' eye (from the cut in his bout with Pat Comiskey) was torn open and blood began pouring down his face. He fought back strongly and gamely however, but in the next session another cut was opened under the left eye. It looked like the beginning of the end, but suddenly, in the fourth round, the huge crowd was stilled to see that a gash had opened above Gardner's right eye. The two men soon began to look like Red Indians, but neither would give way. Blow followed blow, with it becoming increasingly obvious that Gardner's heavier punching was beginning to take toll. Another amazing feature of the bout was that Gardner showed improved boxing ability, and at times even outboxed the wily Williams, often beating him to the punch.

There was only one point at which it seemed that Williams could pull the fat out of the fire, when during the ninth round, the Rugby man rallied to such a degree that he had the 8,000 fans on their toes, and Gardner literally rocking on his heels unable to stem the fury of Williams' rugged and savage attack. It speaks volumes for Gardner's powers of recovery that in the next round he was able to take the initiative once again and from here on there was never a doubt as to whom the ultimate winner would be. Williams was floored once during the eleventh round, and after an equally bloody last round, the referee Tommy Little had no hesitation in handing the duke to Gardner. It was then that the excitement reached its zenith, for while Gardner danced joyously to his corner, Williams collapsed, and after ten minutes didn't serve to arouse him sufficiently, he was carried to his dressing room, from whence he was removed to Leicester Infirmary, and there found to be suffering from severe exhaustion and slight concussion.

Bob Frost (West Ham), 146½, who must be considered a force to reckon with in welterweight ranks scored a clear cut win over Spratton's Jeff Tite, 148½, being well in the lead on points, when the referee called a halt in the seventh of a scheduled eight rounder when Tite had sustained a badly cut eyebrow. Gene Caffrey (Glasgow), 128, defeated Harry Herbert (Bethnal Green), 129, the referee disqualifying Herbert in the fifth of an eight rounder for butting with his head. Willie Schages, Dutch light-heavyweight champion, 170, defeated Dennis Powell (Wales), 177, the Welshman retiring in the third with a badly cut eye. Dick Langley (Peckham), 158¾, was floored seven times in his bout with Richard Armah (Gold Coast), 161½, before the referee called a halt in the seventh round. Ronnie Draper (Southampton) 120¾, narrowly outpointed Jackie Sutton (Wales), 119, over eight rounds. Tony Lord (Liverpool), 168, retired after five rounds with Koffie Kiteman (Gold Coast), 166.

Bruce Crawford (Thornaby), 162, forced Sammy Wilde (Nigeria), 159, to retire in the sixth of a ten rounder at West Hartlepool. Ernie Vickers (Middlesborough), 145, chalked up his nineteenth victory when he kayoed Jackie Wakelam (Leeds), 138, in the first round. Dave Lloyd (Wales), 128, outpointed Terry Gaynor (Stockton), 127, over six rounds. Dennis Pratt (Thornaby), 131, outpointed Jackie Horseman (West Hartlepool), 126, after six hard rounds.

Former British Welterweight Champion Henry Hall (Sheffield), 159½, now campaigning as a middleweight, narrowly outpointed Jimmy Davis (Bethnal Green), 161¼, in the main event over eight rounds at the Mile End Arena. Ron Cooper (Poplar), 131, knocked out Denny Dawson (Sheffield) in the fourth of an eight rounder. Billy Andrews (Bethnal Green), 159¼, knocked out Billy Middleton (British Honduras), 162¾, in the second round. Freddie Skeath (Luton), 176, knocked out Jack Cardo (Stamford Brook), 196, in the fifth round. Jimmy Brewer (Kings Cross), 119¼, outscored Billy Litwin (Stepney), 119, over six rounds.

Jack Hobbs (Shepherds Bush), 188, scored his sixth professional win without a defeat, by kayoing Matt Hardy (Doncaster), 182, in the fifth round at the Town Hall, Wembley. Des Garrod (Paddington), 136, outpointed Ted Ansell (Jamaica), 136, over eight rounds. Laurie McShane (Glasgow), 122, outpointed Cliff Giles (Cambridge), 116½, over six rounds. Steve Brimah (West Africa), 147, kayoed Sid Charlesworth (Walworth), 151¾, in the second round. Johnny Lewis (Blackfriars), 138½, defeated Stan Webber (Paddington), 137, the latter retiring in the fifth round.

British Welterweight Champion Eddie Thomas (Merthyr), 146, outpointed Gilbert Ussin (France), 141, at Porthcawl. Ussin, substituting for Omar Koudri (Algeria), gave Thomas many anxious moments before the Welsh lad was able to nose out a very narrow points winner. Charles Humez (France), 147½, outpointed Cliff Curvis (Swansea), 144¾, over ten rounds. Cliff Anderson (British Guiana), 135¼, knocked out the Welsh Lightweight Champion Reg Quinlan (Ammanford), 137, in the sixth round. Harry Painter (Andover), 178½, outpointed Ken Lobban (Jamaica), 184, over six rounds.

Mannie "Kid" Francis (Gold Coast), 120, outpointed Bobby Mason (Liverpool), 120, over eight fast rounds at the Winter Garden, Morecambe. Bennie "Kid" Chocolate (Gold Coast), 127½, scored a convincing win over Dennis Wilde (Sheffield), 126, over six rounds. Rex Roberts (Leyland), 156, outpointed Vic Amanagh (Gold Coast), 154, over four rounds. Billy Grey (Liverpool), 137, outpointed Bobby Horn (Lancaster), 139, over four rounds. Tommy O'Niel (Salford, 127, outpointed Peter Walmsley (Preston), 130, over four rounds.

Freddie Smith (Sheffield), 136½, outpointed Frankie Jackson (Hull), 137¾, over eight rounds at Sunderland. Mark Harrison (West Hartlepool), 113, knocked out George Bell (Ryhope), 114½, in the first of a scheduled six rounder. Joe Robinson (Sunderland), 127½, knocked out Paddy Wallace (Middlesborough), 123½, in the first of a six rounder. Syd Phoenix (Middlesborough), 126, knocked out Jimmy Hamilton (Sunderland), 126¼, in the first round. Steve Dorn (West Hartlepool), 144½, drew with Mick Gardner (Middlesborough), 142½, over four rounds.

Les Rendle (Hull), 144, knocked out Johnny Carrington (Nottingham), 137, in the third round at the Spa Royal Hall, Bridlington. Terry Dolan (Batley), 151, defeated George Day (Hull), 158, the latter retiring with a dislocated right shoulder in the sixth round. Peter Morrison (Hull), 126, defeated Pad Mackay (Galway), 126, in the third round, Mackay retiring with a damaged thumb. Roy Davis (Nottingham), 145, outpointed Tony Astwood (Jamaica), 146, over eight rounds. Jackie Gregson (Newton-le-Willows), 142, outpointed Jackie Thomas (Jamaica), 145, over eight rounds.

Peter Fallon (Birkenhead), 138¾, outpointed Maurice Mancini (Leamington), 138½, over ten rounds at the Liverpool Stadium. Ron Greb (Liverpool), 130, defeated Willie Croke (Leamington), 133, the referee halting the bout in the sixth to save Croke further punishment. Steve Walsh (Liverpool), 127¼, defeated Jimmy Murray (Eire), 127½, the latter being disqualified in the second round for persistent holding. Ronnie Doyle (Liverpool), 145, kayoed Stan Bagshaw (Rotherham), 147, in the third. Stan Parkes (Leamington), 138, knocked out Mickey Flanagan (Birkenhead), 138½, in the second round.

Jimmy Webster (Canning Town), 120, and Peter Fay (Bournemouth), 119, boxed eight rounds to a draw at Southampton in a show in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship. Gene Caffrey (Glasgow), 130, outpointed Hugh Mackie (British Guiana), 130½, over eight rounds. Pat Stribling (Croydon), 179½, and Vic Players (Woolwich), 173½, drew over eight rounds. Ken Rowlands (Luton), 163¼, outpointed Richard Armach (West Africa), 162, over eight rounds. Tim Fleming (Eastleigh), 142, defeated Al Dempsey (Warrington), 148, the latter retiring in the third with a damaged hand. Ashi Nicloi (Gold Coast), 159, outpointed Jimmy Redgwell (Ashford), 158, over eight rounds.

Ex Welterweight Champion Henry Hall (Sheffield), 159, making his third appearance as a middleweight, outpointed Johnny Nuttall (India), 154, over eight rounds at the County Ground, Swindon. Terry Ratcliffe (Bristol), 147¼, outpointed Tommy Hinson (Dagenham), 149, over six rounds. This was Ratcliffe's first professional start.

Teddy Mason (Bournemouth), 169, defeated Ken Richardson (Retford), 168, when the referee stopped the bout in the fifth with Richardson suffering a badly cut left eyebrow. Johnny Loughton (Preston), 160½, outpointed Sammy Mileon (Radstock), 156¾, over six rounds. Gordon Hazell (Bristol) 158, outpointed Maurice White (Dartford), 156½, over eight rounds.

Israel Boyle (Nigeria), 147, outpointed Terry Cullen (Shotton), 146, over eight rounds at the Engineer's Club, West Hartlepool. Ron Nelson (Chesterfield), 129, defeated Danny Peters (Jamaica), 130, the referee calling a halt in the third. Steve Slater (Chopwell), 147, outpointed Roy Johnston (Jamaica), 145, over four rounds.

Johnny Rawlings (Billingsgate), 127, outpointed Peter Morrison (Hull), 124, over eight rounds at Weston Super Mare. Morry White (Dentford), 135½, outpointed Laurie Henry (Jamaica), 136, over eight rounds. Paddy Hardy (Ireland), 114½, kayoed Pat Keane (Oxford), 113, in the third round. Reg McMurdie (Edgware), 152, kayoed Sam McKnight (Belfast), 146, in the second round. Len Grainger (Bristol), 129, gained a points win over Bobby Wood (Northampton), 132, over six rounds. Wally Beckett (Carshalton), 159, outpointed Ivor Mitcham (Chatham), 162, over six rounds.

Vic Herman (Glasgow), 117, outpointed Eddie McCormick (Deal), 116¼, after eight fierce rounds at the Mile End Arena. Herman made a last minute finish that just about nailed him the verdict. Johnny Hudson (Covent Garden), 139, outpointed Roy Coote (Falmouth), 136½, over eight rounds. Dickie Corbett (Bethnal Green), 130, outpointed Billy Barrett (Uxbridge), 132½, over six rounds. Laurie McShane (Glasgow), 121½, outpointed Billy Daniels (Bow), 122, over six rounds. Len Morris (Poplar), 147, defeated Harry Maney (Bethnal Green), 146½, the referee calling a halt in the fourth. Joe Brennan (Luton), 122, outpointed Harry Simmons (Clapton), 126, over six rounds.

Zeke Brown (Jamaica), 128, knocked out Bernard Fairbanks (Hanley), 127, in the third eight round at Morecambe. Tommy White (Morecambe), 121, knocked out Frankie Warburton (Chorley), 119, in the fourth. Chuck Hudson (Bradford), 147, outpointed Denny Fairbanks (Hanley), 146, over six rounds. Ronnie Noon (Lancaster), 128, knocked out Joe McArdle (Kenton), 128, in the third. Stan Parkinson (Lancaster), 128, outpointed Billy Richardson (Bolton), 127, over four rounds.

Roy Ankarah (West Africa), 126½, scored a great points win over Tommy Bailey (Liverpool), 128, over 10 interesting rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool. Billy Elliot (Glasgow), 135, outpointed Tim McLeary (Wrexham), 136, over eight rounds. Tommy Kennedy (Bootle), 175, knocked out Ken Wade (Birkenhead), 168, in the first round. Emrys Jones (Four Crosses), 131, knocked out Eddie Sullivan (Glasgow), 178, in the first round. Mickey Day (Glasgow), 126, and Jackie Horseman (West Hartlepool), 124, drew over eight rounds. Hal Smith (St. Helens), 156, outpointed Joe Patrick (Rochdale), 158, over six rounds.

Tony Lord (Liverpool), 171, outpointed Mac Joachim (India), 173, over eight rounds at Aldershot. Tony Brazil (Brighton) and Doug Sherlock (Wales), both scaling 136, fought a six-round draw. Joe Collins (Hackney), 121, kayoed Jack Osborne (Rochester), 126, in the fifth round. Sergt. Paddy Bolland (Aldershot), 133, stopped Ronnie Kitchen (Tunbridge Wells), 131, in the second round. Bill Rogers (Eastleigh), 140, kayoed Freddie Page (Basingstoke), 140, in the second round.

Billy Welsh (Jarrow), 141, kayoed Joe White (Carlisle), 144½, in the fourth of an eight rounder at Ryhope Arena. The bout was an eliminator for the Northern Area Welterweight Title now held by Ginger Roberts (Whitley Bay). Bob Tailor (Chopwell), 126, outpointed Don Scott (Carlisle), 128¼, over six rounds. Laurie Morrow (West Hartlepool), 116½, outpointed Tommy Forrest (Sowerby Bridge), 116¼, over six rounds. George Henderson (Chopwell), 122, knocked out Con Rux (Sunderland), 120, in the first round. Sammy Gibbison (Choppington), 142½, outpointed George O'Keefe (Barnsley), 143½, over six rounds.

Les Allen (Bedworth), 154, outpointed Bert Sanders (Kilburn), 159, over ten rounds at Northampton. Ron Pudney (Croydon), 161¾, outpointed Ron Cooper (Wales), 159¾, over eight rounds. Willie Whyte (Scotland), 149¼, and Kay Kallo (Nigeria), 149, drew over eight rounds. Cliff Anderson (British Guiana), 136, outpointed Frank Parkes (Nottingham), 135¼, over eight rounds. Vic Hall (Yeovil), 188, defeated Chris Scott (Norwich), 201, the referee intervening in the fourth round to save Scott further punishment.

Henry Carpenter (Peckham), 111½, and Teddy Gardner (West Hartlepool), 111¼, fought eight fiercely contested rounds at the Engineer's Club, West Hartlepool, before the referee called it a draw. George Green (Warrington), 127, outpointed Zeke Brown (Jamaica), 126, over six. George Edwards (Newcastle), 116, outpointed Dick Ross (Sunderland), 112, over four rounds. Danny Delaney (York), 132, outpointed Freddie Wallace (Middlesborough), 132, in another four rounds affair.

Jackie Fairclough (Preston), 119¾, knocked out Ron Perry (Stalybridge), 120¾, in the third round at Preston. Sammy Sullivan (Preston), 157¾, kayoed Bert Ingram (Ryhope), 161¾, in the second round. Johnny Black (Preston), 113¾, outpointed Jimmy Roche (Dublin), 113¾, over six. Johnny Johnson (Seaham), 141¼, beat Dick Miller (Blackpool), 145½, the referee calling it quits in the fifth when Miller had sustained a badly cut eyebrow.

Jimmy Webster (Canning Town), 120½, out-

pointed Jimmy Dwyer (Scotland), 120½, over eight interesting rounds at the Mile End Arena. Gene Caffrey (Scotland), 130, and Dai Davies (Skewen), 130, drew over eight. Peter Indaco (Brixton), 134½, drew with Joe Corcoran (Whitstable), 137¾, over six rounds. Ronnie Gill (Bethnal Green), 127¼, had to pull out all he knew to secure a narrow points win over Pat Cahill (Scotland), 126, over six rounds. Johnny Fish (Harlow), 143½, knocked out Freddie Bird (Bow), 143, in the first round. Tony Mella (Hackney), 190, kayoed Pat Gardner (Yeovil), 200, in the first of a four rounder.

Stuart Finch (Sheffield), 143, won a popular points victory over Rex Bryan (Wrexham), 145, after eight hard rounds at the Winter Gardens, Morecambe. Jonty Pilkington (St. Helens), 191, kayoed Peter Bracewell (Rossendale), 189, in the first round. Ray Rimmer (Darwen), 153, injured his hand in the second of a four-rounder with Ernie Price (Conway), 153, and was forced to retire. Billy Kelly (Lancaster), 130, outpointed Peter Walmsley (Preston), 131, in a sprightly four rounder. Ken Gordon (Sowerby Ridge), 143, outpointed George Appleton (St. Helens), 142, over four rounds.

Gordon Goodman (Bournemouth), 134½, and Freddie Smith (Sheffield), 135¼, fought eight hard rounds to a draw at Sunderland. Peter Morrison (Hull), 123½, outpointed Terry Gaynor (Stockton), 125½, over six rounds. Phil Gorman (Horden), 139, outpointed Tommy Rushworth (Leeds), 135½, over six rounds. Jimmy Charlton (Newcastle), 161, defeated Ray Graves (Middlesborough), 155, the latter retiring in the first with a damaged eye.

Johnny Molloy (St. Helens), 127, defeated Frankie Williams (Birkenhead), 125½, in the sixth round at the Stadium, Liverpool. Williams received a damaged eye and was forced to retire. Vic Harrison (Birkenhead), 161½, kayoed Ron Crookes (Sheffield), 158, in the fifth round. Percy Marr (Liverpool), 132, outpointed Jackie Viggers (Stafford), 130, over four rounds. Tommy Mason (Liverpool), 123, outpointed Colin Clough (Blackpool), 113, over four rounds. Joe Gallagher (Liverpool), 141, knocked out Jackie Thomas (Liverpool), 146, in the second. Bill Connolly (Liverpool), 127, stopped Johnny Finnigan (Manchester), 126, in the fourth round.

Bob Hodgson (Seaham), 133½, gained a close points win over Dave Parker (Doncaster), 137, over eight rounds at Ryhope. Jackie Keough (Chester-le-Street), 138, kayoed Stuart Finch (Sheffield), 142, in the third round. Denis Stansill (West Hartlepool), 124, outpointed Dennis Wilde (Sheffield), 123, over six rounds. Terry Leary (Lancaster), 157½, kayoed Eric Bell (Gateshead), 154½, in the first round. Allen Swalwell (Sunderland), 113, kayoed Paddy Miller (Wingate), 119, in the second round.

Ted Moran (Leeds), 128, and Benny "Kid" Chocolate (Gold Coast), 128, drew in eight rounds at Morecambe. Brian Carr (Burnley), 174, outpointed Frank Fallon (Ashton-in-Makerfield), 172, over six rounds. Tony Kaye (Leeds), 125, knocked out Jackie Clayton (Preston), 123, in the first round. Rex Roberts (Leyland), 158, gained a narrow points win over Rex Dutton (Salford), 154, over four rounds. Vince Flynn (Leeds), 128, gained a narrow points win over Colin Clough (Blackpool), 126, over four rounds.

Ivor Germain (Barbados), 135½, defeated Maurice Mancini (Leamington), 139½, the latter retiring in the seventh round at the Stadium, Liverpool. Ron Latham (Hickleton Main), 137, outpointed John Parry (Nigeria), 137, over six rounds. Tommy Higgins (Hanley), 127, knocked out Steve Walsh (Liverpool), 123½, in the second round. George Bailey (Liverpool), 136, stopped Paddy Gordon (Manchester), 138, in the fourth.

NEWS FROM CUBA

By Dr. J. A. Vieites

CAMAGUEY, Cuba—At the Club Gallistico (Cock-fight Club), Orlando Zulueta, 132¾, scored a good points decision over Julian Varona, 132½, after ten fast rounds. Varona gave a good account of himself, keeping the fight close for six rounds. Zulueta finished strong, but Varona had the fans on their feet in the tenth with a good rally that earned him that round. In the eight-round semi-final, local boy, Isaac Logar, 135¼, scored a good victory over Floro Hita, 133, winning the unanimous verdict.

Fernando Amante, 129½, outpointed Juan Alvarez, 124½, in six; Roberto Quesada, 114¾, won in six also from Pedro Varona, 110, while Angel Nova, 109, won the curtain-raiser from Jose Ochoa, 110¼, in four.

Gross gate, $1001.

Havana, Cuba—Before a crowd that paid only $1875.40, Kid Charolito, 149½, reappeared before Cuban fans after a disastrous U.S.A. tour, but scored an impressive one-round K.O. in 59 seconds, including the count, over William Spangler, 151¼, Miami, Fla.

Manuel Armenteros, 119½, scored a couple of knockdowns during the eight-round semi-final to easily outpoint Billy Lima, 118½.

Mario (Bolita) Hernandez, 143½, whipped Young Maceo, 146½, in six; Antonio (Pupy) Garcia, Lino's brother, coming in at 121, gained a four-round decision over Mario Noa, 126, while in the curtain-raiser, H. Diaz Llerandi, 111, stopped Carlos Frias, 108¼, in the second round.

Camaguey, Cuba—Before a good crowd that was on its feet most of the time at a special program presented at the Club Gallistico, Diego Sosa, 129¼, fighting in the best form of his career, scored another K.O. victory, this time over Albert Steven, 130, in the fifth round. Before the final K.O. Steven was twice on the canvas in that round for eight-counts.

In the companion ten-rounder, Miguel Mendivil, 134, outpointed Julian Varona, 134, after a good fight. The fight was even on the three officials' scorecards till the ninth. A good rally by Mendivil in the last 20 seconds turned the trick.

Battleship Martinez, 123, outpointed Armando (Polaco) Lopez, 123¼, who injured his right hand in the second. It was an eight-rounder.

In another eight-rounder, H. Diaz Llerandi, 112, outscored Roberto Quesada, 114.

Gross gate, $2009.75.

Havana, Cuba—Fighting one of his best fights, Diego Sosa, 127¼, scored another excellent victory, this time stopping Mexico's featherweight champion and former bantam king, Memo Valero, 123¾, in the sixth of a scheduled ten-rounder.

The fight was bitterly fought for four rounds, Sosa gaining the upper hand in the first round and Valero in the next two. Round four was even as they both changed blow by blow, with first Valero, then Sosa having the best of it. In the fifth, however, it was a different story. Valero was very tired while Sosa kept going strong and at the end of the round, Valero had taken an eight-count. In the sixth Valero was downed once again for an eight-count before the final K.O. that was in 2:56 of that round.

Louis Villa, 156, stopped Sylvano Perez, 154¾, in the fourth after scoring several knockdowns. Hermes Torres, 126, stopped Gene Garcia, 125, in the third. Ramiro Herrera, 128, gained a four-round decision from Nelson Rodriguez, same weight, while Enrique Fernandez, 108, stopped Roberto Cabrera, 110, in the first round.

Gross gate, $2646.60.

Havana, Cuba—One of the most sensational fights of the year took place at the Sports Palace when Percy Bassett and former featherweight champion Miguel Acevedo collided. Bassett, 128¼, started like a house afire and had Acevedo, 129, groggy and wobbly legged during the first three minutes. Fans were on their feet when round two commenced, waiting the final downfall of Miguel, but they were all surprised when Acevedo, fighting at his best, started after Bassett and had the invader backing away and also groggy at the bell.

But that was all for Acevedo, as after a furious exchange in the third Bassett shot a terrific left hook followed by a right to the jaw, and floored Acevedo. Miguel didn't move until the second eight was counted, and got up just when Referee Mike Rojo counted the final ten.

Giraldo (Nino) Valdes, 216, Cuba's No. 1 heavyweight contender for Omelio Agramonte's crown, showed the progress he made in his recent Joe Louis tour, when he stopped Juan Vigo, 192½, former amateur heavy king from Buenos Aires, Argentina, in the first round. Time 1:29.

Tomas Vega, 119, former flyweight champion, fought very well to easily outpoint Manuel Perdomo, 120, in another eight-rounder.

Alex Perez, 127, gained the nod in four from Nelson Rodriguez, 121½, while Vic Martinez, 117¼, stopped Lazaro Iglesias, 117½, in the third.

Gross gate, $3964.60.

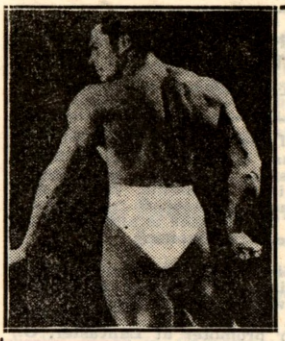
Before saying good-bye till next month I want to thank Australian Bill O'Loughlin for the magazine and boxing clippings he's sending me. All my correspondence will be answered this month, so please, friends, be patient. Remember my address is: Dr. J. A. Vieites, 25 #806, Vedado, Havana, Cuba.

BOXING IN PANAMA

By Arturo Le Conte

ROCKY McKAY, 125, Panama's most colorful fighter and leading gate magnate, battered Federico Plummer, 125, into submission in the 13th round at the Arena de Colon. The courageous little Rock, who held Panama's version of the crown, became champ in the eyes of both Boxing Commissions by breaking Plummer's jawbone with a right and blasting out a couple of his teeth with looping lefts. For Plummer, who wasn't licked in 24 outings, it was his first setback. The Rock's slick-moving left played the trick all the way.

Juan Diaz, II, whipped Baby Green in a six, and Baby Patrol downed Baby Eastman in four.



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Simon Vergara, a one-time winner over Harold Dade and Jackie Wilson, hit the comeback highway with a six-frame win over Toro Valentine. Vergara suffered an eight count knockdown in the fifth stanza. On the same card, which was built up of six-frame mills, Vicente Santiago clipped Zordo Castillo, and Byron Cumberbatch won over Alfonso Chase by a knockout.

Veteran featherweight Kid Zefine, 124¼, following a defeat by Rocky McKay, Latin-America's best bet in the 126-pound division, bounced back to rock Cuba's Mario Pacheco into a slumber in the eighth frame of a ten. Mario scaled 130 pounds flat. Displaying championship caliber, Al Perkinson, 123, applied the quietus on E. Aldroto, 123, in one stanza. Alfonso Chase, 119, battered the daylight out of Battling Escudero, 116¾, in a four-rounder.

This writer's address is: Arturo H. Le Conte, Station HOG, Inc., Apartado 3145, Panama City, Panama.

IN TRINIDAD, B.W.I.

By Sandy Parkinson

THE newly formed Amateur Boxing Association boasting a registration of over eighty simon-pures, recently crowned six champions, fly to middleweight for the 1950 season. They are all stars, but the brightest of them all is Roy Singh Alexander the flyweight champ, who also wears the inter-colonial crown between Trinidad and Barbados.

His best fight to date was that with Lionel Gajadhar, a ranking full fledged bantam to whom he gave a trouncing. His heaviest weight is 109 pounds. Roy Singh is truly up to world class, judging from the "greats" who have come to our shores, Lytell Holman Williams, Cliff Anderson. The article "Big Doings by little Guys" by Jersey Jones in your August issue has again set me thinking of this little giant. It is only hoped that he does not waste his talent in the local professional rings if he decides to turn pro.

The trouble with our trainers is that they encourage our amateurs to turn professionals as soon as the likelihood of earning a few cents is envisioned. The Amateur Association should advise the youngsters. It is hopeless to glut the market of paid men, especially when there is only one promoting body and one sees a four bout card once a month. Your latest RING can be obtained at Cheong's Book Store, Park Street.

SWINGS AND HOOKS FROM CENTRAL OHIO

By Les Huffman

JOE PERRONE of Steubenville, O., cannot be overlooked. Joe has broken all records in the wrestling business in the past two months. Besides promoting in Steubenville, Joe is also staging shows in East Liverpool, O.; Dillonvale, O., and Werton, W. Va. Perrone is also planning on boxing shows every two weeks.

Eddie Metrie, hustling Milwaukee manager and promoter, is planning to open up some new spots with regular weekly boxing shows.

Jack Dear, former promoter at Lancaster, O., after being in a veterans' hospital, is now out staging boxing and wrestling shows in New Martinsville, W. Va., and expects to sign up a couple more coal mining spots this coming fall.

Red Top Davis, who formerly fought out of Zanesville under the name of Murray Sugar Cain, was given the nod over Paddy DeMarco in a ten-round bout.

Dick Meckert, local middleweight, who was one of the outstanding amateurs in the past two years here in Columbus, has decided to give the pro game a whirl. Trained by Al George, a former lightweight champion of Ohio, Meckert swept through all opposition here in the last amateur tournament. An Irishman with a good punch and a willing mixer, he may be just what Columbus is looking for.

Irish Pat Richards, local heavyweight, is on the injured list and will be out of action for several weeks.

Boxing lost a real friend here in the Middle West when W. N. (Newt) Ringer, Indiana boxing commissioner, was killed in a head-on auto wreck. A genial fellow, who tried to help everyone in trouble, he was one of the best liked commissioners in this part of the country.

At Toledo, O., Promoter Sid Golberg staged a bout between Bert Lytell and Art Towne of New York, with Towne gaining a split decision in ten heats. The fight started to be a real brawl but slowed down as it progressed.

There was little doubt that Towne was the winner. He started right after Lytell early in the fight. Lytell was floored for the count of eight in the first heat wiht a hard right hand. Only 1,686 fans paid $3,330 (gross), and after taxes, the net was $2,508.

In other bouts, Stan Kursa, Detroit lightweight, stopped Tony Piggs in 2:48 of the first round. Farrel Reid, Toledo lightweight, got the nod over Ernie Jackson, also of Toledo, in six. Ray Ulis, Toledo lightweight, won over Sammy Kafelos of Detroit, and Jimmy Howard, Toledo featherweight, won over Detroit's Al Green in the other preliminary.

Wrestling promoters are beginning to see that television is doing their business no good, and are dropping out all over the country. Here in Columbus, Promoter Al Haft quit putting his shows over the air several months ago. Television created a lot of fans, but not the kind that the promoters need to pay off with. They don't come through the turnstiles.

At least 20 new fighters have been added to the 20th Century boxing stable here in Columbus, youngsters who have just started to train for their first pro bouts, and we hope this will stimulate the game around here.

Archie Hindman, Indiana state boxing commissioner, was a visitor in Columbus. Archie, always a hustler in the boxing game, stands for bigger and better fights.

Primo Carnera, former world's heavyweight champ, has been wrestling in this vicinity the past month, but is now laid up with injuries he received in Charleston, W. Va.

Tommy Jones has been added as a trainer to the 20th Century Gymnasium. Jones, a former fighter, is handling several youngsters just out of the amateurs.

Joe Pack, former heavyweight fighter around Toledo, is now on the boxing commission. Pack also is the proprietor of one of the nicest night spots in Toledo known as Pack's Grill.

Van T. Sherril, head of the Toledo Boxing Commission, was named to the rating committee of the Ohio State Association of Boxing Commissions at a meeting at Cincinnati. The committee has been set up to rate and classify Ohio boxers and aid in determining suitable challengers for state title fights.

Three knockouts featured the boxing show at Harding Stadium in Steubenville on the first pro card staged there in several years. The promoter, Joey Perrone, was very well satisfied with the turnout and after giving the fans a great show, he announced he would give regular shows from then on.

Joey Maxim, light-heavyweight champion of the world, was the third man in the ring in the main go between Jackie Keough, 158, of Cleveland, and Ike Stevenson, 150, of Providence, R. I. This was a fast, hard fight, with Keough stopping the Rhode Island slugger in the fifth frame after several fast exchanges of blows.

Paul Brooks, 137, Cleveland, knocked out Clarence Brown, 138, Youngstown, O., lightweight, in the second heat. Danny Johnson, 172, New York City, outpointed Bobby Roberts, 170, of Cleveland, in six. Tommy Salem, 128, Cleveland, won over Bucky Gardner, 132, Akron, in six heats, and Eddie Faieta, 215, Steubenville, stopped Johnny Beck, 197, Cincinnati, in the second round.

Pete Gags, one of the outstanding featherweights in the amateur ranks in Columbus, has answered the call to the colors and is now stationed at the Lockbourne Air Base in Ohio.

Harry Eagles, the roving fight promoter who comes up with some pretty good shows, is now sunning himself down in Mexico, just taking a little breathing spell and getting ready for action this fall.

Don Mills, heavyweight, making his home here in Columbus, but formerly an outstanding amateur in Gary, Ind., answered the draft call and is now in training. Sheriff Jackson, local middleweight, also has been inducted and is on his way to take care of the Koreans. Keep us informed, boys, and give the Koreans the works.

Earl Caddock, former world's heavyweight wrestling champion, passed away in his home town of Walnut, Ia., on the 25th of August at the age of 62. Caddock held the title in the early 20's and was one of the lightest men ever to hold the crown. He specialized in the arm and head scissors. His bouts with George Kotsonoras and Joe Stecher can well be remembered as action-plus. He was a favorite in central Ohio.

Sid Golberg, Toledo fight promoter, has announced that he will go "regular," regardless of what happens. Sid is planning on going with some big shows in Toledo's spacious arena that holds 12,000 fans. Sid plans shows with name fighters stopping for him.

Morris Salzer and Deno Papas, two of the leading fight managers in Colorado, are now handling several good fighters. They hope to get some fights in Ohio.

It is rumored that Cleveland is to have a small boxing club. The writer has always been of the opinion that all large cities should not only have big clubs but small ones, too. Big league teams have farms for future players, and the small boxing clubs will also furnish fighters for the big clubs.

Please send notes to me by the first of the month. My office address is P.O. Box 611, Station G, Columbus, O. Please notice my new box number, 611, instead of 211. Sorry to have to tell the fans that I have quit sending out pictures.

SALT LAKE AND VICINITY

By Bill Clegg

REX LAYNE, Utah's heavyweight express, continued to roll at a terrific clip toward what Utah fight fans hope is boxing's "big time."

Rosy-cheeked Rex, whose hammering fists are a sharp contrast to his baby-faced complexion, racked up three tough opponents within the short space of 30 days.

Layne knocked out California's Bob Blevins in the fourth round; went northward to Portland, Oregon, where he decisioned veteran Joe Kahut in ten rounds, and then, with a crowd of more than 7,000 looking on, took the measure of bullish Turkey Thompson of Los Angeles, at the Salt Lake Fairgrounds.

Those three victories ran Layne's win string to 25 in 26 pro fights. He has 18 knockouts to his credit. The only defeat was a ten-round setback by Dave Whitlock, and Layne has two victories over Whitlock.

Layne's win over Kahut in Portland stamped the Utah belter as a comer. Marlowe Branagan, Portland sports scribe, said in his account of the fight: "Against Layne, Kahut was up against a kid who, for all his lack of years, has the savage fighting instinct of a champion and the moxie of a guy who is wise beyond his years."

Those were also the sentiments of three California fight promoters who flew to Salt Lake to watch Layne fight Thompson. Benny Ford, matchmaker for Bill Kyne in San Francisco, said, "Layne's got what it takes—he loves to fight—he can hit—he can take a punch—and he's in condition."

Though Utah fight fans have in recent months become "heavyweight conscious," they got the treat of their lives when Honolulu Henry Davis fought in Salt Lake last month. Davis defeated Utah's favorite son, Keith Nuttall of Brigham City, and while it was tough for Utah fans to see Nuttall outboxed so expertly and so decisively, they had nothing but loud praise for the stylish featherweight from the Islands.

Davis, with the poise and expertness of a champion, completely outclassed the whirlwind Nuttall, who was making his first appearance after a five-month layoff.

Every once in a while, fight fans get a chance to witness what they like to call the "fight of a lifetime."

Something close to that came to Salt Lake last month when Honolulu Henry Davis of Hawaii decisioned wiry Lou Williams of Kansas City in a ten-round main event at the Salt Lake Fairgrounds.

Davis, ranked high in RING Magazine, looked wonderful in the early rounds against the counter-punching little Negro from Missouri, but once the fight passed the mid-point, then Williams decided to mind his own business.

He tore into Davis like a little savage—stunned him with hard rights and lefts to the head—rocked him time and again with a left hook to the body—made Davis miss and miss again, and won four of the last five frames.

The decision was close, but deserved, in favor of Davis.

Davis is the nearest approach to Henry Armstrong we've seen out here. He is a natural fighter with a long, spearing left jab, can measure off an opponent for a screaming right cross to the head, has plenty of power and can get out of the way of a blow.

In a battle which might have determined the unofficial middleweight championship of the Intermountain area, young Garth Panter of Dayton, Idaho, and Salt Lake City decisioned Salt Lake's rangy Paul Perkins.

Both battlers had previously fashioned a beautiful victory skein and each reached the top of the middleweight ladder at the same time. It was inevitable that the two collide in a showdown.

Most experts were of the opinion that lanky Perkins, a sharp boxer with a rapier left jab and fancy-dan footwork, would be able to keep Panter away. They were wrong. Panter, at least two years younger in experience, at least two inches shorter in height and in reach, kept his fists pumping like pistons, crowded Perkins all over the ring, and though he swung five times to land two, he landed those two often enough to pile up an impressive victory in ten rounds.

Perkins was not without some glory, however. He gathered himself for three furious rallies during the ten, and on two occasions, appeared to have his younger and stockier foe on the verge of never-never land.

Young Garth Panter has had 15 fights in Salt Lake, and has won all here. In that string of 15 victories are sprinkled 11 knockouts. The bullish little Idahoan, weighing 159 pounds, has been fighting less than one year—his first pro fight came on December 6, 1949.

No small amount of interest is being evidenced hereabouts over the anticipated professional debut of Dale Panter, former Utah State College football star, who defeated Rex Layne twice when the two were amateurs.

Panter and Layne met twice in the Golden Gloves competition, and Panter won both times, each time in the heavyweight championship battle.

Just who will manage the likely-looking heavyweight is another hot-stove topic in Utah, and no doubt Promoter Jim Downing, under whose auspices Layne, Keith Nuttall, Paul Perkins and many others got their start, will be greatly interested in the eventual decision.

Panter's younger brother, Garth, is currently making great strides as a middleweight in the Intermountain sector, having won 15 straight fights in Salt Lake, with no defeats. Panter, trained by Pete Giacoma, former Utah welterweight phenom and managed by Tom Egbert, a Salt Lake businessman, might already have charted a course for his older brother to follow.

Notes From This Corner—Jimmy McDonald of Denver made a good impression on Utah fight fans with two spectacular knockout victories in three appearances. He lost the middle battle to Panter, but who hasn't? Jimmy's first win was a first-round kayo over Sam Healey, and he erased that loss to Panter by knocking out Danny Rahden of Ogden in the first canto. . . . Tooele, Utah, has produced another heavyweight hopeful, and this blond Adonis named Jack Nelson has already racked up three knockouts in three starts as a professional. . . . Billy Davis, who spent a couple of years as a GI in Germany, was the first victim of the Tooele Tornado. . . . Jack Haynes of Denver was the next, going down in the second round, and another Denverite, George Harvey, lasted five rounds before going over the divide. . . . One of the best four-round preliminary boys Promoter Jim Downing has dug up is Kid Blair of Salt Lake. . . . Blair is rapidly developing a bit of burlesque to go with his noticeable improvement in style, and meanwhile he's piling up a nice win record, which includes four straight victories in his last four starts. . . . Reports going around the dressing room indicate that Jay Lambert, Utah's Olympic heavyweight representative, may be on the verge of giving up the game, thanks to Dan Cupid.

LEFT HOOKS FROM SCRANTON AND VICINITY
By Ken (Duke) Stigner

BEATEN to the first punch by Champion Ray (Sugar) Robinson's snakelike left, Jose Basora, Puerto Rican, was counted out in 52 seconds of the first round of the scheduled 15-rounder of the hignly publicized battle for Pennsylvania's version of the middleweignt title.

Robinson's speedy knockout was amazing. He was across the ring at the bell and before Basora could lift his hands in defense, landed a left blow to Basora's right ear. This murderous punch dazed Jose and came close to dropping him. Sugar was a tiger-man in his offense and with lightning speed, landed another to the right side of Basora's head and he dropped. Basora was up without a count. Another left to the chin and Basora went down for a count of nine.

Staggering and unable to defend himself, Jose was an open target for Robinson's sharp punches. Two left hooks to the head and a right to the body sent Basora down on his back for the fatal count by the referee.

Sugar Ray was at his best with perfect timing and coordination. It wasn't the kind of a fight that most fans wished, but Robinson is a great hitter and boxer and he showed it against Basora.

There are those who think Robinson hastened the "kill" in keeping with his small pay due to the necessity of meeting a $1,000 fine to the Pennsylvania Commission and $4,500 expenses to Promoter Ernie Genell for Robinson's failure to keep a previous date with Basora when the "Sugar Man" complained of an "achin' back."

Three of the five prelims were abbreviated numbers. The two sixers, featuring four Philadelphians, wasted no time. Joe Giardelli, 158, disposed of Don Berry, 153¼, in 2:42 of the first and Billy Nixon, 150, required 1:01 of the third to silence Randy Ingram, 153½.

Dunmorean Joe Coviello and Paul Pauline, Hazleton, were the decision victors. Coviello, at 201, and absent for months, possessed too much finesse for Tony Scatton, 185½, Hazleton. Pauline, 149½, dropped Al Cooper, 146½, New York, for nine in the third and won with something to spare.

There were 4,145 fans, who contributed $15,577.71 in the second outdoor show of the season in the Scranton ballpark.

The championship fistic castle of Lee Sala came tumbling down on the beetle-browed newlywed from Donora, Pa., by a 21-year-old New Yorker, Eugene "Dummy" Hairston, who survived a childhood siege of spinal meningitis to become a proficient prize-fighter. Hairston conquered the leading middleweight contender with ease. Lee came to town after many excuses, bouts in other states, his marriage, and a suspension by the fistic fathers of Pennsylvania, to honor a contract made some time ago to open the outdoor season in Scranton, and left a badly beaten fighter.

Lee remarked in his dressing room: "He's a dandy. He punched the head off me."

Hairston flashed form that satisfied the paying customers. A flurry of left and right hooks dumped Sala to the canvas for a nine-count in the second heat, and from that point on, Hairston was master of the situation. Holding no fear of his star foe, Gene carried the fight all the way to the Donora battler in every round and was in charge all the way. At infighting and in corner milling, Hairston landed as many as six to one blow thrown by Sala.

Thanks to a pair of dancing feet and a couple of whistling right-handers to the shaving sector, the New Yorker had a thin edge in the first and Sala appeared to be repaying him with interest early in the second inning when a left hook to the head shook Hairston. Sala pressed his advantage, striving for another of his numerous quick triumphs. Sala sent across another hook, permitting Hairston to get on the inside. With machinegun rapidity, Hairston fired both weapons —one was the uppercut that robbed Sala of his underpinning and sent him to the floor. The referee's count reached nine before Lee climbed up.

In the fourth round Hairston was knocked out of the ring when a left hook hit him on the chin while he was coming in. He was back in action at the count of four. From them on, Hairston was the master. In the latter rounds Sala tried desperately to slow Hairston with body blows. But Gene stood up and was throwing punches at the bell.

The referee gave the fourth and ninth rounds to Sala. One judge voted 8-1-1 Hairston, and the other saw it 7-3. We tabbed it Sala winning the fourth and ninth and gaining an even split in the tenth. Thus Sala, with a deep cut inside his mouth, a cut beneath the right eye and a mouse under the left orb, a cut under the bridge of his nose and a right side raw and painful, beaten only once in 71 previous scraps, took a severe shellacking.

Randy Ingram, 156, Philadelphia, won the unanimous decision over Lou Pompey, 156½, South Scranton, in the semi-windup.

Matty Flynn, 156½, Bellevue, gave the fans something more to cheer about. Flynn, slated for a six-round bout, needed only 51 seconds to embalm Bobby Thomas, 151, Wilkes-Barre.

Tony Gallis, Scranton, 143, stopped Jesse Riddle, 146, Wilkes-Barre, in three.

Ray Reiser, 170, Wilkes-Barre, outfought Mike Kasko, 170, Mahoney City, in a four-rounder. Don Boich, 166¾, Wilkes-Barre, drew with Joe Harley, 167, Philadelphia, in a rip-roaring contest.

Waiting for the Bell—Rocky Castellani, the Luzerne middleweight, was among the many surprised to see Hairston upset Sala. . . . There were 1,288 paid admissions and the gate was $2,952.79.

Former Champion Billy Soose was present. . . . Mike Bernstein, Wilkes-Barre columnist for the *Sunday Independent*, was among the ringside spectators. . . . Dick (Jackie Britton) O'Leary, a ring idol of some 20 years ago, took in the show. . . . The Hairston-Sala bout was broadcast over Radio Station WPEN, Philadelphia. . . . Vic Marsillo, manager of Charley Fusari, Robinson's latest foe, was present with Fusari's dad. . . . My friend, Kurt Webster (Night Mayor), of Radio Station WBT, Charlotte, N. C., gave the Robinson-Basora show a great build-up on his coast-to-coast program the night before the fight. . . . Bobby Williams, the Dunellian who launched his pro fistic career with a series of spectacular knockouts, is now in Korea with the gallant First Cavalry Division.

ERIE CANVAS CHATTER
By Jack Schumacher

PROFESSIONAL boxing received a transfusion of good, rich blood in constantly streaming proportions in late August as Joe Sgro and Roy Carter battled to a ten-round draw of a star-studded card at the Gannon College Auditorium.

Blood streamed from the noses and eyes of both battlers as the two kept up a whirlwind pace for the entire ten heats. A crowd of 1165 paid a gross gate of $2384.73.

Promoted by Bill Simon, who also serves as president of the Auditorium Boxing Club which now specializes in wrestling, the show was the first to make any money.

Featured in the semi-final was "Dutch" Wagner, Erie heavyweight, who made his initial debut before a home crowd by pounding out a controversial decision over Tommy Arthur, the scholar from Paducah, Ky.

Wagner, tossing sledge-hammer rights and lefts, pounded Arthur almost at will during the first three rounds, cutting Arthur's face to ribbons.

The Paducah mauler rallied in the fourth and fifth and held his own in the sixth, but was unable to overcome Wagner's early wide margin. Arthur scored the only knockdown in the fourth. Obviously having a difficult time of it after an eight-month layoff, Wagner rested the full nine-count and then rallied. The victory was Wagner's seventh straight. Wagner, who launched his professional career in Florida last winter, never had the benefit of amateur experience.

Welterweight Candy Anderson, Indianapolis, scored his second straight verdict in an Erie ring by kayoing Tony Prep, Buffalo, in the second. Anderson, a clever and flashy boxer, has dynamite packed in both fists.

Jimmy Page, two-time Erie Golden Glove champion, made his professional debut and suffered a 51-second kayo at the hands of Herb Bridges in the first round.

Jimmy Slade, sleek-looking Brooklyn light-heavyweight, gave Bert Lytle a surprise and boxing lesson on the first summer show of the season. Slade, who entered the ring on the short end of long odds, continued his sky-rocket rise towards the "big time" by cuffing Lytell around at will in the early stages.

Lytell, who said he injured his right shoulder in the fourth round, had the better from the sixth through the ninth rounds, but failed to show the same definite advantage that Slade displayed in the earlier heats. Both fighters dragged out their best knockout shots in the tenth round.

Slade made such a good impression on Promoter Bill Simon and Erie fans that he is being brought back to Erie to headline one of the first shows of the fall season.

Simon has promised Erie fans to go all out in an effort to bring the winner of last month's Willie Pep-Sandy Saddler lightweight championship bout to Erie for a title defense.

Gene Parker, lightweight champion of Indiana, is being groomed locally for big shows. Parker is unbeaten as an amateur and professional.

The Board of Directors of the Auditorium Boxing Club are planning a fall-winter spring series of 30 wrestling matches at the Gannon Auditorium. Wrestling off to a slow start outdoors at Sportsman's Field, has gained rapidly and attracted capacity throngs for the last four shows of the summer. Over 3700 fans saw the Don Eagle-Ivan Rasputin match.

Johnny Seaman, operator of Erie's biggest and most successful amateur boxing stable, is contemplating giving the promotion of simon-pure bouts here another whirl this winter.

Heartened by the success of recent professional shows and the sudden rise in local interest in ring warfare, Seaman believes that he can uncover a number of potential good pros from Erie's excellent crop of punch-for-fun scrappers.

Also planning an active winter are the Knights of St. John A. C., headed by "Rocky" Rhodes, and the Eastside Sports Club, headed by Father Thomas Geddes, coach of the Cathedral Prep School wrestling team.

FROM TACOMA, WASHINGTON
By Homer Amundsen

MIKE McMURTRY, Tacoma's promising young amateur heavyweight laddie and yours truly recently made a most enjoyable two weeks' jaunt in California. A five hours visit with former heavyweight champion James J. Jeffries at Burbank was the highlight of our Southland trip.

In San Francisco, the young McMurtry lad gave an impressive gym workout at Dolph Thoma's Royal Gymnasium. A few words with Capt. Bob Roper, heavyweight star of World War I days, Jimmy Spagnola, manager of Henry Davis, highly regarded featherweight, and Petey Mack, former star boxer, rounded out the interesting visit to the Royal training quarters.

Stopping off at Portland, Oregon, on our way home we sat in on the Rex Layne vs. Joe Kahut scrap. I was impressed with the ability of the Salt Lake youngster. However, it is my opinion young Layne is a good year away from the likes of Ezzard Charles.

Professional boxing here in Tacoma for the coming fall and winter months appears to be very dark. As I have so often stated in the past few years, without local talent Tacoma professional boxing will not pay off.

Through no fault of his own, Harry Kid Mathews, Seattle, 175-pounder, dusted off another soft one in John Thomas, a ballyhooed Eastern fighter. It seems it is about time Manager Jack Hurley should start showing Mathews against stiffer opposition.

Tex Salkeld, Portland's aggressive fight promoter, still leads the Northwest country in putting together boxing events. A good deal of credit is due Tex, when at times he gives out with a bonus for the boys giving more action than expected.

Harold Bird, former fighter of the early twenties, is a candidate for the Pierce County Sheriff's office. During World War I Bird worked as an instructor under former lightweight champion Willie Ritchie.

Bill Gabarino, popular Bremerton fight figure, will soon get under way with amateur events in this Navy city. Bill has a first-rate training quarters set up in the Y.M.C.A. building with several fine-looking simon-pure kids in tow.

Pat McMurtry, the Northwest's most promising amateur 175-pounder, will have a busy Golden Gloves program come fall and winter. Pat has won three Golden Gloves titles in this sector in addition to a college title.

Ernie Jenson, Tacoma boxing referee, is now a deputy with the local sheriff's force. During his days at the University of Idaho, Ernie did a bit of leather pushing on the college team.

A note to California fight promoters: Up in Vancouver, B. C., I can truthfully state there is a kid by the name of Frankie Almond, a 126-pounder who in a short time will top any mittman now showing at this poundage in California. During my recent trip to California I had the advantage of sitting in on a couple of fight cards, therefore I must confess Young Almond would be an outstanding attraction in any boxing ring.

MONTANA FIGHT CIRCLES
By Mel Epstein

THE Livingston Boxing Club held its second fight card of the year at the Civic Center Arena on August 7. Jack Dempsey, just as colorful as ever, was the guest referee and did a bang-up job of officiating at the six-round semi-windup and the ten-round main event. Dempsey kept his eyes on Chuck Lyons throughout his winning encounter with Gordon Gray of Edmonton, Alberta, which ended in the fifth round. Lyons, only 19 years of age, has cooled all his opponents this year with a grand total of six knockouts. This hard-punching middleweight youngster has a stand-up style which is catching on with the fans and it is quite likely the kid will be topping cards in Montana in the near future.

Buddy Gilman, the Seattle featherweight, made a punching bag of Jess Mitchell, formerly of the same city, but now residing in Billings. The aggressive Irish youngster looked exceptionally good in stopping Mitchell in the fourth round. Mitchell announced after the fight that he is retiring from the ring.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY

By Max Yeargain

BOXING time is here again! And pre-fight talk and interest indicate the turnstiles soon will be singing a merry tune, announcing the triumphant recovery which is expected to parallel the game's rich box office days that followed World War II.

Several veterans of World War II, who saw plenty of action then, and are now married and fathers of children, are hopeful of the future. Probably the most outstanding of these is Chief Alvin Williams, 24-year-old former National Golden Gloves champion and today the Midwest's No. 1 middleweight contender. Williams, a full-blooded Caddo Indian, since turning to the professional ranks 35 fights ago, has never been defeated by a middleweight. In 1949, in his second ten-rounder, Williams turned back the veteran Nebraska Wildcat, Don Lee, at Omaha.

When Anton Raadik, the Baltic Bull, was beating the best and one of his few losses was to Robert Villemain of France, the Estonian's managers made the sad mistake of letting him tangle with Williams, still a green youngster in the professional ranks. Handlers who had Raadik in with Villemain just one month before he met Williams, predict great things for the panther-ish Caddo Indian—and their predictions are for this coming season.

Coming up for honorable mention in the Midwest is Nelson Levering, former stablemate of the late Vince Foster. Levering, 23-year-old Nebraskan, who fights in the welterweight division out of Omaha, belongs to the Omaha tribe of Indians. The good looking Levering is a terrific hitter with either hand, and his impressive record indicates he will go far. Levering saw action in Germany during World War II.

Another prospect who is capable of fighting any welterweight along bash row, is Bullet Billy Sudduth, who in three seasons has chalked up 40 victories in 45 scraps. Sudduth, in the first ten-rounder of his career, lost a booed split decision to Sammy Angott, former world's champion, in an exciting brawl. In his last start he drew with Candy Andy Anderson at Omaha.

Handsome Bobby Spaeth, 20-year-old heavyweight, who has won 19 out of his 20 professional fights, may again chalk up outstanding records this season. Spaeth, a former football star and now a Washburn College student, if inducted this fall, hopes to be able to at least box a few times in the service.

Ringside Gossip: Jack Hurley may show his Tiger, Harry (Kid) Matthews, in Wichita, Topeka, and Omaha on his way East from Seattle. He may fight Joey Maxim.

Blond Ray Lee, Kansas City's Golden Gloves champion, is undefeated among the welterweights.

Fort Riley, near Topeka, is expected to have a top notch soldier team this season. Likable Tom Leeper, Indianapolis boxing manager, who always gives a promoter a break, has tough guys in middleweight Jimmy Welch and heavyweight Colion Chaney.

Squire Maxwell Clayton, who has brought Omaha, Nebraska, some big fights, opens his club this month.

Along the wrestling beat: Mat Adonis Nature Boy or Buddy Rogers scheduled to show in the Midwest this coming season. Orville Brown, seriously injured in an automobile accident last year, is looking fit and may wrestle this fall. Also agile Louis Thesz, Gorgeous George, Ralph Garibaldi, Joe Pazandak, the Wright brothers, Jim and Rube, Chief Don Eagle, Indian sensation, and Detroit's ring giant, Wladek Kowalski, will be seen in action. Dapper Bobby Bruns, recovered from his auto accident, is a cinch to make the turnstiles click. Another top gate attraction to be seen in action is Wild Bill Longson.

Midwest boxing and wrestling news may be sent to the writer, Max Yeargain, at 2101 Potomac Drive, Topeka, Kansas. Managers and fighters seeking action in this section may write to the same address. Telephone 2-4188, ticket sales and boxing headquarters.

NEBRASKA BOXING

By Floyd Hayes

JIMMY WATSON, 156, Omaha, renewed his feud with Orville Bitney, 160, Omaha, in the Legion Ball Park just across the river from Omaha in Council Bluffs, Iowa. It was the third meeting of the two Nebraska sluggers, Bitney had won the first encounter and they drew in the second meeting.

Watson was at his best, boxing beautifully with a left that was working to perfection while Bitney bulled his way about the ring. As early as round three, Bitney's eye was swollen from the tattoo of lefts that found that target.

In the sixth round blood was trickling from Bitney's cut lip. There were no official knockdowns, but in the seventh round when the two mixed with the rowdy tactics of a bar room brawl, they both went to the deck over the second strand of the ring. Bitney went all the way to the dirt, while Watson remained on the apron to the ring.

In the ninth round, Bitney's best, he left a telltale welt under the right eye of Watson. Then came a double knockdown in the tenth round. Watson threw a hard right that went over Bitney's shoulder as Bitney lunged in with a wild left that missed and the two slipped to the canvas in unison, but they both righted themselves immediately. Watson was very cool and cocky, quick with his punches, while Bitney was the same as usual—just a slugger, but his timing was bad and he landed very few solid punches.

The small crowd of 375 fans who sat through a cool evening, was dumbfounded when Referee Carl Vinciquerra called it a draw at the end of the tenth stanza. It had been Watson all the way, and he won by a mile.

In the semi-windup, Leonard Craig, 158, Omaha, in his second bout since hitting the comeback trail, knocked out Manuel Segobia, 150, Omaha, in 1:30 of the seventh round. This was a rough brawl, with the two butting heads in the early part of round four, and Segobia suffered a gash on the head which bled freely. Craig floored Segobia for a nine count in this same round with a terrific left hook. Craig then took full command and was far ahead when he put over the knockout blow with a right to the whiskers in the seventh round of the scheduled eight-rounder.

In the special event, Chuck Ray, 157, Omaha, knocked out Junior Bryant, 160, Omaha, at 1:01 of the fourth round. Ray had floored Bryant three times in the third round for counts of seven, eight and seven.

Jimmy Shearron, 205, Omaha, made it a dismal professional debut for the former Golden Glover, Coranzor Fitzgerald, 198, Omaha. Shearron walked off with the four-round decision after missing a golden opportunity for a knockout in the third when he had Fitzgerald in trouble on the ropes. This boy Fitzgerald is a tough boy.

In the curtain raiser, Frank Craig, 140, Omaha, scored a T.K.O. over Bob Trout, 137, Omaha, at 1:30 of the third round of a scheduled four-rounder. (For some reason Trout fought under the name of Bobby Charles.)

The show was promoted by Joe Smogye. Bill Burke shared the duties of third man in the ring with Carl Vinciquerra.

Lincoln, Nebraska—From the Nebraska Division of Athletics comes a new rule which will apply to all contestants in Nebraska professional rings. Inspectors of the boxing commission as well as Commissioner Charles N. Moon plan to enforce this rule. "No contestant who is in trouble with the legal authorities will be licensed. If he has posted a bond or is awaiting trial on criminal charges, he will not be permitted to participate in Nebraska until he has had his trial and has paid the penalty or has been acquitted." Eventually the rule may also apply to amateurs.

Speaking of amateurs, our suggestion is that the men in charge of local tourneys keep a closer check on the amateurs who are fighting pro bouts under phoney names in neighboring states. I know of four boys who fought in the Golden Gloves last year who had performed as professionals. Not wanting to be a stool pigeon I never stepped forward with the information, but would have gladly surrendered same if I was approached and asked for it.

To all amateurs who are doing this at the present time, I wish to state that a record is being kept.

Jack Hurley's current meal ticket, Harry Matthews, continues to win in his campaign against heavyweights. In fact he's looking better all the time, as the opposition supposedly gets tougher. He did an amazingly-quick job of chopping down John Thomas in 1:15 at Spokane, Washington. In the past year Hurley has made more money with Matthews than he did with the late Vince Foster in the previous 18 months. Matthews is an even-tempered, steady boy who pays strict attention to his boxing work, meantime living a normal, peaceful life.

Short Jabs—Reports from one of our friends out on the West Coast have it that Mel Modiste, good looking Frisco heavyweight who was managed by Millio Militti, former Omahan, has hung up the mitts. . . . Jack Cramer, former roughhouse Omaha fighter who is now a successful businessman, gets his recreation by piloting a stock car racer on nearby ovals. . . . I would appreciate hearing from any Nebraska amateur or pro boxers who are in the armed services or when they enter the services.

Nebraska boxers slugged their way to the team championship of the 134th Division, National Guard, at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Results: 112 pounds—Pvt. Donald Fuller, Mason City, Iowa, was a T.K.O. winner over Melvin Pearson, Alliance, Nebraska; 118 pounds—Pvt. Joe Rico, Nebraska City, Nebraska, decisioned recruit Myron Bennett of Kearney, Nebraska; 126 pounds—Pfc. Gossett of Muscatine, Iowa, was a T.K.O. winner over recruit C. J. Haligan, Fort Dodge, Iowa; 135 pounds—Pfc. Bob Weston, Alliance, Nebraska, decisioned Pfc. W. G. Voges, Nebraska City, Nebraska; 147 pounds—recruit Don Nickels, Kearney, Nebraska, knocked out Sgt. Elmo Shuey, Marshalltown, Iowa, in third round; 160 pounds—Sgt. 1st Class Louis Mottinger, Denison, Iowa, decisioned Cpl. Arnold Quinonery, Scottsbluff, Nebraska; 175 pounds—Cpl. Verlyn Bucholz, Beatrice, Nebraska, decisioned recruit Bill Wanzzell, Davenport, Iowa; heavyweight—Pvt. Robert Reinecke, Schyler, Nebraska, decisioned Pvt. H. E. Darnell of Muscatine, Iowa. This is the third straight crown for the Nebraska boxers. The team is coached by Sgt. Peter H. Loveless of Omaha, Nebraska.

On the same card in Denver, Colorado, in which Corky Gonzales suffered the first knockout of his pro career, being kayoed by Luis Galvani of Havana, Cuba, at 2:37 of the ninth round, Omaha's Eugene (Gene) Brown spotted Mel Nelson six pounds, and was knocked out at 1:35 of the third round. The fight was pretty even until Brown ran into a stiff right hand thrown by Nelson. Brown spotted 138 pounds to Nelson's 144. Bill Tannehill of Norfolk, former Golden Glover, is campaigning in the pro rings now, under the name of Billy Jay. He is managed by a former Omahan, Jim McKay. Bill might prove a good drawing card in the state, but he is being pushed ahead too rapidly. To date he has had four fights since turning pro. While he should be fighting prelims of four rounds, he has had a semi-windup spot and two eight-round main events, winning just one of his four fights. In his last effort he lost an eight-round decision to Tony Spano of Chicago in a main event at Marigold Gardens. Bill is a featherweight.

When the 18th Battalion of the Marine Corps Reserves left Fort Omaha for active duty one of Omaha's Golden Glovers answered the call. It was Pfc. Carroll Eberly. Let this corner hear from you from time to time Carroll. . . . Remember to get your boxing news in my hands by the second day of each month. The writer's address is 2209 Vinton Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Phone ORchard 1165.

MINNESOTA RING NEWS

By Spike McCarthy

GORDY POULIOT, formerly of Wadena, Minnesota, is making quite a hit in Miami, Fla., rings since turning pro. The former fighting Marine has never lost a fight. He scales 178 pounds and in his last fight at Miami knocked out Miami's popular favorite son, Lenny Nelson, in the second stanza.

Howie (Dynamite) Hobbs, former Minneapolis manager and trainer of boxers, has announced that he is back in the boxing game and is lining up a stable of boxers. Write Dynamite in care of The Ringside Gymnasium, 611 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis.

Don "Snapper" Swenson, former St. Paul classy welterweight and state champion, is now working on the construction of the big dam that is being built at Fort Randell, S. D.

Duluth: Shrine Auditorium—Bobby Daniels, 161, Duluth's middleweight, was given the duke over Bobby Outten, 159, of Chicago, at the end of a stirring six-round brawl. The decision was loudly booed. Outten was by far too fast and smart for the lethal punching protege of Norman (Humphrey) Chessan and the rendering of the decision in favor of Knobby Chessan's boy brought forth a demonstration.

In the six-round semi-windup, Big Bob Thorn, 194, former Texan battler, was belted from pillar to post for the first three heats of his battle with Chesty Gene Thompson, 185, but weathered three nine-count knockdowns to come back and beat his tormentor so badly that the latter had to quit, giving big, handsome Bob a fourth-round kayo. They finally found someone that Dutch Hopper, 154, of Minneapolis could whip. The balding Dutchman took full advantage of this break by flattening Red McLaughlin of Minneapolis in the first stanza.

In another bout that sizzled with hard fighting, Don "Sugar" Cain, 156, of Seattle, Wash., and Ed Springfield, 160, of Duluth, fought a draw. In the opening bout LeRoy Johnson, 126, a fast-talking, fast-stepping youngster from St. Cloud, Minn., was the winner via the T.K.O. route over Willie Roberti, 128, of Duluth, in the third stanza. In Watertown's Auditorium, Gus Kempf, local pride, won a hard-earned decision over Dick Newell, 150, blond speedstere from Minneapolis, at the end of eight heats. The winner had his rival on the deck twice in the sixth stanza for nine counts.

In the six-round semi-windup, Billy Haley, 127, from Sioux Falls, S. D., whipped Henri LeBlanc from Wasau, Wis., in another hard-fought bout. In another sixer, Don Pemberton, 154, of Watertown, stopped Frankie Harmon, 150, of Wasau, Wis. Pug Groenwolt, 145, defeated Wayne McDonald in four heats.

The show was sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, with L. L. Blake acting as matchmaker.

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